AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1980 $2.50*

Luscious
LINDA KERRIDGE
Our girl who
conquered Hollywood

PLUS
The lissom girl
who wrecked
Princess
Caroline's
marriage

EXCLUSIVE
Confessions
of Australia's
most
daring
Cat
Burglar
A true
thriller

The savage
saga of an
Australian
bushfire

BROCK
BUSTER
We test drive
Peter Brock's
new supercar

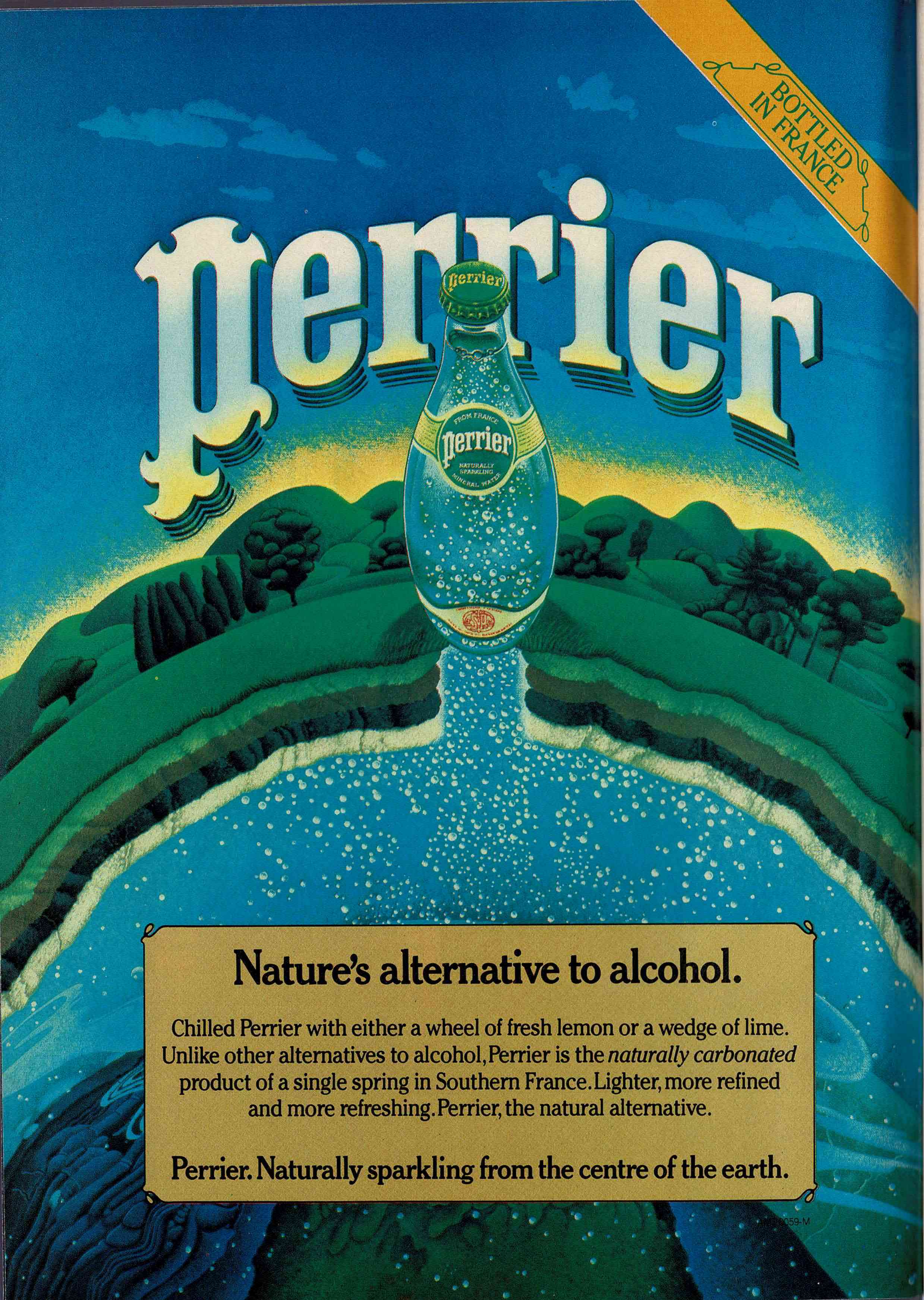
huge
Christmas
issue

Humor, fact
fantasy and
the best
of advice

If you like mildness, but you also enjoy that rich, satisfying Marlboro taste, light up a new Marlboro Special Mild.

You'll get a lot to like.

New Marlboro Special Mild 25's.



Nature's alternative to alcohol.

Chilled Perrier with either a wheel of fresh lemon or a wedge of lime. Unlike other alternatives to alcohol, Perrier is the *naturally carbonated* product of a single spring in Southern France. Lighter, more refined and more refreshing. Perrier, the natural alternative.

Perrier. Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

PLAYBILL

Linda Kerridge, in some ways the contemporary personification of the sex-goddess Marilyn Monroe, in others, a tantalising and original beauty in her own right, is setting Hollywood alight. Of course, she has already inspired Australians — in fact, she was Australian PLAYBOY's covergirl in the May, 1979, edition. Since leaving Sydney, where she was one of our top models, Linda has posed for PLAYBOY's US edition and starred in *Fade to Black,* a Hollywood production. The word is that Linda is creating waves all over the US, waves of admiration. The pictures show you why . . .

Talking about Santa Claus, we did, in fact, manage to make contact with the old gift-giving tippler through the agency of our deputy editor **Andrew Cowell.** Andrew, who has recently joined Australian PLAYBOY, spent many liver-wrenching hours discussing life and other meaningful things with the good Saint. And Mr Claus managed to stand still (up?) just long enough for illustrator **Frantz Kantor** to capture his image.

John Rider is the man who was once a household legend — the extraordinary Melbourne Cat Burglar, a felonious pimpernel who spent 10 years slipping in and out of the mansions of Melbourne, generally with pockets of jewellery and cash. Rider, of course, got caught and spent nearly five years in jail for his crimes which provoked hundreds of page one stories, countless speculative articles, and even a TV special. Now he tells his story, and an amazing true-life thriller it is. The police have estimated that Rider did something like 4000 jobs and got a couple of million dollars worth of diamonds and other sundry trinkets of value, quite apart from the cash. Rider's story, gleaned from his unpublished book *Hot Property* by Australian PLAYBOY editor **John Jost,** is a marvellous summer read, guaranteed to make you lock up your valuables. The photo illustration is by PLAYBOY staffer **Colin Stead.**

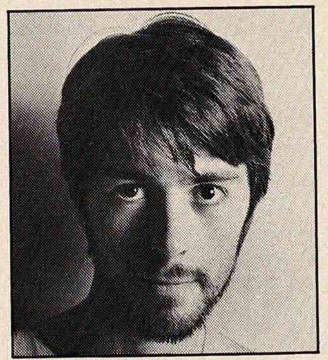
Bushfire! The call went out again last month when great chunks of New South Wales and Victoria went up in flames. Sadly, with a dry winter behind us and an even drier summer ahead, many of our forests and farmlands, and the people who live there, will be under threat again. One of our great contemporary writers **Kit Denton** — the man who wrote the original story of Breaker Morant — has written a magnificent account of how he and his family had to literally fight bushfires for their lives. Denton found himself in the centre of a holocaust enveloping the Blue Mountains, wiping out bush, farms, animals, everything. Denton relives the nightmare. Incidentally, his story is the basis for a film, produced by Jim McElroy and directed by Brian Trenchard-Smith.

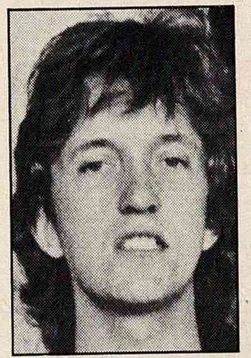
This Christmas issue is a bumper: marvellous pictures, marvellous stories.

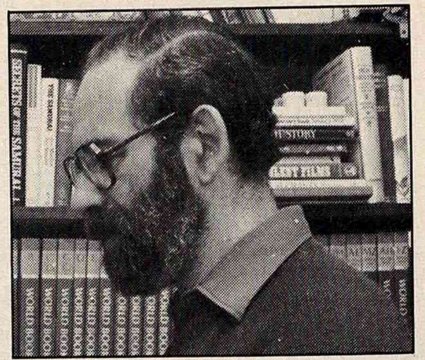
We've got **Denis Whitburn's** wonderful profile of that brilliant and eccentric writing/producing talent, Australia's own Chris Bearde. **Thomas Keneally,** maestro fiction writer, tells of the Henderson Affair, an affair in more ways than one. It is provocatively illustrated by **Yvonne Sutherland. Barrie Watts,** one of Australia's most experienced journalists, produces a raging diatribe about the plethora of campaigns aimed at hyping our sense of nationalism and patriotism. Its very, very tough stuff, accompanied by a familiar-looking illustration by **Bob Haberfield.** Learn how to cheat properly at your favorite sport, as outlined courtesy of **Neil Jameson** and illustrator **Steve Malpass.**

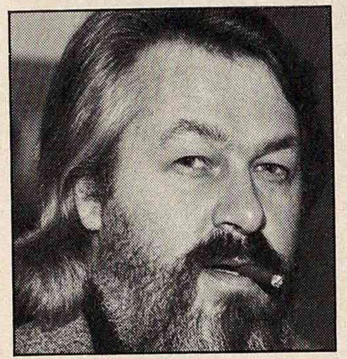
It's a great issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It's a great time to be alive, even if your side did lose the election. Oh, and a very happy Christmas to you, from all of us.

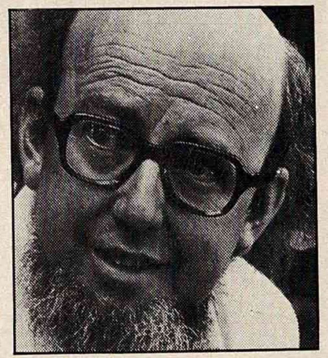
COWELL


KANTOR


STEAD

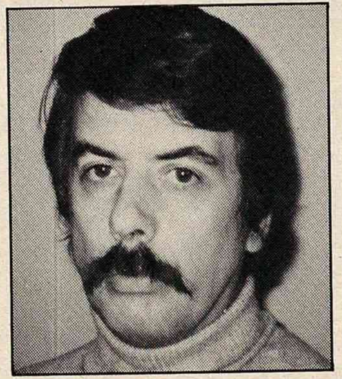

DENTON

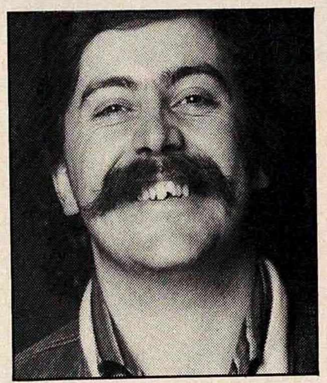

WHITBURN


KENEALLY

SUTHERLAND

WATTS


HABERFIELD


MALPASS

"For me, Leibfrauwine is a wine truly worthy of my Bouillabaisse."
HUBERT ARRIAT, RESTAURATEUR.

The special wine for special meals

Leo Buring Leibfrauwine is a crisp white wine with a light fruity taste. With French Cuisine, it refreshes your palate so you can really enjoy the subtleties of the food.

Leo Buring

As Hubert Arriat says…
"for me, Leibfrauwine is a wine truly worthy of my Bouillabaisse."

Leibfrauwine

AB105/80

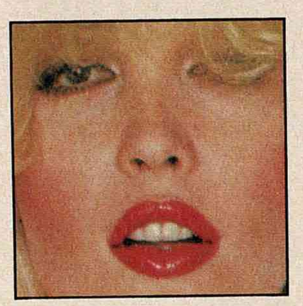
BU1115.PLFPC

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1980



Cover: Linda Kerridge
Photograph by Richard Fegley

PLAYBILL 3
LETTERS 7
AFTER HOURS 11
WORLD OF PLAYBOY 14
ADVISER 23
FORUM 31
PARTY JOKES 110
SEXUAL HOROSCOPE .. 134
ON THE SCENE 156
DAVE THE RAVE 177
POTPOURRI 183
PIPELINE 189
MOVIES 198
SHOWBIZ 203
MUSIC 204
BOOKS 211

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: Gordon Liddy 41
The leader of the Watergate burglars talks about conspiracy, civil war and how to kill a person with your bare hands

CAT BURGLAR — article .... JOHN RIDER 62
The confessions of Australia's greatest jewel thief

LINDA KERRIDGE — pictorial .... RICHARD FEGLEY 68
A stunning look at a backblocks girl who achieved the Hollywood Dream

RUN IT UP THE FLAGPOLE — article .... BARRIE WATTS 76
Can they instil patriotism with a series of jingoistic jingles?

BUNNY BIRTHDAY — pictorial 82
We celebrate 20 years of Bunnies with some well-known faces — and forms

THE HENDERSON AFFAIR — faction .... TOM KENEALLY 86
A loosely disguised story of high-level wartime romance

AUSTRALIA ON FIRE — article .... KIT DENTON 92
A personal account that takes you into the face of an inferno

WALKING ON AIR — Playboy's Playmate of the Month 98

PROFESSIONAL FOUL — sport .... NEIL JAMESON 112
Revealing the dirty tricks department in the game of winning

MINI INTERVIEW: Santa Claus .... ANDREW COWELL 116
A startlingly frank talk with old yo ho ho

THE ULTIMATE HIGH — travel .... DAVID McNICOLL 120
Floating gently over French vineyards in a hot-air balloon

DESIRE — article .... JAMES R. PETERSEN 124
Investigating just what it is that makes us lust after people

THE FARCE BEHIND CHRIS BEARDE — profile .... DENIS WHITBURN 136
The zany whiz kid of TV reveals his plans for the Oz product

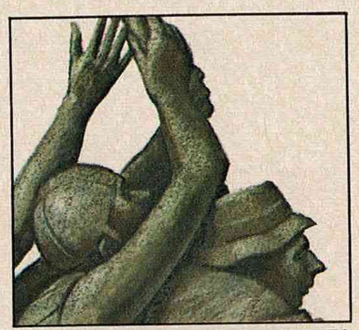
CHRISTMAS PARTY TALES — humor .... TONY MAGUIRE 142
Cautionary stories from a victim of the festive season

JUNOT'S GAMBOL — pictorial 146
Now we know why Princess Caroline has divorced Philippe!

BROCKBUSTER — motoring .... ROB LUCK 160
An exclusive test drive of Peter Brock's new supercar

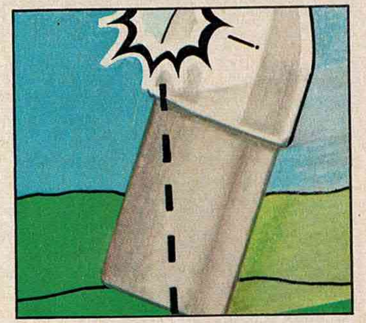
GOOD ODDS — fiction .... NEIL BRIGHTBARD 164
The horses were good, but the Irishman was playing his own game

© 1980 Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. © 1980 PLAYBOY as to material published in the October and December, 1980 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia and New Zealand $2.50*
*Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B.



JINGOISM 76

BUNNIES 82



PROFESSIONAL FOUL 112

JUNOT'S GAMBOL 146

GOOD ODDS 164

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.

At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

Then, a sensitive AM/FM tuner, with filters, and LED signal strength and timing meters.

On top, a fully automatic turntable with DC servo motor and stroboscope.

Housing it all, a matching rack with room for your records and with glass doors on the front. Beside it, 3 way speaker systems with 25 cm bass drivers.

Other systems in the Series are the less expensive G-3 and G-2 systems.

Each of them is a neat idea in the way of hi-fi.

G SERIES MUSIC SYSTEMS

SANYO

PHG 3794

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

REAR VIEWS

Concerning the August issue pictorials, *World of Playboy*, Dudley Moore's Guide to the Perfect 10 and The Stark Truth . . . all lovely girls, but don't they have backs and bottoms as well as fronts and faces?

Let us have more rear views, please, to demonstrate all, not just part, of the beautiful ladies.

D. L. Croser
Blackwood, SA

Your comment is noted, Mr Croser, but we hope you didn't overlook that magnificent rear view of Abigail playing pinball on page 123.

SHORT, SWEET

Congratulations on your really great magazine.

(Ms) Christine Lubiejewski
Mossy Point, NSW

FUNNY MONEY

In the July edition of PLAYBOY there is a brilliant cartoon on page 151, the caption being "Tut, Tut Tutsie, goodbye . . . !"

I wonder if the cartoonist (Rowland Wilson) and the former Secretary of the Treasury, whose signature appeared on all our paper currency a few years ago, are one and the same person. If they are, please convey my congratulations, as the standard of his cartoons has improved immensely.

PS: Dave the Rave sucks.

John Spehr
Paraburdoo, WA

Sorry to disappoint you, Mr Spehr, but Sir Roland Wilson, who retired as Secretary of the Treasury in October 1966, has no "w" in his christian name.

ASIANS, PLEASE

I would like to congratulate you on the magnificent erotic centrefolds in your magazine and your probing interviews with top Australians. Your interview with Peter Wherrett (October) was especially revealing. But please would you show some Asian lovelies. I live with an Asian girl but I still never tire of seeing their unique bodies.

Donald Name
Glen Iris, Victoria

GYM GIRLS

It's good to see that girls like VFL Premier Girl Siv Richards like to have a good gym workout.

I feel it's much more fun exercising with a lady rather than a bunch of guys flexing their muscles and torsos. Everyone wants to be fit, but there's no point in going through the whole routine unless you enjoy it.

I say that more girls of Siv's calibre should join our gymnasiums, so that we can see before our very eyes the reason to pump iron.

Jason Floque
Melbourne

Until the girls start crowding into your gym, Mr Floque, here's Siv with a little more inspiration.

DREAM GIRL

The quality of the articles and girls in Australian PLAYBOY is A1. The girl who has especially taken my attention is the September Playmate, Maree Jonsson.

Maree is my dream girl, not only for her body (which I cannot fault) but for her long, honey-colored hair, education and what she wants from her man.

I live on a 1000-hectare property in NSW which is expanding slowly as a family business. I wonder whether there is a chance to meet Maree, as I am a lonely heart, working long hours. She is the girl of my dreams.

Name and address
withheld by request

We've all got our dreams. A lot of people in this office would like a chance to see Maree again, too.

STABLE CURRENCY

I have a copy of the first edition of Australian PLAYBOY which I would like to sell. I work in a bookshop and I think it must be one of the most popular magazines ever printed.

Any takers?

J. Carpenter
Deception Bay, Queensland

You've got a valuable asset there, Mr Carpenter. These are unstable times, so why don't you just hold on to it as a hedge against inflation? Within weeks of coming out, blackmarket copies of our sellout first issue were already fetching $20 each.

TRASH TROVE

I was delighted to see Abigail (PLAYBOY, August) and hope to see more of her in the future. And Susie Stark, your centrefold, was one of the best yet. She wasn't frightened to "show the lot".

Tony Maguire's article surveying dustbins of the rich and famous was also very interesting. It's amazing what you can find out about a person by examining their trash.

A. Melton
Asquith, NSW

FORTNIGHTLY?

I have been reading your magazine since the April issue this year and do not intend missing an issue from now on. I love your centrefolds — they are amazing. I would also like to see more of your Mystery Dark Lady (featured in *On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, June). Your article on Abigail (August) was superb and I found your Miss July, Bella Gabriella, the sexiest woman ever.

Of all the magazines I have read yours is by far the best. I would love to see it come out twice a month. Keep up the good work.

Peter Crane
Hobart, Tasmania

HAPPY HOLIDAY

I thoroughly enjoyed the centrefold on Susie Stark and also the girls in *World of Playboy* (August issue). I also want to thank you for your wonderful coverage of The Girls of Hawaii.

Not only did I enjoy it, but it solved my annual frustration of trying to decide where to go on my holidays.

Gavin Russell
The Patch, Victoria

DAVE'S ABSENCE

We have just purchased the September issue of PLAYBOY in eager anticipation of a further instalment of The Sexual Misadventures of Dave the Rave. Such was our disappointment at its absence that we didn't even bother going on and "reading it for its articles".

I and my husband are both expatriate Novocastrians, and although we've come up in the world and now live in Newtown, Dave the Rave strikes resounding chords in our memories of addled adolescence.

Have Dave and his cohorts in carnal capers come to a premature end, or can

HALSTON

From leading department stores, selected pharmacies and perfumeries.

1-12 FOR MEN

Clean, crisp, fresh.

Z-14 FOR MEN

Sparkling, warm, sexy.

we hope to see his familiar features in your next issue?

Victoria Lauger
Newtown, NSW

If you'd read September issue's Dear Playboy *page you'd have seen our humble apology for the absence of Dave the Rave, due to insurmountable technical problems, Mrs Lauger. However, Dave was back again in October, we hope for ever.*

MESMERISED

I was really mesmerised by the shirt and tie pictured atop page 119 of your October issue. Sadly, apart from some trivial comments, no shop names or addresses or prices were mentioned, as they usually are on articles dealing with fashion.

Could you help me? I'm really interested in buying both of these beautiful garments.

J. Pereira
Port Hedland, WA

The author, Mr Barry Humphries, could not be contacted to explain this unhappy omission, Mr Pereira. We can only assume that such items of Australiana are priceless — or that discerning tourists have snapped them all up from airport shops and hotel plazas. But keep looking. And if you come across that beautiful koala-up-a-gumtree catsup dispenser on page 122 let us know — somebody here wants to buy one at any price.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Congratulations on the continuing success of Australian PLAYBOY.

May I offer a suggestion: your readers are obviously interested in, among other things, the lovely ladies who grace the pages of your magazine, so how about an article on how they are photographed — lighting, posing, equipment used, etc? You have previously published an article on modern cameras, so this seems to be a logical extension.

We, your readers, will probably never have the opportunity to work with such charming material, but I am sure many of us will find such an article of interest.

P.J.S.
Klemzig, SA

A great suggestion, P.J. In fact it's so good that we even thought of it ourselves. An article along the lines of the one you suggest is in the pipeline.

MALE NUDES

I am a regular reader of your magazine and enjoy it very much. I have no complaints, but I am suggesting that you have pictures of nude males.

Over here in Papua New Guinea PLAYBOY is read by both men and women and sometimes some women feel embarrassed when only females are pictured nude. I'd love to see some men pictured in the nude.

Dorothy Taw
Port Moresby,
Papua New Guinea

We'd like to oblige you, Dorothy, but we fear a violent reaction from our male readers angry that male bodies are taking up space which could be filled by female flesh. However, on our fashion pages you're likely to see the odd scantily clad male.

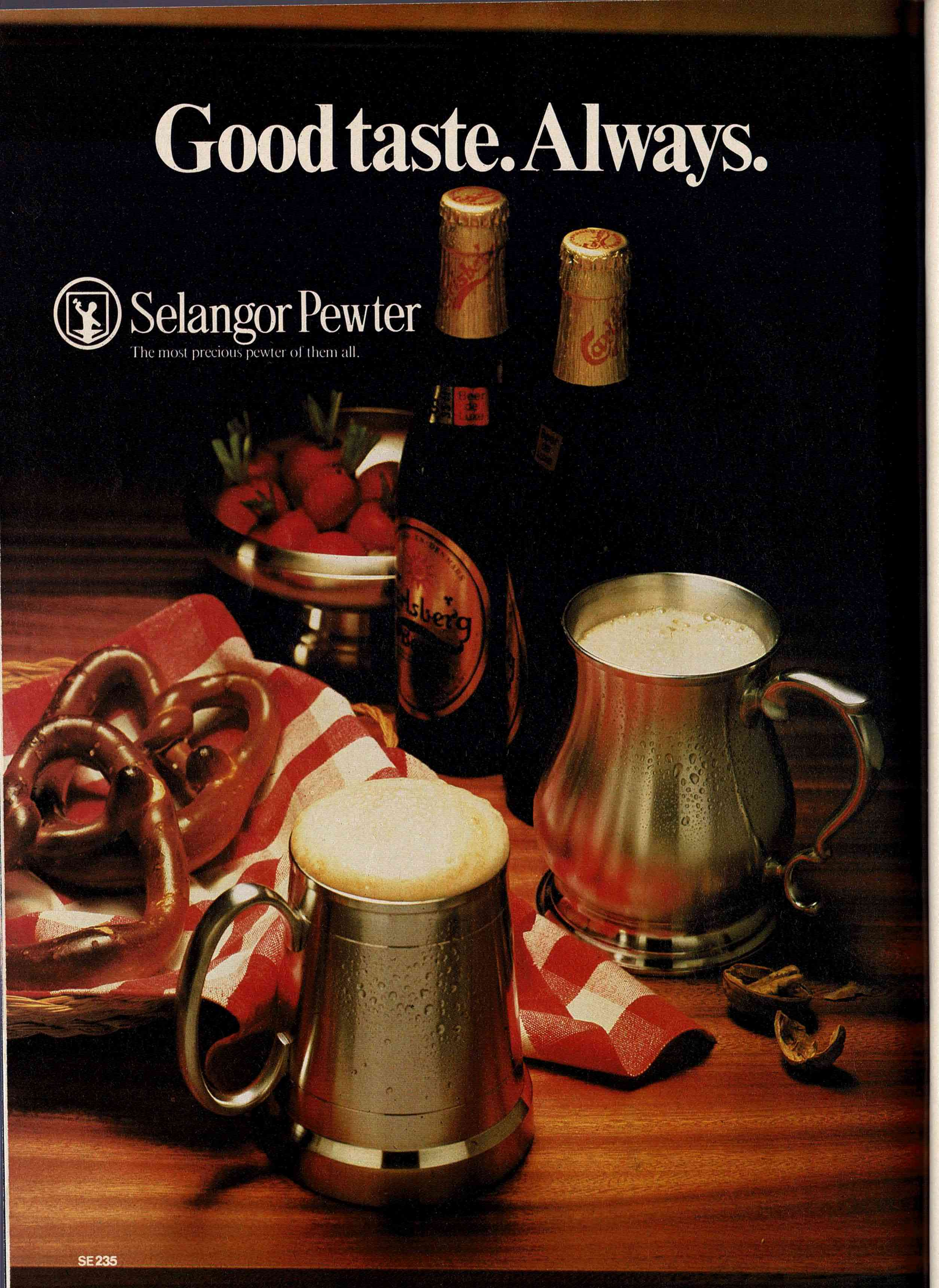
BREAST QUEST

My boyfriend is a regular subscriber to your magazine and, out of pure curiosity, I browsed through your August issue. The Dudley Moore feature caught my attention. I was amazed by the massive breasts on the women in the sauna shot. They appear unnaturally large. Are they this way from silicon treatment? I have considered a breast enlargement myself.

Melissa White
Chermside, Queensland

So far as we know, nature has just been extra bountiful in the case of the sauna girls, Melissa. But there is a theory that some things grow better under hothouse conditions . . .

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.
Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry. Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini. Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred internationally by more people who prefer gin.
It's got to be Gordon's.
GORDON'S
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
GORDON'S
DRY GIN
DISTILLERY
LONDON
ENGLAND
750 ml
PRODUCE OF ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
AB449/80
GS4389



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

PORN LET-DOWN

With genitals wired to a "strain gauge" to measure sexual arousement, a dedicated team of students at Melbourne's La Trobe University were exposed to a series of hard-core pornographic flicks . . . and the results were surprising.

Clinical psychologist Dr Elsie Julian, who conducted the study, maintained that five porn-viewing sessions over three weeks resulted in no significant change in the subjects' sexual habits. All recorded normal levels of sexual activity, she said. Dr Julian insists the study rebutted claims by some people that pornographic films led to increased sexual activity or rape.

It just goes to prove there's no substitute for live stimulation.

SHOWER SENSATION

It can be hell out there on the high seas, without a woman's touch for weeks on end, taking part in military exercises which will ensure Australia is kept free for democracy.

But for the 1300 randy sailors aboard HMAS Melbourne, who have been out in the Indian Ocean testing themselves with the Yanks and the Kiwis, there was one compensation. The crew has been entirely focussed on just one woman, whom they never see for more than 90 seconds at a time. She appears completely naked on the aircraft carrier's domestic TV channel.

Her message is: How to shower in 90 seconds. Get wet in 20 seconds . . . turn shower off . . . spread the soap . . . lather it up, then zing . . . 70 full seconds to wash it all off.

A stirring message on the old Floating Footpath where everything is scarce, even the water.

CHERRIO!

A survey has revealed that nearly half of America's teenage girls have engaged in premarital sex — but most of them did not enjoy it. They were too often pressured into their "romantic awakening" by their boyfriends and found the experience a "real downer", the survey found.

However another study has shown that nearly 50 percent of America's young women between 15 and 19 are no longer virgins.

The percentage has almost doubled in the past nine years — so the experience can't be all that bad!

THE BIG SQUEEZE

Ever wondered how girls get into skin-tight jeans? A few clues were offered at a meeting of the Equal Opportunity Board in Melbourne where one jeans company put forward a unique argument for the employment of only female assistants in its 25 shops.

General manager of Cheap Jeans told the board that female assistants were needed to avoid embarrassment because it was often necessary for customers to lie on their backs while the assistants hauled zippers up over bulging stomachs. In other cases a coat-hanger hook had to be inserted in the zipper and the assistant haul on it with both of her hands.

The board was unimpressed with this argument and rejected the application.

BOMBED OUT

About 600 people who appear to be bored with their humdrum jobs, if not their very lives, have volunteered for what could well be the most dangerous job in Australia.

For the first time, the Australian military has allowed untrained civilians to search for high explosives on an old bombing and gunnery range being prepared for subdivision at Warnbro Sound, only a bomb fragment from suburban Perth. Armed with metal detectors the valiant civilians are hoping to detect 25-pounders and other bombs before they stumble across them.

And if they survive this, the deadly dugites could get them. These particularly aggressive snakes appear here in large numbers in the summer months.

SWEET PACKAGE

Bubblegum sales have shot up in Malaysia since the kids hit upon a new brand, but it isn't the quality of the gum that turns them on. The real attraction is the wrapper which peels off to reveal a picture of a topless woman.

The demand is so great that some shopkeepers have taken to selling their stocks outside schools — and the great Gum Controversy is being debated by politicians and righteous citizens.

BEAUTY TEST

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so the old saying goes. WRONG!

In a University of NSW study, slides of 50 undergraduates of both sexes were shown to 80 subjects, who were asked to rate them on a scale of *minus* 10 to plus 10. The different ratings for each photo turned out to be remarkably similar, effectively disproving the oft-quoted adage.

The researcher, Jonathan Jermey, did, however, find that people who suffered from nerves or personality problems tended to be more critical, giving consistently lower ratings.

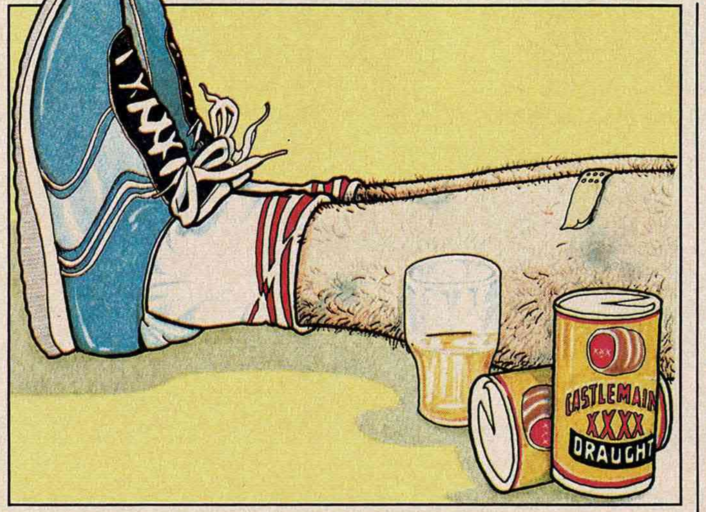
The photographs featured only peoples' faces. Explained Jermey: "We were looking into attractiveness as opposed to sexual desire, which, as we all know, can be purely biological."

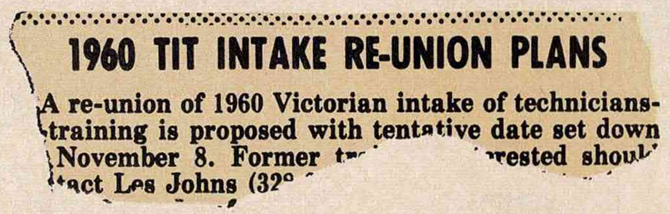
He said that the people who scored the highest ratings, apart from having good teeth, smooth skin and regular features, were those who looked happiest.

SLAYBALL

Violent Aussie sports fans are babes in the woods compared with the madding softball crowds down Greenville way in South Carolina.

During a recent match an umpire was shot and killed, a player beaten with a bat and a wounded player-coach arrested on a charge of murder — all because of a disputed decision. The blood began to flow when a spectator, incensed by one umpire's call, rushed down from the bleachers brandishing a knife. One shot rang out and the bullet lodged in the backside of a player-coach standing over the plate. Holding up his split trousers with one hand, the player-coach reached into his uniform with the other and pulled out a .22 calibre pistol. He fired and the bullet struck an innocent umpire who fell down dead. Meanwhile the second baseman also reached for a gun, but before he could fire a spectator pummelled him with a bat.





1960 TIT INTAKE RE-UNION PLANS

A re-union of 1960 Victorian intake of technicians-
training is proposed with tentative date set down
November 8. Former tr rested shoul
tact Les Johns (32

BOSOM PALS?

The above notice sounds like a great little get-together of bosom pals. Wonder how they've all been holding up for the last 20 years?

The items appeared in *Telecom News.*

. . . WITH A DASH

Everyone has heard of fun runs, and most of us are familiar with pub crawls. Now a group of athletic boozers in Charters Towers, Queensland, married the two concepts for a beery event appropriately called the Golden Amber Mile.

Sponsored by local radio station, 4GC, the event involved a three-kilometre sprint (yes, we *know* it's more than a mile), with eight compulsory beer stops. Each competitor had to down a 5oz glass of amber fluid at each hostelry.

Twenty-six competitors started the race (there were to have been more, but some were too blotto to compete) and 22 finished, the winner being footballer Dave Pollard with a time of just under 10 minutes.

Anyone who spilled a drop of beer or got sick was disqualified. PLAYBOY's unofficial representative, 4GC station manager Charles "Chuck" Collins, reports that he nearly lived up to his nick-name, only just managing to keep his stomach under control. Chuck finished 19th. "I'm a slow runner but a fast drinker," he said.

4GC ran a simultaneous Amber Golden Mile Telethon, with proceeds going to the Royal Guide Dogs for the *Blind.*

BUNNY LOVE

A Californian policeman ordered to sort out a household disturbance did a doubletake when he encountered a big chocolate Easter bunny coming hippity-hoppity out of the front yard. The rabbit turned out to be a woman neighbor who had smeared her nude body with chocolate glaze in a misguided attempt to win the heart of the dumbfounded complainant.

After what police described as a sticky struggle, the woman was taken into protective custody.

Meanwhile, three Michigan women were arrested for stealing a delivery van and charged with joy-riding and indecent exposure. When they were apprehended, all three were nude save for a coating of mustard. They told the arresting officer that they'd done the hot dog routine as a dare.

ANYONE FOR CRABS?

Sydney magazine photographer Kevin Brown developed a connoisseur's taste for the celebrated Darwin mud crabs while on a recent assignment in the steamy north. But when the time came to return to Sydney he didn't forget his mates. When he took his seat on the airliner he was clutching a carton of iced and salted crabs on his knee.

A solicitous hostess approached Brown and suggested he might be more comfortable if she relieved him of his parcel. "No way, lady," said Brown. "This is a carton of mud crabs for my mates back home and they're not leaving me."

Ten minutes later the hostess again approached Brown and promised she would personally take care of the package and guaranteed to return it to him when the plane reached Sydney. Brown relented, but with the wining and dining in the air and during the Brisbane stop-over, it was a case of out of sight, out of mind for his crabs and his mates.

True to her word, however, the hostess remembered the crabs, but had trouble with Brown's identity. Finally, as the aircraft taxied toward the Sydney terminal, she took station in the aisle in the centre of the plane and asked: "Would the gentleman who gave me the crabs in Darwin please see me before he leaves the aircraft?"

Rather than identify himself to his guffawing fellow passengers, the embarrassed Brown stumbled out of the plane — leaving the crabs to the hostie and the rest of the crew.

LONG CLIMB

Most encouraging news of the year comes from former Indian Prime Minister Mr Morarji Desai, 84, who, in an attempt to perk up India's young generation, told a meeting of his Janata Party youth section: "We have been going downhill for the past 2000 years and now we have reached the rock bottom. There is no way to go except up."

LOST BY A GRUNT

Arthur Charlton, a London window cleaner, has become the first person to lose a divorce case by grunt . . .

He claimed in the court that, after his wife left him, he moved a snooker table into his bedroom and had the occasional game with a woman friend. But his wife maintained he was committing adultery and said on at least one occasion she'd heard grunting from the bedroom.

Charlton told the court the grunts were merely "an expression of surprise after playing a difficult shot". But Judge Aubrey Myerson reasoned that any shot would have been tricky in a darkened bedroom.

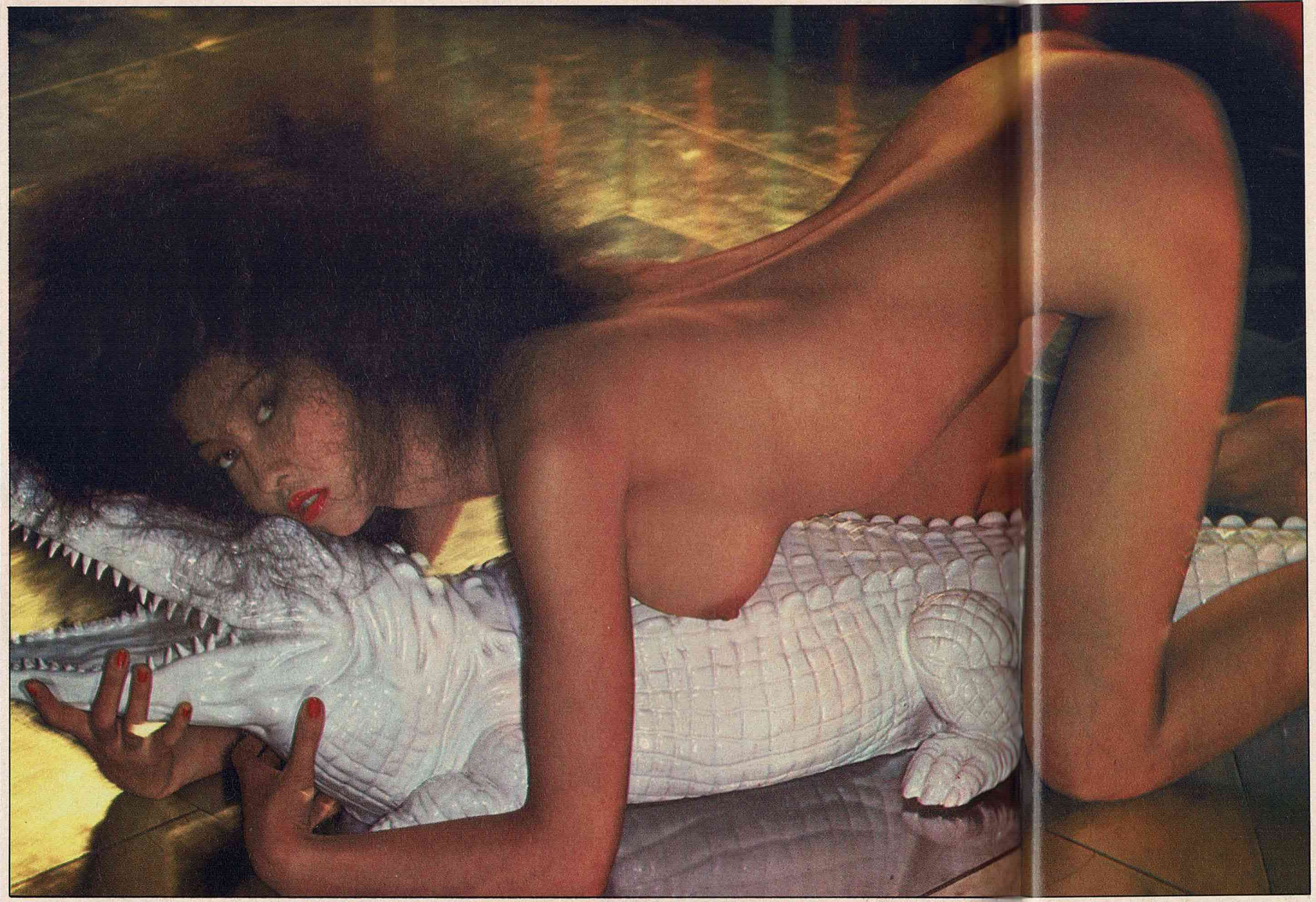
In the other case in Kuala Lumpur, the capital city of Malaysia, a man was jailed for two months by an Islamic court after the court heard evidence that he had been heard "moaning with pleasure", even though the defendant maintained that his moaning was caused by a painful fever which a woman at his side was "attempting to soothe".

Don't give him another tie this Christmas.
Walker's Sons
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
Johnnie Walker
RED LABEL
750 ml
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.
AB560/80
BORN 1820 STILL GOING STRONG.
40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME
MASIUS WAL3811

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

MARIA



In a modern version of the Cinderella story, Maria (above) was "rescued" from life as a waitress to become an erotic film star in Japan.

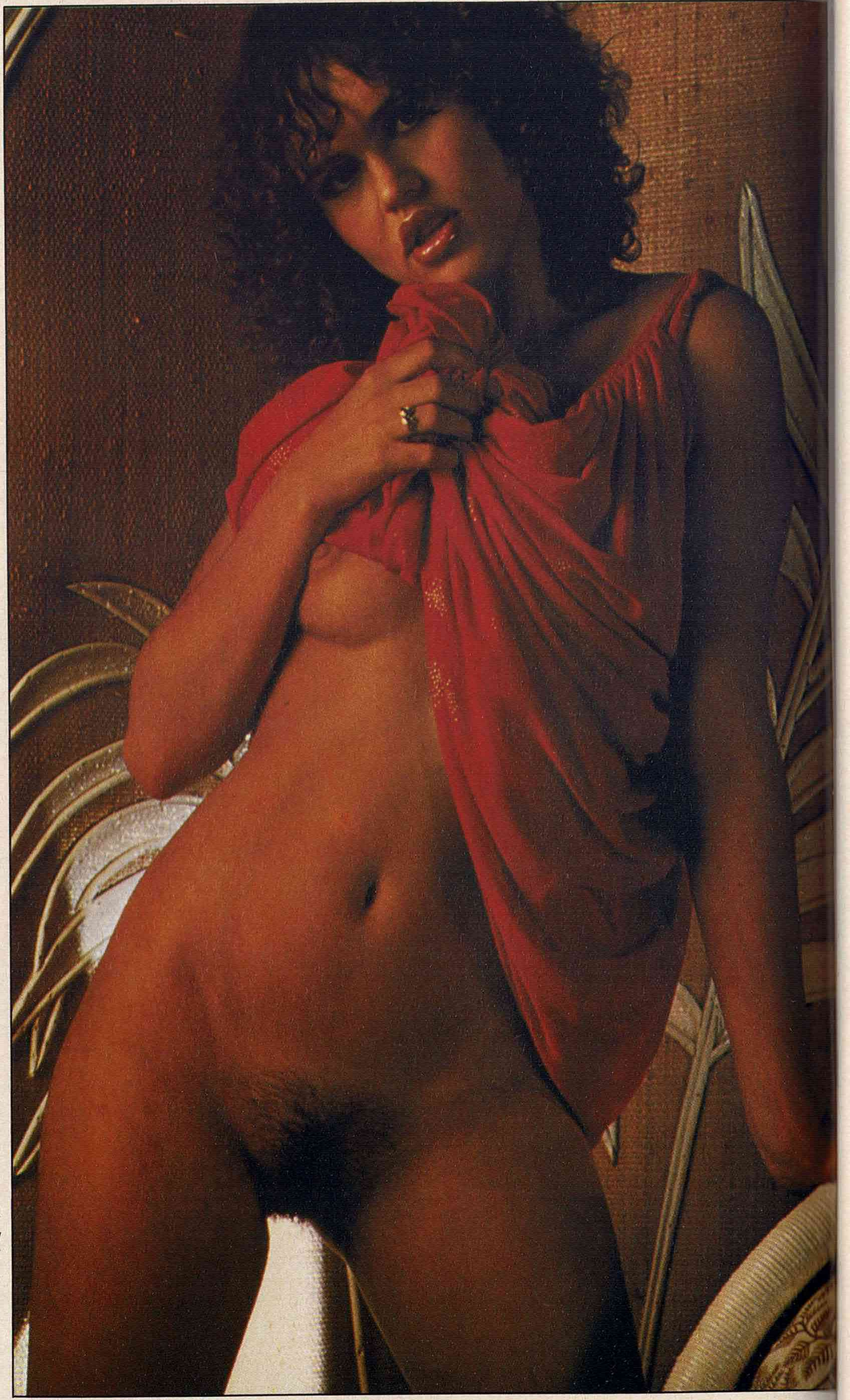
CHIEKO

Chieko (right), an actress/singer is idolised by Japan's students. This study of innocence was taken before her rise to fame.

MANU

She must go down to the sea again, the lonely sea and the sky. And all this German lovely wants is a tall ship — and a male companion on those long sea voyages.

VALENTINA



Fortune has smiled on Valentina, an Italian beauty who was once a pasta cook in a Milan restaurant till her other talents were spotted. Now she's cooking up a career modelling and acting.

And you thought New Zealand was just for old geysers.

1. Not the old school bus, not the blunderbus. This is the Fun Bus, and it's fun all the way. With one of the world's most exciting and beautiful countries at your feet, travelling in the Fun Bus can make your holiday even more memorable.

Mix with people your own age, share their interests, and live the good life as you cover the country from top to bottom. You'll never be in better company.

There's much more to New Zealand than mudholes and geysers.

Now, read on.

2. Go where no man has gone before. Four wheel drive it through/up/across/around/over some of the most unbelievable roads and no roads you're ever likely to meet.

3. Rent a bike. Take it by the hour or the week, in Christchurch, or from there into the country.

There are even tandems for hire if that's your idea of togetherness.

4. Before the wheel came the walk, and the Routeburn Trek is one of the most stunning ways to take one. A four day guided hike through two of New Zealand's greatest National Parks, Mt. Aspiring and Fiordland. This is not exactly a Sunday stroll.

10% discount
Travel New Zealand for under $8 a day
New Zealand Railways Tourist Pass
Railways Tourist Pass

5. Get into training between April and December. Fourteen consecutive days of train, bus and ferry travel to and from almost any part of New Zealand for just $8 a day.

6. Or fly like a bird. New Zealand Air Pass allows you unlimited travel throughout New Zealand.

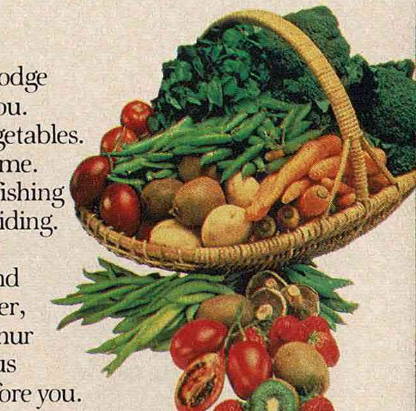
If you have 14 days, $170 and lots of stamina you can see up to 23 towns and cities.

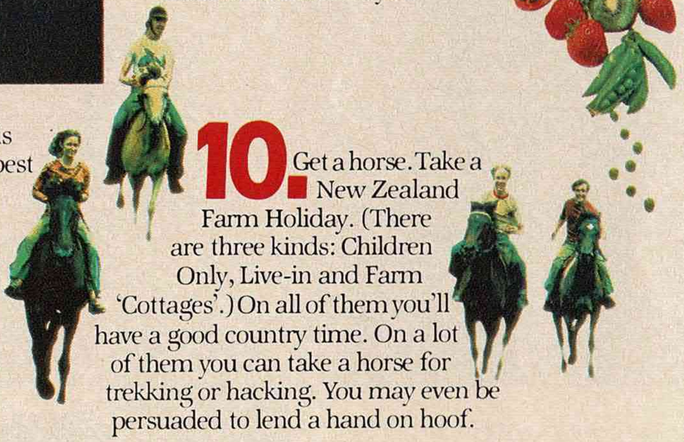
7. One of man's favourite pastimes. You'll find kiwis of all kinds in New Zealand. Some feathered, all friendly. It's said that the after-dark dance rituals are well worth the experiencing.

8. A snow job. Take to the skis on some of the world's best snow fields. Places with names as exciting as the fields and the facilities – Tekapo, Mt. Hutt, Mt. Ruapehu, Coronet Peak, etc. And a bribe. It can be cheaper to ski here, including airfare, than in Australia. Speak to Air New Zealand or Qantas.

9. Let Huka Lodge capture you. Home grown vegetables. New Zealand game. Hunting. Trout fishing and horseback riding.

It's on the Waikato River and the Queen Mother, General MacArthur and Jack Nicklaus discovered it before you.





10. Get a horse. Take a New Zealand Farm Holiday. (There are three kinds: Children Only, Live-in and Farm 'Cottages'.) On all of them you'll have a good country time. On a lot of them you can take a horse for trekking or hacking. You may even be persuaded to lend a hand on hoof.

11. Where better to be a hell's angel than in an earthly paradise! There are motor bikes for hire in Christchurch and the price for freedom on wheels is really very cheap.

12. Well that's some of the things to do in New Zealand. Now for some of the ways to get there. Air New Zealand and Qantas have about 100 flights a week across the Tasman. They also have a whole lot more detailed information. Contact Air New Zealand or Qantas or your local travel agent. And have a good holiday.

QFA1399PB

Remember how great she looked last summer.

National Colour Video Camera and Portable VHS lets you keep those moments and relive them over and over.

It's so simple. Point the camera, shoot . . . instant result. No processing is required with automatic viewing on TV, through your National Portable VHS recorder. Light to carry and will operate under low light conditions.

Other features include:

- Power zoom control
- Brilliant colour reproduction
- Pause control
- Electronic viewfinder
- Built-in microphone
- Low power consumption.

Because time doesn't stand still . . .

VHS National **National** Instant Home Video

Nat 100

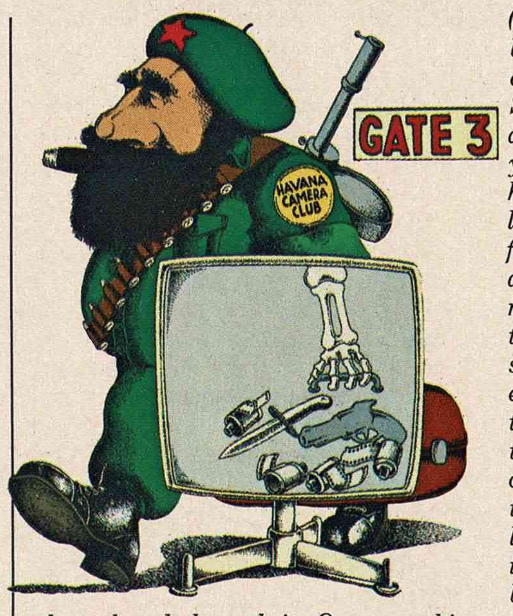
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My girlfriend has confessed that she had an abortion two years ago. She is scared to death of another pregnancy, and this fear has eliminated any chance of her enjoying herself. She has yet to reach orgasm with me or any other lover since she had the abortion. She uses the diaphragm but is never sure it's working. My guess is that she will not enjoy sex again until those fears go away. Any suggestions to help speed the process along? — M.T., WA.

Your analysis strikes us as perceptive and correct. Insight is the initial step toward improving this kind of situation, and trust is the second. You might abandon intercourse for a few weeks. By concentrating on noncoital forms of pleasure, she can get back in touch with her feelings. The third step is information. Have her discuss the matter with her gynaecologist. She may then want to switch to a more reliable method, such as an IUD, or she can work out a combination of birth control measures that will provide a higher degree of safety than the diaphragm alone. But beyond that, it's simply a matter of time.

Some time soon, I plan to buy a portable stereo-cassette radio (one of the ones with a speaker in each end of the casing). However, as I already have a basic stereo system with just an amplifier, turntable and speakers, I thought it would be sensible to buy a cassette-radio that could occasionally be hooked up to that. What I'd like to find out, though, is whether the sound quality of any of the portable cassette stereos that are available would be good enough to play through a reasonably good system such as the one I have? — B.T., Victoria.

If your existing stereo system is of really outstanding quality, then even the very best available stereo cassette radios will produce only adequate sound quality when played through it. On the other hand, should your system be a fairly average one, then some of the better cassette radios will do the job. If you are planning to do a lot of taping, and want the best possible results, you will need a recorder with a Dolby system. While some of the more expensive cassette radios now incorporate this, they could not really be considered a match for those better cassette decks now on the market. It depends on the degree of high fidelity you're after.



When I go overseas in a few months time, I'm planning to take a lot of photographs and I'm a bit worried about how to look after the film I'll be carrying with me. In particular, I'm concerned about the metal detectors they use to check luggage at airports. Is it true that these can damage undeveloped film and, if so, is there any way I can protect it from the X-ray machines that airports require it to pass through? — A.H., Tasmania.

The so-called metal detectors passengers must pass through before boarding an aircraft may seem to be a tedious and problem-causing hassle — but they do expose more than your film. Many a would-be terrorist has been thwarted when the "unmentionables" in his carry-on bag are quietly carried off (along with him) by an observant customs officer. So the machines are necessary. If you carry film having a relatively low speed, the fluoroscopic examinations carried out at customs checkpoints shouldn't present a problem if the film is run through the scan only one or two times, particularly if you carry it in the lead-lined bag most photographic stores sell for this purpose. However, high-speed film (400 ASA) should never be permitted to run through the X-ray scan — no matter if it's exposed or not — because of its greater sensitivity to light. This also makes it more susceptible to damage from high temperature and humidity. If you're planning to be travelling around for some time, try to have each film developed soon after you've exposed it, rather than arriving home with a suitcase full of fogged negatives and no pictures.

Now and again, I've seen ads for a whole range of weird-looking condoms, and I'm curious whether or not any of them really do anything to make sex more exciting. I'm talking about the ones that have bits and pieces sticking out all over them which supposedly give the woman extra stimulation. I asked one woman friend for her opinion and she said that the thought of having such things entering her turned her off so much that she had never been interested in experimenting with them. Is this a typical reaction, or do most women really get stimulated by the idea, and the use, of these sex aids? — K.C., WA.

While it is possible to find a few enthusiasts for just about every available kind of sexual attachment, extension and optional extra, in general, the reaction to the corrugated condoms you write of seems to be one mostly of disappointment. For most people, the more smooth and well-lubricated the penetration, the greater the sexual pleasure. Anything which increases the resistance usually irritates, not stimulates. Also, such condoms usually have most of their bumps and ripples on the tip and, according to Masters and Johnson, the upper two thirds of the vagina is largely insensitive. That being the case, the manufacturers' claims for these products are not to be taken particularly seriously. They're up front, and that's not where the action is.

Basically, my problem is that I've been going out with a girl who is a distant relative (she's the daughter of a second cousin of my mother), and even though there's no way our relationship could be considered incestuous, people act as though it is. I don't think anyone knows that we've been to bed together but, since it's apparent that we do care for one another, certain of our relatives have been making it clear that they just don't approve. I suppose this is in part because, even though she is only distantly related, she's always spent a lot of time with us, even since she was a little girl (she's 17 now). I suppose my parents look upon her as a daughter. If people find out that we are involved sexually, I know it will cause a big row and my family will probably never speak to me again. On the other hand, I can't imagine giving her up, so what should I do? — J.M., NSW.

Families manage to find all kinds of reasons why two people shouldn't make it together, and their reasons don't necessarily have anything to do with rational behavior. Nevertheless, they do eventually come around, given enough time to adjust *to the new situation. If the two of you are really determined to let things develop further, then it's nobody's business but yours. You may not be able to avoid at least some period of disruption between you and the rest of the family however. A lot may depend on your girlfriend. If she is as enthusiastic about the relationship as you are, it is then up to her to explain to your parents exactly how she wishes to be regarded. You have no real choice but to continue being their son. She, on the other hand, is not their daughter, and she doesn't have to be treated like one.*

My problem results from a relationship I have with the daughter of one of the people with whom I work. We went out on dates together a few times soon after we met, but things cooled down rapidly. We still see each other fairly often, though, and have a lot of fun when we do. Now there are signs she'd like to get seriously involved again, and I'm also keen on the idea. Still, I do have one worry: her father is head of the particular department of the company I work for, and my job advancement depends on his approval. I'm very ambitious, and sometimes cut a few corners to make my work look good. What I'm worried about is, if I get involved with my boss's daughter again, that there might be some chance of her passing on some information I let escape during an intimate moment. That might sound like I'm being too suspicious but I know they are very close. On the other hand, I find myself wanting her. What should I do? — D.H., Queensland.

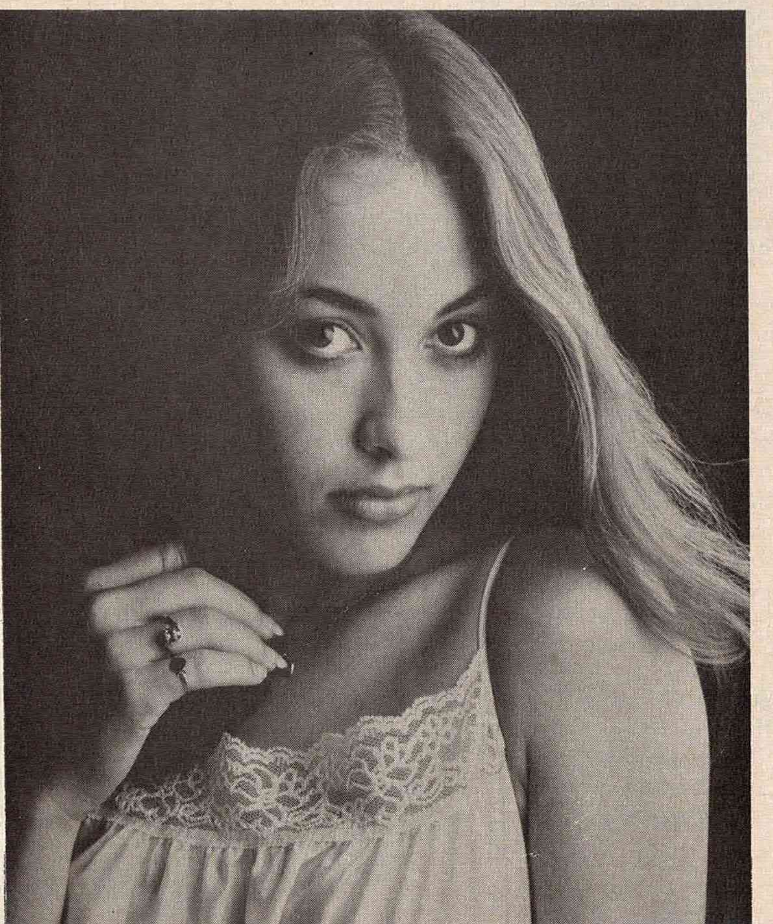
If, as you say, you want to get involved with this particular lady again, we assume you probably think she has a lot going for her. Otherwise, there would be no problem, and you could just forget the whole thing. It does seem a little strange, though, that you could be so enraptured by someone and at the same time expect her to betray you. So decide whether you really are currently besmitten or whether you have just idealised your glowing memories. Should you decide to go ahead, learn not to talk shop in the sack.

I have a girlfriend whom I'm beginning to consider strange. She is 23 years old. I don't think she is frigid, because she will let me touch her everywhere and really enjoys it. But as soon as I suggest we go to bed, she suddenly changes, becoming shy and naïve. It's as if she doesn't begin to understand what I'm suggesting and doesn't remember what we were doing a few moments before. Is she a prick teaser, or what? — R.S., NSW.

We suggest you ask her that question, as she's in the best position to give you an answer. If she has allowed you to put all that time and energy into foreplay, she obviously knows what you were expecting to happen next, so we wouldn't think she would be offended by your simple question of "why not?". If her answer involves a deeply serious emotional hang-up, the mere fact that you showed interest may go toward improving matters. But, on the other hand, if it happens that she is playing some sort of game, tell her to move into another ball park.

Recently, I lived in Perth for six months, and near the end of my stay, a relationship developed between me and a 24-year-old woman. I'm 18 years old and believe I'm quite mature for my age. There was a real feeling of love between us, which was something I had never experienced before. Now, back in Sydney, I am finding it difficult to start a relationship of the sort that I find satisfying. My experiences with the lady in Perth really taught me how to care for a person. I'd like that sort of feeling to happen again but can't seem to get anything started. In fact, my five closest friends are females, and at one stage or another, I've tried to form a close relationship with each of

Spend the night with the President.



The morning after will be just as good, because at the President Hotels in Queensland, our aim is, simply, to please.

Our rooms are spacious — sumptuously outfitted in the style you'd expect from an international hotel, our views are nothing short of spectacular, and our staff, absolute souls of discretion, will tidy your room while you're away, serve you a hearty breakfast, and be at your beck and call throughout your stay with prompt, twenty-four hour Room Service.

When you're planning your next trip to Queensland, be it for business or leisure, ask your travel agent or airline to book you into a President Hotel. Or book with the President direct.

We promise you won't be disappointed.

The President's Crest
International Hotel (Right)
Brisbane. Phone (07) 221 7788

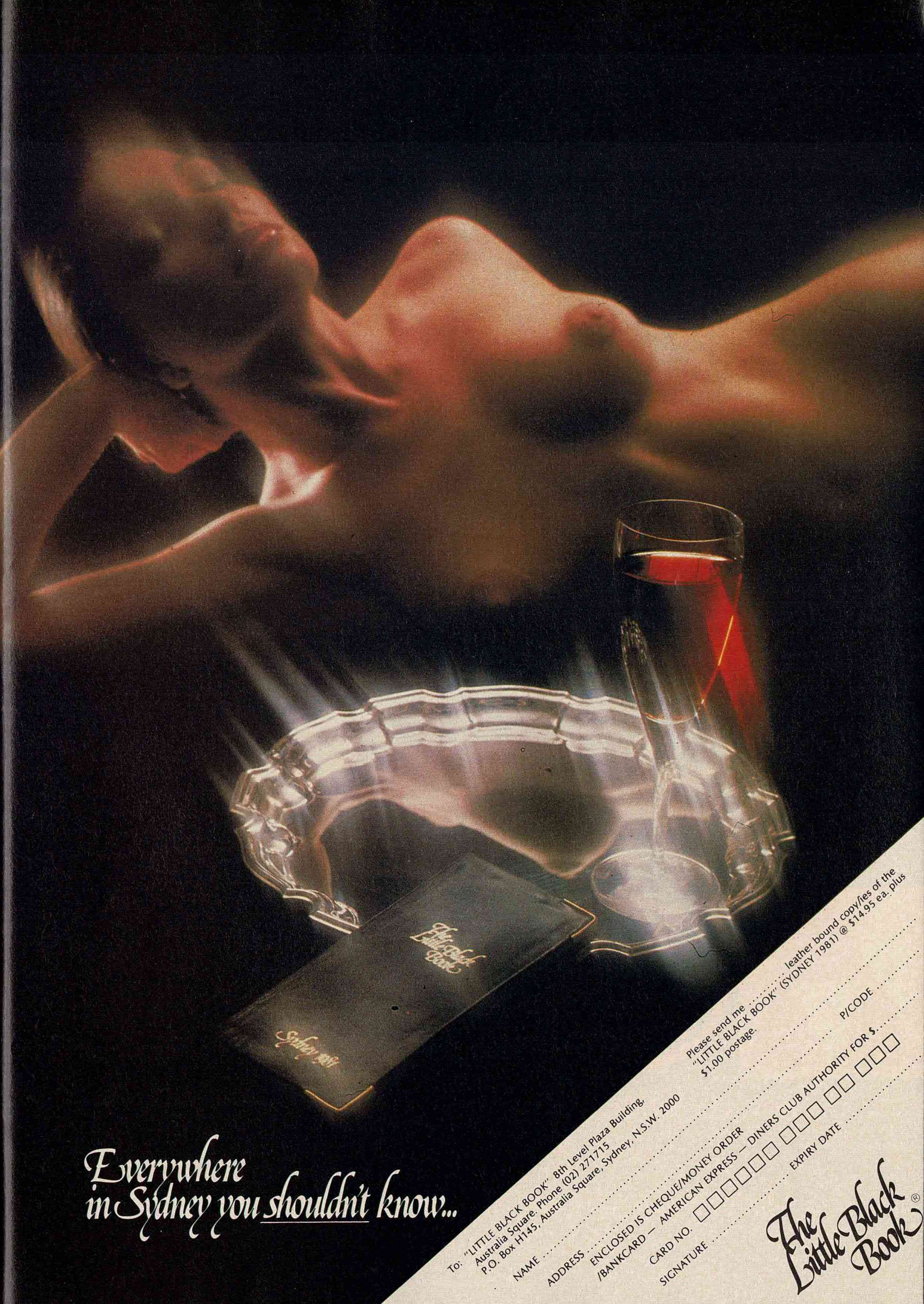
The President's Broadbeach
International Hotel (Top right)
Gold Coast. Phone (075) 38 4111

The President's Townsville
International Hotel (Far right)
Townsville. Phone (077) 72 2477

PRESIDENT
HOTELS

Head Office: Victoria Ave., Broadbeach. 4217
Phone (075) 38 4111 Telex 40436
Sydney Office: Westfield Towers, 11th Floor,
100 William St., Sydney. 2011
Phone (02) 358 5355 Telex 27750

PRE 6353



Everywhere
in Sydney you shouldn't know...

To: "LITTLE BLACK BOOK" 8th Level Plaza Building,
Australia Square. Phone (02) 271715
P.O. Box H145, Australia Square, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

Please send me .... leather bound copy/ies of the
"LITTLE BLACK BOOK" (SYDNEY 1981) @ $14.95 ea. plus
$1.00 postage.

NAME ....
ADDRESS .... P/CODE ....
ENCLOSED IS CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER
/BANKCARD — AMERICAN EXPRESS — DINERS CLUB AUTHORITY FOR $..........
CARD NO. ☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐
SIGNATURE .... EXPIRY DATE ....

The Little Black Book®

SEEN AT ALL THE BEST PLACES

Sportswear by Fila, Footwear by Converse, Racquets by Fischer.
Sport essentials for the active rich.
Distributed by Tomasetti Sport Phone (03) 699 8800
Available from select retailers.

TOM0007

them, but all have refused, saying they wouldn't want our friendship to go sour. It's the same old story every time. Could you advise me in any way? — W.P., NSW.

To an 18-year-old guy, a woman of 24 very often seems almost magical, no matter how mature you may feel. Those extra six years will have contained a whole range of experiences which cause her to respond to people in a way that most girls of your own age probably can't. If these close female friends you speak of are about your own age, you may be expecting the same sort of relationship you had with the woman in Perth, rather than taking them as they are. Sooner or later you may well form another relationship that has some of the same qualities you enjoyed in that last one. Don't, however, try to force each new relationship to resemble the one before it. The difference should make for more excitement, not detract.

I recently asked a girl out, and she accepted. However, every time I ask her for a specific date, she will say that she has got work to do or her mother is visiting or something. Admittedly, her excuses are probably valid, but surely there must be some time in her schedule for me. Normally I would try to forget her, but I can't get her off my mind. She always greets me warmly and says she does want to see more of me; I've even often been to her place for coffee. So the question is, does she really like me and should I wait as she asks? Or is she just playing a very unfunny joke? — M.S., Victoria.

You should certainly look about for someone else, even though you may as well keep trying to see the girl in question. The fact that she has apparently been so evasive about making any specific arrangements doesn't necessarily mean she is playing games. But it does, however, suggest that she is no more than slightly interested, and if this is the case, being overly persistent is a good way to damage your own self-respect. Come on less frequently, and much more casually, in your approach and try to avoid giving her the impression that it is the end of the world when she turns you down. She might not want anything heavy — so take it nice 'n' easy.

As a 17-year-old recently arrived from England with no driving licence (due to the different licensing laws in that country), I find that I have a bit of a problem. Here, lots of young guys already own cars and when they ask girls out they have transportation. I am not in that position, and not likely to be for a while, and I'm worried that it's going to make things difficult. I'm very friendly with one particular girl and think she'll accept if I invite her out. I don't want to look a fool, so I'd like your opinion about how Australian girls feel about a guy who can't drive them about anywhere. Am I doomed to a life of celibacy because of a lack of wheels? — S.M., Victoria.

Unless the only girls you associate with are purple panel van addicts, there is no reason why the lack of your own vehicle should disqualify you from the right to a sex life. While Australia is undeniably a highly motorised country, there are an increasing number of people living without cars these days as a matter of principle or style. The cost of taking a taxi on those occasions when other people would drive is less than the enormous cost of keeping a car on the road. You could also find that some women will be impressed by your use of taxis, especially if you do it with a certain style and don't act apologetic or nervous.

I have a problem that has been driving me nuts for six months. I've been going out with one girl for more than a year, and for the past half of that period, I've been wondering if I only stay with her because she makes me feel all right about my premature ejaculation problem. Sometimes at a party I've been surrounded by beautiful women and have felt sure I could go to bed with one of them, but have been afraid that one of them might not be as understanding as my present girlfriend. I am only 21, and I don't enjoy my present sex life at all. However, I'm afraid that if I try to make it with another lady and she doesn't understand about my premature ejaculation problem it will make me feel even worse. What should I do? — D.S., NSW.

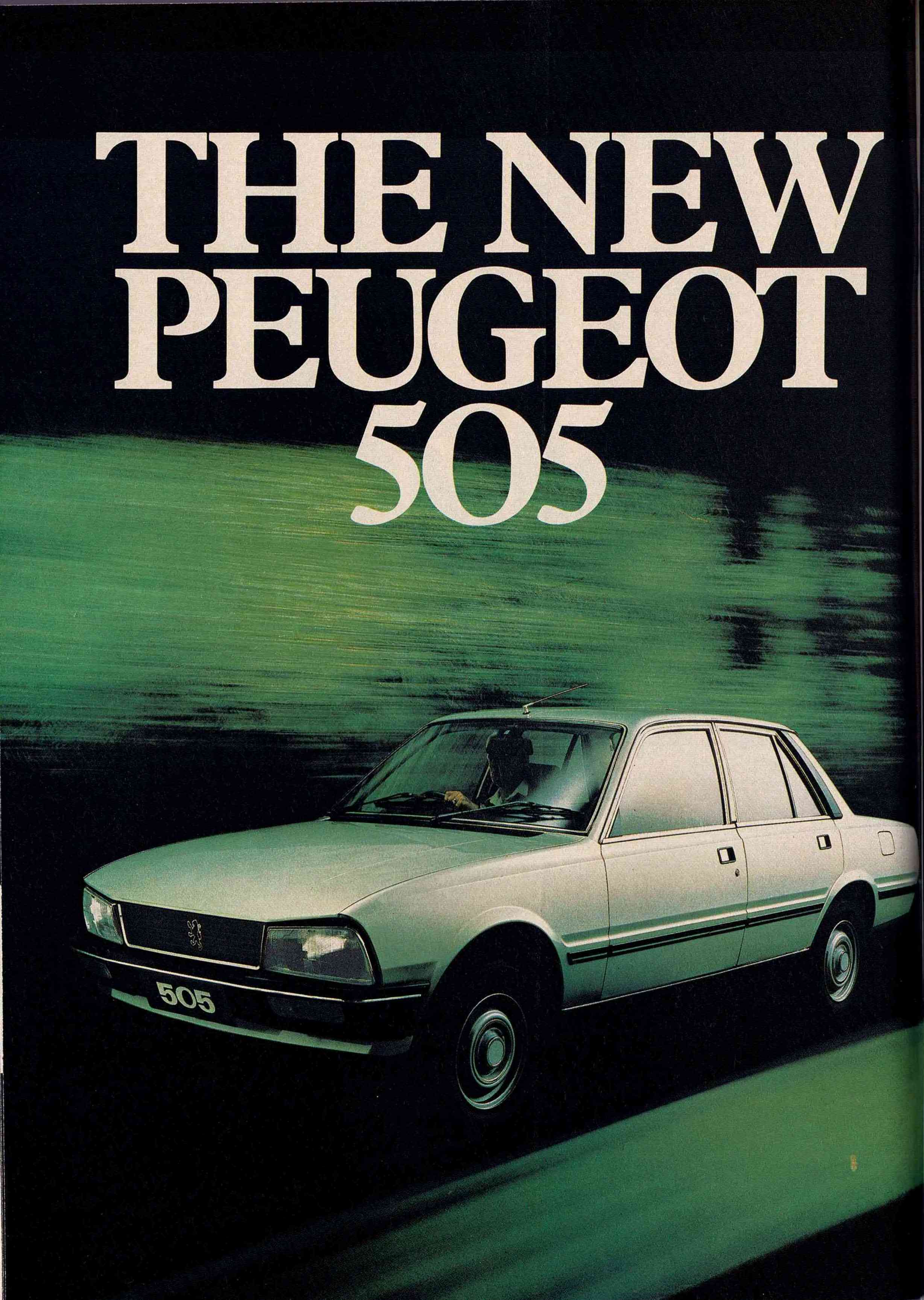
If you're not enjoying your sex life, by all means do something about improving it; the old adage that indifferent sex is better than no sex at all is just a myth. It does sound that you at least have a good starting point in having an understanding girlfriend who is not inclined to judge and dismiss you because you don't match up to some perfect model of what a lover should be. Nobody gets it absolutely perfect every single time, and you'll only make the problem worse if this is what you expect. You're flattering yourself if you think these beautiful women you meet at parties will automatically fall into bed with someone who is as hung up about sex as you apparently are. Of course, if you actually dislike your present girlfriend and hang on to her only as a basic sexual convenience, then you should certainly terminate that relationship rather than continue to use her.

Can you help settle an argument between a friend of mine and me? Some weeks ago, I saw a film about the 1972 Olympics, and during it the commentator said something to the effect that 100 metre runners don't actually breathe during the race. My friend assures me that this is true, but I find this difficult to comprehend. Surely the more effort you're putting into a physical activity like running, the harder you have to breathe and therefore somebody in a 100 metres race would be breathing as hard as he possibly could. If they're not breathing, what are they doing? — P.L., South Australia.

The question is not so much whether 100 metres runners breathe or not, but whether they really need to. Tests have shown that the human body can perform at absolute maximum effort for up to 16 seconds before the intake of oxygen plays any part in the output of energy. Since a top-class 100 metres race takes only about 10 seconds, competitors theoretically don't need to use their lungs at all, though what happens in reality seems to be a matter of debate. Study of slow motion films suggests that some sprinters take one large breath an instant before the start and exhale all the way to the finish, others fit in a couple of complete breaths along the way, and still others, it is suspected, don't bother to breathe at all.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

THE NEW PEUGEOT 505

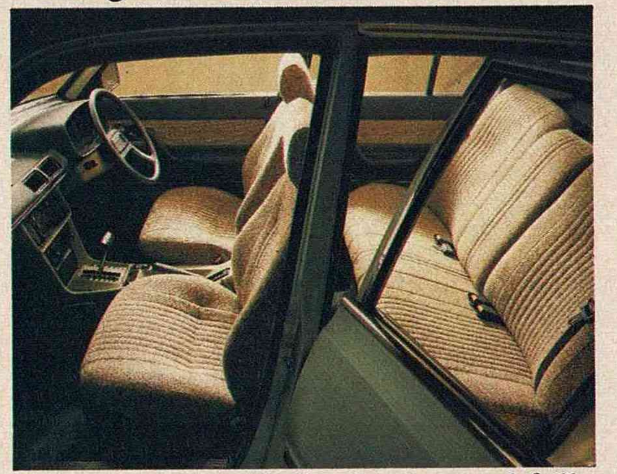


EXPERIENCE THE PLEASURE.

The 505 is designed principally for the abiding pleasure of the driver. As you step into its soundproofed loungeroom, the world outside ceases to intrude. The feeling, colour-tone, styling is pure harmony. Seats and doors are covered in rich tweed. Nothing stodgy here or heavy. Huge, gently arched, tinted windows.

A brilliantly sculptured dashboard that is a multiple curve of elegance. A plethora of built-in features do everything for your comfort. From integrated air conditioning, power front windows, stereo music centre, to touches like an inclined gearstick handle, an internally controlled side mirror and a cabin control that hydraulically adjusts the headlight beams.

The tacho tells you it is still a Peugeot underneath. Four wheel power-assisted disc brakes and fully independent suspension attest to that. Beneath the elegant, impact-absorbing, safety body is some of the toughest machinery in a car… including rack and pinion steering, and now, a five speed gearbox for economy. New Peugeot 505 – a mobile masterpiece. What can one say about a consummate car, except – for your own sake – please experience it soon.



PEUGEOT
A DRIVING PASSION.

N.S.W: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 789 Botany Road, Rosebery, 2018. Phone: 669 2366.
VIC: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 771 Nepean Highway, Moorabbin, 3189. Phone: 557 5877.
S.A: Jacques Thoridnet Motor Centre, 185 Pulteney Street, Adelaide, 5000. Phone: 223 3155.
A.C.T: Corin Motors, 101-103 Newcastle Street, Fyshwick, 2609. Phone: 80 4409.
QLD: Annand & Thompson, 132 Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead, 4006. Phone: 52 0161.
W.A: Eurocars Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Canning H'wy & Berwick Street, 6151. Phone: 367 6699 (Lic. 0771).
TAS: Launceston David Lewis Motors, 123 Invermay Road, 7250. Phone: 31 8177.
Hobart Woodwards Fine Cars, 160 Elizabeth Street, 7000. Phone: 38 2609.

RPEU0084

OVER 8 YEARS
DISTILLED IN HAND-BEATEN POT STILLS AT
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
Contents 75cl · 26⅔ Fl ozs 86°U.S. Proof · 43° Gay Lussac
This Pure Malt Whisky is produced by the fourth Generation of an Independent Family Company

Discover the subtle yet distinctive taste of Glenfiddich Pure Malt.

Glenfiddich* is pure, unblended malt whisky.
Distilled in the ancient way–in hand-beaten copper pot-stills–it has a smooth, mellow, yet subtly distinctive taste.
Enjoyed straight or with a little water, Glenfiddich is perhaps, the greatest single malt of the Highlands.

*"Glenfiddich", in Gaelic, means "Valley of the Deer".

AB 246/80

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BAD TRIPS

It used to be that you weren't anyone until you'd been over to see the Old Country. Travel does not have the same exclusive connotations these days, but the subtle view is still that you haven't really experienced anything till you've been overseas.

This view is reinforced by the travel industry and all of your mates who've been away and returned with tales of adventure and amazing conquest.

I'm a born and bred Aussie who hasn't travelled further than Tasmania, and I don't believe I have suffered from my lack of worldly experience. In fact I've saved myself considerable hassles, because when your mates get past all their hyped up pub stories what they really experienced was something else again.

The London adventure turns out to be trying to get enough money to get out of the place, or to keep the gas heater in shillings over January. And the big pick-up in Bangkok turns out to be a dose of the pox.

But nobody likes to return home without a fanciful story just to show it was all really worthwhile, and so the illusion persists.

I know of a much-travelled Englishman who's finally settled in Australia and knows the score about travelling. Before the conversation gets underway in the pub he cautions the drinking school in his funny northern accent: "No fooking travellers' tales!"

Hear, hear, I say.

Tom O'Donnell
Darwin, NT

SEX TECH

Sex may be out in the open nowadays, but it is served up with all the subtlety of a steak with the works at Greasy Joe's. Sure, you've got all these different scenes happening in our big cities, from S&M, massage parlors, to pick-up caper in bars and discos, not to mention all this posturing and posing on the streets.

It's a slap-up feed all right, but surely it could all be done with a little more *élan?* I would like to present a few of my own novel ideas to take sex out of the "grab and gobble" era.

Even in this day and age when everything must be NOW, certain things still should follow their natural cycle, and lovemaking is one of them. But that doesn't mean the style shouldn't change to suit modern-day conditions. Let's bring in technology to sort out who should be doing what to whom and then helping them to get on with it. I would have special discotheques where everybody could feed their relevant data into a computer at the entrance. They'd all be paired off according to the information encoded, thus leaving all those awkward preliminaries to a computer. And, to test the machine's reliability, special rooms would be set aside. A television eye could watch the couple at play, and make impartial assessment. Then the couple could play their performance back on the video cassette player.

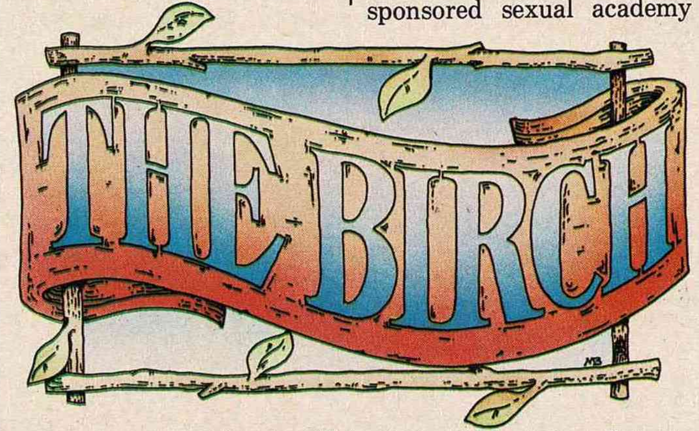
I would also like to see the introduction of masks, which, although they may hide the wearer's superficial identity, would project his or her true personality. After all, the popularity of the Kiss rock group rests largely on the fact they play extravagant roles. What girl would want to know them without make-up?

And then I would have lessons about lovemaking, perhaps done to music, similar to those calisthenics practised by office workers at city gymnasiums.

And when one becomes a fully qualified member of the Australian Government-sponsored sexual academy all that'll be left will be to put oneself at the service of others in need.

But I'm getting ahead of myself again . . .

Alex Mayfield
Port Lincoln, SA



BIRCHING

I was reading Harry Butler's comments about how he believes in an eye for an eye philosophy when dealing with criminals (*Playboy Interview,* June). Although I don't exactly agree with cutting off a thief's hand or operating on a rapist, I do believe that corporal punishment is the answer in combating crime.

I don't think many people know much about this in Australia, but there is a small island off the coast of England which has almost no violent crime. The island, which also has its own government, uses the birch as a means of judicial corporal punishment. Apparently it is very effective, especially in the area of juvenile crime. The patient is secured face-down on a wooden bench with his trousers down and a heavy birch is applied across his bare bottom. It is all carried out under a doctor's supervision.

I suppose to some people this might sound very archaic, and perhaps it is. But if it is so effective — and there is no question about that — then I think it should be re-introduced.

I would like to see your magazine investigate the effectiveness of the birch as a means of curbing violent teenage crime. Incidentally, I am not a believer in capital punishment.

Name withheld by request
Maryborough, Queensland

FLATTERY'S PRICE

It is often laughingly said that flattery will get you nowhere, but I rather imagine it sometimes gets people everywhere. It's a subtle art that has a way of creeping into the vulnerable hearts of the opposite sex, causing them to believe in their indisputable qualities.

The liquid flow of flowery language in just the right situation — or any situation for that matter — can seem very real and convincing, however false it really is. We are trapped and completely enthralled by our partner's good judgement.

But here's the rub — once you've got your partner into a complete state of euphoria about their wondrous being, they are then completely oblivious of the original intention which, of course, always was seduction.

However, it's not a bad way to be seduced. Rather better than the cold-blooded straightforward "I want to sleep with you" approach.

Erica Bonotny
Balgowlah, NSW

MISSIONARY POSITION

In *The Playboy Adviser* (September), K.W. of South Australia was asking about the expression the "missionary position".

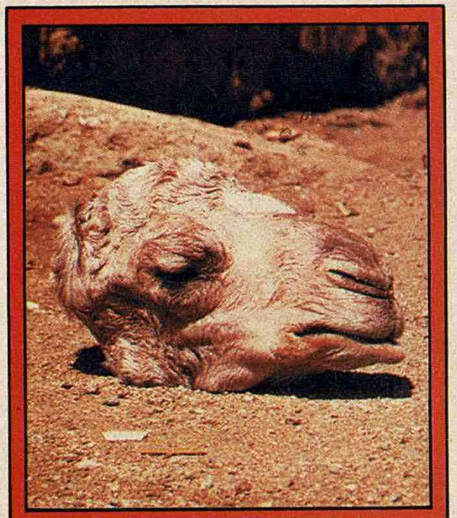
It was first given wide currency when it appeared in *Sexual Behavior in the*

Human Male (by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin, 1948). It was stated there that "caricatures of the English-American position are performed around the communal camp fire to the great amusement of all the natives who refer to the position as 'the missionary position'." The natives referred to here are the Trobriand Islanders.

Kinsey was quoting the great anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski who made reference to it in his classic work entitled *The Sexual Life of Savages in North West Melanesia* (1929).

So the expression does come to us from the natives of the tropical islands — through Malinowski and popularised by Kinsey.

Dr W. G. Cook
Malvern, Victoria



CAMEL MYSTERY

Your readers might be interested in this camel or, to be more precise, camel's head which my wife and I encountered while travelling in Iran (see picture above).

According to the locals, the dromedary had been beheaded because it had committed adultery with its keeper, a father of four (humans) whose wife was visiting relatives in Tehran at the time.

The man was forced to watch the decapitation of his friend before being placed in a sack of camel dung and stoned to death. The animal's head was placed by the roadside as a grim warning to anyone else who might be tempted to light up a camel. All this occurred in a remote village called Hedsja Luz where strict Islamic law is applied and rigidly enforced.

PS: If you think we're just a couple of gullible tourists who've been taken in by the locals, we're willing to be proved wrong. But how else do you explain this camel's head sitting all alone in the sand?

Gerry Radford
Hopetoun, Victoria

NO, NO, NAI

Nai from Chiang Mai had no right to that $1000 she took with her back to Thailand (see *Playboy After Hours*, July).

According to the Social Services Act, unemployment benefits are for residents of Australia who are likely to remain here. They are not for tourists, students or fiancees.

Two groups from overseas can claim in Australia. First there is the migrant who is eligible as soon as he arrives. The rest of us have a one-week waiting period. And secondly there is the New Zealander

Kiwis who can satisfy the interviewer that they are here permanently can claim straight away. This is easy if you have bought a home, brought household goods, and enrolled the children in the local school. It's a bit harder if you are single. However, after six months you are eligible to claim.

An Australian who goes to New Zealand can also claim unemployment benefits, but he must be a full 12 months in the country.

Brendan Linnane
Pascoe Vale, Victoria

NOT TOYS

Allow me the pleasure of having a "simple" crack at Phred Ross (*The Playboy Forum*, August).

It's about time you learned that women are not just mere toys for little boys like yourself to play with.

Infuriated Paula
West Beach, SA

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

STAR STRUCK

FORT LAUDERDALE — A lawyer in a rape-robbery case claimed that the position of the stars at the time of his client's birth caused him to walk into a home 23 years later, knife a man, rape a woman and leave wearing a brassiere on his head. But the Florida circuit judge was unmoved by the astrology-based defence and the lawyer's assertion that as the world had recently entered an "age of Aquarius" he should "follow the flow into the brotherhood of man". The judge asked the prosecutors to investigate whether the defence attorney was trying to "make a circus" of the law.

UNSCREWED

BONN — An unmarried prisoner who applied for escorted leave to go to a brothel has been reluctantly turned down by a special legal board of prison officials. While they expressed "deep human understanding" of the inmate's problems, the board denied the request on the grounds that escorting officers "would have to supervise to the fullest degree any sexual activity" and, since he would be handcuffed, might be "called on to render assistance". And all this for what the board noted would probably take just seconds, due to the inmate's long continence.

NAKED PROTEST

MANILA — The knowledge that her husband was bedding another woman was too much for one Filipino housewife. Taking off all her clothes, she streaked inside the Manila hotel where she knew her husband had checked in with the other woman. A policeman who tried to persuade her to dress got a swift slap on the face — and the harried housewife was later arrested and charged with causing alarm and scandal.

MONKEY BUSINESS

LONDON — John Bates, 38, walked out on his wife and baby daughter — because he wanted to be with his pet monkey. "Mairs (the monkey) doesn't like it when I see my wife Gina," Bates explained. "My spouse and daughter must take second place. Mairs needs me in a way a woman never could." Bates is at a loss to explain why he and his monkey are inseparable. "Maybe it's her appealing eyes," he says.

BORED SILLY

SYKE, LANCASHIRE — England's first club for bores has been formed here, with its 50 members determined to do and say nothing at all of interest. They were soon off to a good start — telling the manager of a nearby nightclub they were not going to patronise his club because it might interest them. Instead they sat in their own club listening to boring readings of obscure Russian authors. The members can watch TV only in the afternoons when it is certain to be boring and take seaside holidays only in winter when everything is closed.

GOOSE MARCHED

MICHIGAN — A woman construction worker has appealed to the Traverse City Human Rights Commission claiming she was fired for working in jeans and a bikini top when male co-workers were going shirtless on hot days. A company spokesman was quoted as saying: "She's pretty well endowed. The guys were leaving their jobs to go and talk to her. We were afraid there would be an accident." The woman responded: "If those men weren't working because they were watching me, why weren't *they* fired?"

Playmates of the Year

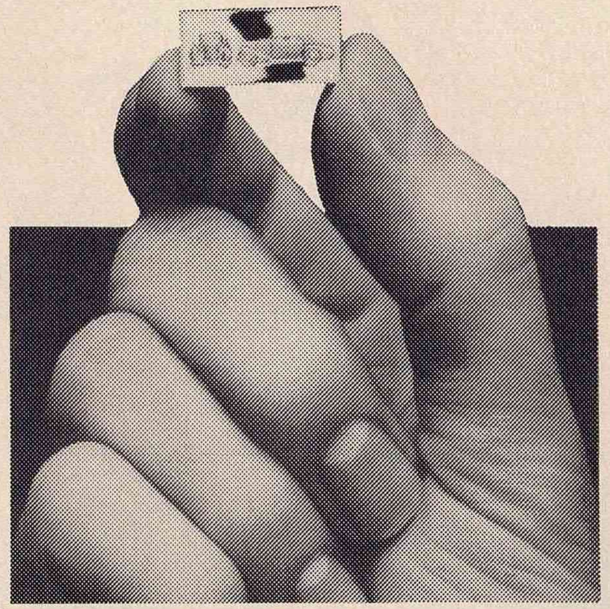
A. Astrological Computer/Calculator (65-801) 49.95
B. Electronic Sports Arena — 3 games in 1 (60-2158) 39.95
C. Pocket Repeat (60-2152) 19.95
D. Memory Match for 1 or 2 players (60-2122) 24.95
E. Electronic Pinball for 1 or 2 Players (60-2140) 39.95
F. Computerized Chess Game (60-2160) 129.95
G. Electronic Golf for 1 or 2 players (60-2148) 26.95
H. Electronic Zingo (60-2123) 24.95
I. 2-Player Electronic Baseball (60-2157) 39.95
J. Biorhythm Computer/Calculator (65-802) 39.95

TANDY
ELECTRONICS

Available at all Tandy Stores and
Participating Dealers around Australia
or Mail Order Department, P.O.
Box 229, Rydalmere, N.S.W. 2116

The world's great classic cars silver miniatures

The complete collection of officially recognised international classics —each portrayed in brilliant micro-detail



Shown actual size.

AT FIRST GLANCE, your eye is attracted by the captivating glow of silver. Fascinated, you look closer...the lines of an automobile begin to take shape. Then, you place the sterling silver miniature under a magnifying glass—and there, in remarkably clear and precise detail, is one of the world's great classic cars!

This is the excitement that awaits you in every issue of *The Official Classic Cars Silver Miniature Collection,* as you discover the intriguing world of the minted miniature. A world that combines the beauty of solid sterling silver with the fascination of meticulous detail in the tiniest area.

This extraordinary new collection, issued by The Classic Car Museum and produced by Franklin Mint, will consist of 63 such carefully crafted miniatures. And each will portray —with *complete accuracy and authenticity*—one of the world's greatest, most beautiful and most distinctive luxury automobiles.

The finest and most luxurious cars ever built

The classic car has been officially defined as a "fine and distinctive car built between 1925 and 1948". Yet out of the thousands of cars that have been produced over the years, *only 63 marques* qualify as true classics. And each of these marques will be represented in this collection by one notably distinguished model.

Among the cars to be included will be the *1928 Isotta Fraschini Landaulet Cabriolet,* Italy's most coveted luxury car—and a favourite of wealthy European families...the *1927 Bugatti Royale,* often called the 'thoroughbred' of the motoring world...the *1929 SSK Mercedes Benz,* a real eye-stopper because of its elegant styling—and distinguished for its performance ...the *1939 V-12 Packard*—originally owned by the famous actor Errol Flynn, it features a leather top, horse-hide upholstery, fur flooring, hydraulic brakes and concealed aerial. And such equally famous marques as the Lincoln, Bentley, Auburn, La Salle, Marmon, Peerless, Stutz, Chrysler, Renault, Talbot, Mercer—every one of the 63 officially recognised *international classics.*

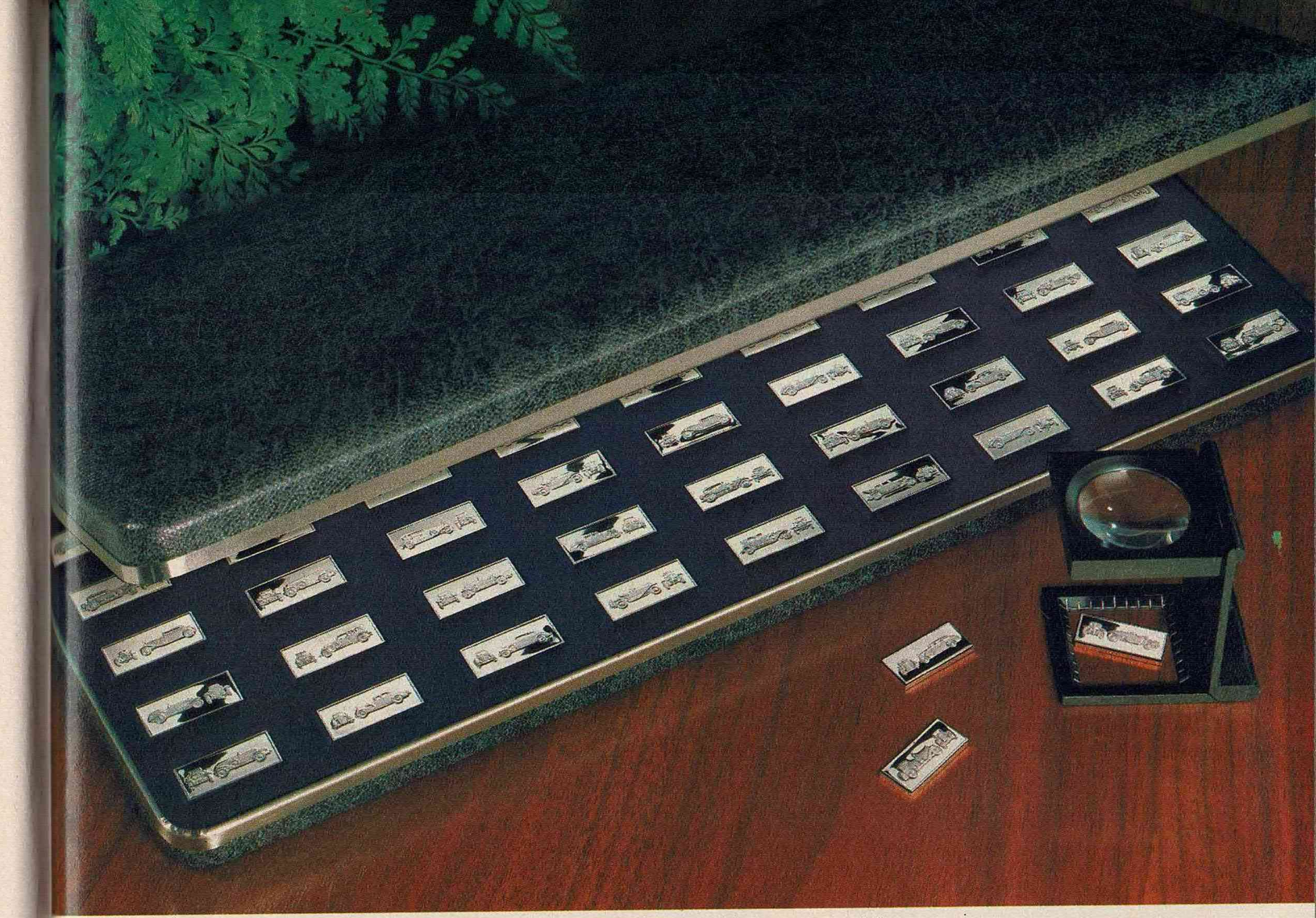
Flawlessly crafted works in miniature

Each superb sterling silver miniature will recapture, with astonishing accuracy and fine detail, the special features that set one historic car apart from all others. You will actually be able to see and identify every one of the spokes on the wheels of the 1934 Duesenberg. The ornate hood ornament on the 1926 Rolls Royce Phantom I. The windshield wipers on the 1938 Lincoln Coupe. Even the different car *emblems* can be clearly seen!

So that the design of each car can be fully appreciated, moreover, the silver miniatures will be minted in an unusual *oblong shape.* This will allow every car to be displayed in *two* different ways: from the front *and* from the side.

Special magnifier included

To enable subscribers to study each silver miniature in close-up detail, *a special magnifying glass* will be sent at no additional charge. This precision magnifier is mounted on a stand for easy and effective use.



A custom-designed collector's case will be sent at no additional charge.

Each subscriber will also receive a custom-designed collector's case to house and protect all the silver miniatures. This handsome case provides a convenient means for displaying the collection—and enjoying each individual miniature.

A limited edition... at a guaranteed price

You will be able to build the complete collection of silver miniatures conveniently—and at a surprisingly low cost. Each month, beginning in March 1980, you will receive one new miniature for your collection. The price for each sterling silver miniature is just $17.50. And this favourable price will be *guaranteed* to you for the entire subscription period subject only to any change in Government monetary policies.

The Official Classic Cars Silver Miniatures will be issued in limited edition and by direct subscription only. All applications must be postmarked by the final worldwide deadline of 31st December, 1980. Thus, the total edition will be forever limited to the exact number of valid subscriptions received by that date.

To enter your subscription, please complete and mail the application hereon by the subscription deadline of 31st December, 1980 for delivery in March 1981.

© Franklin Mint Pty Limited, 492 St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne, 3004. Ph: (03) 267 3777.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Must be mailed by 31st December, 1980.

The World's Great Classic Cars silver miniatures

Limit: one collection per subscriber.

Post to: Franklin Mint, 492 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, 3004.

Please enter my subscription for *The Official Classic Cars Silver Miniature Collection,* consisting of 63 finely detailed sterling silver miniatures, to be issued to me at the rate of one per month, commencing in March 1981, at the guaranteed issue price of $17.50 per miniature subject only to any change in Government monetary policies. A special magnifier will be included with my first shipment, and I will also receive a custom-designed collector's case as part of my collection.

I agree to pay the issue price of $17.50 for each ingot in the collection as I have indicated below.

☐ DIRECTLY. To confirm my acceptance I enclose my remittance of $17.50 made payable to Franklin Mint as payment for my first ingot.

☐ BY BANKCARD. Please charge my Bankcard $17.50 as payment for my first ingot.

No. ___ __ ___ _______

Signature________________________

All applications are subject to acceptance.

Mr/Mrs/Miss________________________

Please print clearly

No./Street________________________

City/Suburb________________________

State________________Postcode________

CC/PB

“$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?”

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that $550 won't exactly put her in the “Liz Taylor league”. But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

0·10 CARAT 0·20 CARAT 0·30 CARAT 0·40 CARAT

There's the cut of the diamond.
The clarity and the colour.
Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary.
Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much.
A diamond is forever.

For your free copy
of the informative booklet,
“Everything you'd love to know
about diamonds”,
go to the jeweller who
displays this sign or write to:
Diamond Information Centre,
132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers

RIBALD CLASSIC

disfelo getim mary, getim kai kai, tasol: an implausible myth from new guinea

Illustration by Steve McHugh

IN THE TRIBE of the Ambunti, a long time ago, there was a woman named Thecla who, although she was fat and owned the pendulous breasts favored by all men and was a good worker, had no husband, for her husband had been killed during the great wars with the Angoram tribe. And so Thecla passed her nights in loneliness and her days working in the forest along with the other marys, gathering the sak sak or wild sago, to make the food to feed their husbands. But Thecla had no one to make it for except her young niece, Dumbu, who was her most favorite child.

One day while they were working in the forest, a man named Yendana from the village called Wapenamunda (which was distant about half a day on the other side of the mountain) came to the marys and asked to be given some sak sak. So they filled a bark basket and gave it to him, but Yendana said it was heavy and the path to Wapenamunda lay over the mountain and through the forest and was exceedingly difficult, and could they let him have a mary to help him carry it?

They chose the young mary named Utape to help Yendana, though in truth Thecla herself looked on him with favor, for he was a very handsome warrior and had sturdy arms and muscular legs and reminded her of her late departed husband, who had been a man of exceeding virility. So Thecla watched enviously as Utape took up the basket with Yendana and the two of them made their way down the path that led to Wapenamunda.

Next day Yendana returned and asked for another basket of sak sak and another mary to help him carry it.

“But where is Utape who went with you yesterday?” they asked.

“She is still at my village and is staying with my sister,” Yendana replied. “Now, is there another mary who will help me carry the sak sak to my village?”

Thecla stepped forward. “I will,” she said.

Yendana looked at her closely. “Indeed thou art firm of flesh and thy breasts are long,” he said. “Come.”

They took up the heavy basket and set off along the path to Wapenamunda, and Thecla walked in haste, for she anticipated the pleasure that lay in store when they reached their destination, and she only hoped that Yendana had not dissipated his energies with Utape.

It was nearly dark by the time they reached Wapenamunda, and as they came into the village, Thecla was surprised to find it deserted.

“O Yendana, where are all the people of Wapenamunda?” she asked. “Where is your sister and where is the mary Utape?”

“Do not be alarmed, O Plump One,” said Yendana, eyeing her with a mischievous glance. “Let us go into my house and eat.”

He then served out two portions of stew on banana leaves and passed one to Thecla, and she began to eat quickly so as to have done with it and pass on to more important things.

“What kind of meat is this?” she asked.

“Pork,” he said, “for I killed a pig yesterday.”

Then she came upon a piece that was hard and gristly and, taking it from her mouth, saw that the piece was the nipple of a breast.

“The pig that I killed was a sow,” he said, seeing her put this portion aside.

Then she found a piece that had strange markings on it, and suddenly realised the truth of the matter: the marks were the scars made during the initiation of all Ambunti girls into womanhood, three rows of dots and dashes upon each breast. Thecla saw that she was eating the breast of her friend

Utape, and the cooking pot no doubt contained the rest of her, and she, Thecla, was the next ingredient in the recipe. No wonder he called her Plump One!

With great self control, Thecla finished the meal, then burped out loud in accordance with the dictates of etiquette, stood up and stretched her limbs. Yendana reached out for her lovingly, but she evaded him, saying that she wished to go for a walk to aid the digestion. Before he could answer, she climbed down the steps of his house and fled into the darkness as fast as she could and ran back to Ambunti.

When they heard her story, the people of Ambunti were exceedingly aroused, especially the old father of Utape, for she had been a strong and plump girl worth at least 20 pigs in the marriage market, and so they set a trap for Yendana.

Next day when the marys went out to gather sak sak, the men followed silently into the forest, armed with spears and bows and arrows. When Yendana came once again and asked for more sak sak, the marys asked:

"But where are Utape and Thecla, whom you have taken away?"

Yendana replied: "Utape has gone hunting with the people of my village, but Thecla ran away. I think the silly woman thought I was going to eat her!"

"And have you eaten many people?"

"Only when there are no pigs. Pork is far tastier."

Yendana then asked for someone to carry the basket, as before, and it had been arranged that another young mary named Wanimo should volunteer. She and Yendana set off down the path with the basket, and the warriors and Thecla followed stealthily in the forest. When they had gone a certain distance, the Ambunti warriors fell upon Yendana and slayed him and cut him into little pieces for the cooking pot.

The portion that interested Thecla was the penis. She sliced this off and wrapped it in a banana leaf and hurried back to the village with it. Reaching her house she immediately dropped it into the cooking pot and lit a small fire under it, muttering a special incantation.

Soon the penis began to wriggle and tried to climb up the sides of the pot, and Thecla knew that she had saved it. She took it out of the pot and stroked it and kissed it and crooned to it, and soon it became hard. Then she sat on the floor and made much of the penis saying to it softly:

"O penis, thy destiny is before thee, and thy duty lies in its darkest caverns."

And she had her satisfaction of the penis and was exceeding pleased. She tied it to the strong central post of her house, leaving a bowl of water nearby for it and, waking two or three times during the night, was not disappointed in it.

Thereafter, when Thecla worked in the forest, she also joined in the singing and laughing of the marys and was no longer the sad person that she had been, and they wondered to see the great change in her, and behind her back suspected her of adultery and wondered whose husband it was who was unfaithful with her.

They took aside Thecla's niece, Dumbu, and asked her: "What has happened that thy aunt Thecla is suddenly so happy?"

But Dumbu could not know, for Thecla was careful to keep the existence of the penis a secret. By day, when she was away from the house, she kept it in the cooking pot, for this had a heavy lid which not only kept the penis from escaping but also protected it from prowling dogs and pigs.

When Thecla was at work in the forest Dumbu crept into her house and searched everywhere for some sign, and was just about to leave when she heard a muffled thumping noise. She searched the house again, then finally put her ear to the cooking pot. There was something trapped inside! She lifted the lid and the penis sprang out at her, knocked her down and entered the cavern of darkness, for past experience had taught it that this would be rewarded with food.

At first, Dumbu was frightened, and then she felt a great pain, but soon this pain passed away and she lay back on the floor experiencing exceeding pleasure. When she had regained her senses fully, she saw that the penis had fled from the house and was travelling at great speed across the village compound.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried, and set out in pursuit, for she knew that Thecla would be very angry.

And indeed Thecla chose just that moment to return from the forest and saw the penis fleeing through the village pursued by barking dogs and shouting children.

"Stop, O penis," Thecla cried, "for have I not fed thee and sheltered thee?"

But the penis paid no heed, and was even too swift for the dogs, and escaped into the forest. Thecla turned angrily upon Dumbu and, taking up a stick, beat her.

"Wicked child, see what thou hast done," she cried. But soon her anger left her, and she sat down upon the ground and put her head in her hands and wept, and Dumbu sat on the ground and tried to comfort her.

Although the two women searched for three days, they could find no sign of the penis, even though they walked all the forest.

So, imagine the delight of Dumbu when, turning a bend in the path, she saw the penis in the branches of a tree, though what a change there was in it, for there were coils and coils of it looped along a branch, and its skin was now the same texture as that of a fish, and covered with a regular pattern such as the design that is woven into fibre mats.

"Come down here, thou naughty penis," Dumbu ordered, and watched excitedly as the smooth shiny body rippled and stretched, expanding and contracting as it slid down the tree and along the ground toward her. Indeed Dumbu prepared herself by sitting on the ground, opening her gown, caressing her own breasts till the nipples stood up like little mountains.

"Now for thy penance, O penis," she said. "Perform thy duty."

But instead of entering where it was instructed, the penis wrapped a coil of its long body around Dumbu, then another, and another, and the coils began contracting tighter and tighter, pinning her arms to her side, and then crushing her so that she had not even the breath to scream as the penis took her head into its mouth and began engorging her entire body, first the head, then the shoulders and torso, and finally the legs and feet, which were swallowed up just as Thecla came upon them.

"O thou wicked penis," she shouted, recognising Dumbu's kicking feet just before they disappeared. "Desist! Desist!"

She attacked the penis with a stick calling upon it to disgorge the unfortunate Dumbu, and the penis began shedding its shiny skin, and layers and layers of it fell on to the ground and soon, behold! There stepped out of the skin of the penis a young warrior with the sturdy legs and arms of Yendana but bearing the face of Dumbu.

"Whyfore dost thou beat me, O Thecla?" the warrior asked. "For I am come to be thy husband and comfort thee in the long night."

Whereupon Thecla desisted from beating him and lay down upon the ground and said: "Show me the truth of thy words, O Son of Penis."

And the warrior carried out the duties of a husband immediately and Thecla was well pleased, and they returned to the village of Ambunti where the warrior took her to wife and soon she was delivered of a strong son and then of a plump daughter who would be worth 30 pigs when she grew large, and then Thecla worked with the marys gathering the sak sak. She and also sang and laughed and no villager thought it strange any more.

— JOHN REGAN

Shimmering Luxury for just $59.00.

The look is sheer opulence. The feeling is a whole new night-time sensation for your skin. Smooth and soft as a midnight whisper. Deliciously cool. Very, very flattering.
Sheets and pillowcases made from imported American satin (Arnel® / Fortel®). Seamless construction, machine washable, minimum iron.
Available in sets (top sheet, bottom sheet, two pillowcases) for Double and Queen Size Beds. **Fantastic value at only $59.00 (Double Set) and $65.00 (Queen Set).** Packing and postage included.
Complete the coupon and mail it with cheque or postal money order (made out to SATIN SHEETS) to AUTOMAIL, P.O. BOX 1004, FITZROY, VIC. 3065. Allow three weeks for delivery.

Double Bed Sets $59.00		**Queen Size Sets $65.00**
☐	Paris Blue	☐
☐	Deep Blue	☐
☐	Champagne	☐
☐	Silver Mint	☐
☐	Night Rose	☐
☐	Spice	☐

Please send me Satin Sheet Sets in: (Tick colour/bed size required).

I enclose my cheque/postal money order for $ ....

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Post Code ....

SS1/PLAYBOY

Quality ★ ★ ★ ★

Price ★

Those who believe that a one star price will invariably dictate a similar result have obviously still to experience the union of Traminer and Rhine Riesling. McWILLIAM'S

Playboy Interview GORDON LIDDY

watergate's unrepentant mastermind reveals a conspiracy behind the conspiracy

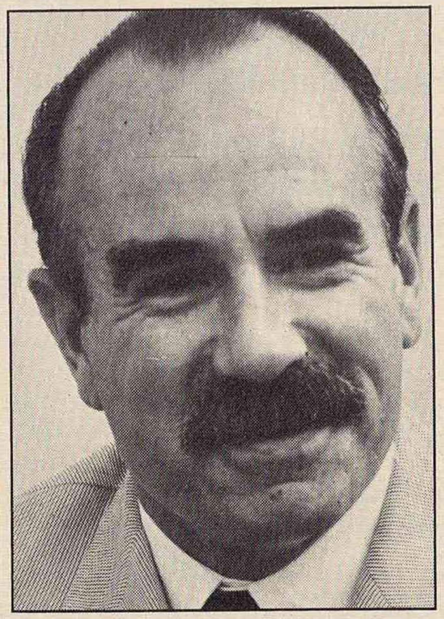
THE PRESS had been gathering all afternoon, and when the gates of Connecticut's Danbury Federal Prison finally swung open and the slim, wiry man with thinning black hair and bristling moustache slipped out, he was almost swallowed up in the swirling, shouting crowd. "How does it feel to be out of jail?" one TV newsman called over the din. The object of attention snapped, "Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker." *There were blank stares from the crowd until a reporter who knew German translated: " 'What doesn't destroy me makes me stronger.' It's from Nietzsche."*

It was September 7, 1977, and G. Gordon Liddy had just been released on parole after serving 52 months of a 20-year prison sentence for having masterminded the break-in at the central offices of the Democratic National Committee in Washington's Watergate complex on June 17, 1972.

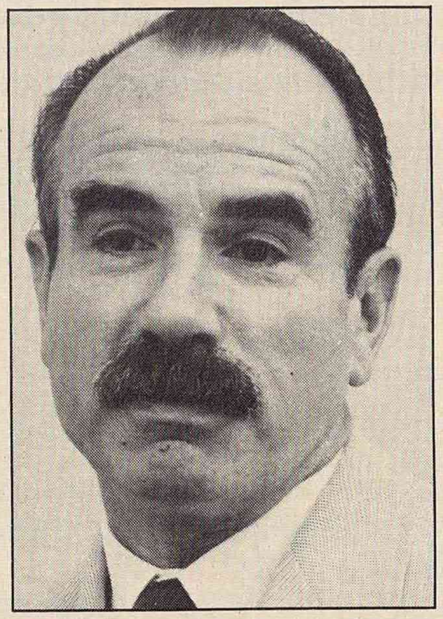
George Gordon Battle Liddy was born on November 30, 1930, in Hoboken, New Jersey. His father was an internationally respected lawyer, decorated by various European governments, and his mother was a direct descendant of the original colonists of the United States. Liddy attended a private secondary school (where his IQ was measured at 137 to 142, in the genius range) and later graduated from university, subsequently taking an officer's commission during the Korean War. After the War, Liddy graduated with honors from law school, and in November 1957 he married Frances Purcell. (They have five children, three boys and two girls.) Liddy joined the FBI in 1957, serving as a field agent and bureau superviser until September 1962 when he resigned for financial reasons. He worked in his father's prosperous Wall Street law firm until 1966 when he accepted a post as assistant district attorney in a county of New York State, which Liddy describes as "somewhere to the right of Barry Goldwater". Liddy quickly won considerable local attention for his unorthodox trial techniques, including the accidental firing of a gun into the ceiling of the courtroom during a dramatic plea to the jury.

In 1968, Liddy contested a seat in the House of Representatives for the Republican Party, running on the campaign slogan of, "Gordon Liddy doesn't bail them out; he puts them in." He lost narrowly (51 to 49 percent), but won the admiration of local Republican leaders. With the support of his local sponsors, close friends of the new Attorney General, John Mitchell, Liddy was rewarded after the elections with a job as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury with special responsibility for narcotic and firearms control. Liddy was subsequently attached to the White House, where he organised a special counter-intelligence squad which has ultimately gained notoriety as the White House Plumbers Unit. In December 1971 he moved from the White House to the Committee to Re-elect the President, which he served as Counsel until the aftermath of the Watergate break-in, where five of his operatives were arrested, including CREEP's *Security Director, James McCord. Liddy was charged with one count of conspiracy, two counts of burglary, two of intercepting wire communications and also one of intercepting oral communications. He refused to testify against his associates, and Judge John Sirica imposed the stiffest sentence on him of any of the many Watergate co-conspirators: 20 years in prison and a $50,000 fine. But President Carter commuted the sentence in mid-1977, and Liddy was paroled not long after this.*

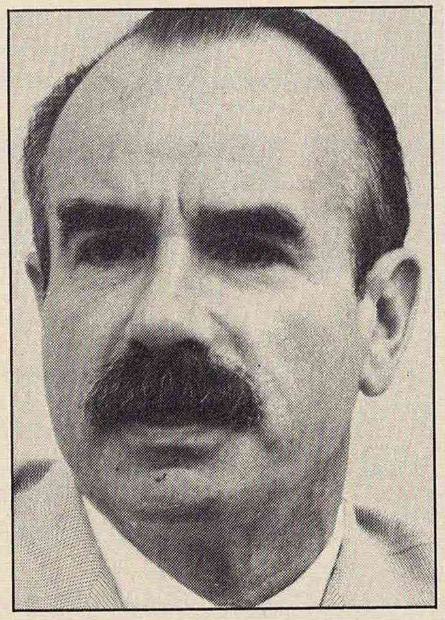
In 1979 Liddy published a novel, Out of Control, *a spy thriller which received decidedly mixed reviews. But when his own autobiography,* Will, *published under conditions of strict*



"We discussed various methods of killing Anderson, including coating the steering wheel of his car with an LSD solution which would've been potent enough to cause a crash."

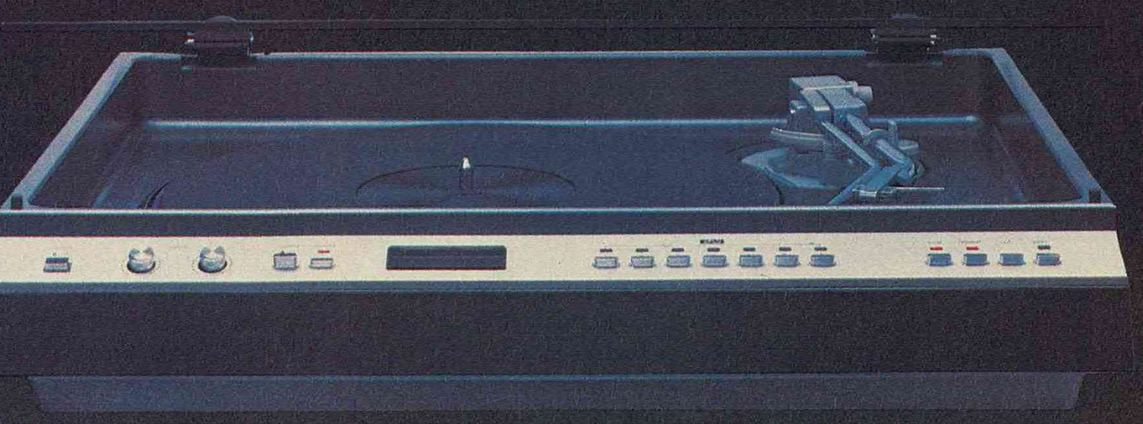


"I have scraped better specimens than John Dean off my shoe after a long night. In fact my only regret about Watergate is I was forced to deal with characters like him."



"The din gradually silenced. By the time I reached the second verse of the Horst Wessel song my voice was the only one that could be heard in the cellblock. It was almost eerie."

OPTONICA
revolutionise Hi Fi with ultra-slim advanced digital technology



SHARP revolutionise Hi-Fi with new ultra-slim OPTONICA.
Performance is smoother, components are slimmer.

Micro-computer for smoother performance and sophisticated operation.
The sweet sounds of success are now slimmer, sleeker, smoother.

Greater sound from brilliant compact Optonica's
Toroidal power transformer within these new slim amplifiers.

OPTONICA stereo cassette deck RT-7100
2-MOTOR DRIVE
APSS
Auto Program Search System

Advanced digital technology brings this major innovative breakthrough - and Sharp leads the way.
Think Slim, Think Sharp, Think Optonica
OPTONICA by SHARP
For technical specifications, brochures and your nearest Optonica retailer, please write to:
Sharp Corporation of Australia, 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Phone 02 728-9111
SHA82C

secrecy, quickly climbed best-seller lists across the country, the reviews seemed to polarise even more sharply. ***Bob*** *(All the President's Men) Woodward wrote in the* Washington Post *that there was almost an embarrassment of riches in the book. "As history and as a study in psychopathology, the book is very good . . . his story rings true . . . A hundred little facts and inferences convince me that he has been as honest as could be." But literary hatchets were also being sharpened for Liddy. Christopher Osborne, writing in* New Hampshire Magazine, *waxed practically apoplectic: "Liddy is a very sick man. His autobiography . . . makes no attempt to vindicate his sordid and despicable life."*

To determine what had whipped up this latest international controversy over G. Gordon Liddy, PLAYBOY *sent novelist* **Eric Norden** *to interview him. Norden, who had spent considerable time with other Watergate figures such as James McCord, reports:*

"The first thing that struck me about Liddy was his sense of humor. It was a discordant note in the image I had built of him as a steely-eyed fanatic, and it was to permeate a great deal of the interview. Liddy also was smaller than I'd expected, although obviously in excellent physical shape, as befits someone who does 100 pushups every morning. I had some difficulty remembering I was in the presence of someone who had been dubbed by the press over the years alternately as 'The Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration', 'The Man in the Iron Mask' and, appropriately, 'The Sphinx'. But Liddy was talking now, and volubly."

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics have speculated that you have not revealed some matters of grave import because the statutes of limitation on those particular illegal acts have not yet expired — or, as in the case of murder, never will.

LIDDY: Well, obviously, if I were concealing a homicide I'd hardly reveal it to PLAYBOY, or anybody else. Of course, I am not.

PLAYBOY: According to your former White House superior, Jeb Magruder, you *are.* Magruder wrote in his own autobiography that you had confided to him that you once murdered a man while in the employ of the FBI.

LIDDY: That's absolute nonsense. And let me point out that Jeb Magruder, quite apart from being a thoroughly spineless wretch who always seemed on the verge of crying for his mommy, is also a government-certified liar, imprisoned for perjury. No, I'm sorry to have to disappoint the romantic expectations of your readers, but I do not come to you red of tooth and claw, with a double row of notches on my sixgun. I would be prepared to kill — not murder — either in the armed forces of my country or in defense of her national security, but I have never been called upon to do so.

PLAYBOY: And yet your book abounds with plots to murder opponents of and defectors from the Nixon administration, ranging from the columnist Jack Anderson to your associate, E. Howard Hunt.

LIDDY: None of which came to fruition.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect an unspoken "alas" at the end of that statement?

LIDDY: If you're a mind-reader, then you can tell me.

PLAYBOY: Why in God's name did you want to murder Jack Anderson?

LIDDY: I'd prefer to term it justifiable homicide, since murder is a legal term for a specific type of homicide which, by the word's very definition, is unjustifiable. But in any case, let me stress that it had nothing to do with his political opinions or his policy differences regarding the Nixon Administration. I recognise that reasonable men can differ on such matters, and I have no trouble with the concept of a loyal opposition, in press or parliament. I will say, though, that I have very little respect for the type of advocacy journalism we've seen in the United States since the late '60s, which, in my view, is an ideologically-motivated corruption of traditional objective journalism.

> *"Anderson's systematic leaking of top secret information rendered the effective conduct of American foreign policy virtually impossible."*

Anderson is one of those mutant strains of columnist who is half-legitimate, because he occasionally labels his own opinions as such, and half-deceptive because he also passes off his biased interpretations and selective information as straight reportage. At one point, Anderson's systematic leaking of top-secret information rendered the effective conduct of American foreign policy virtually impossible: he blew one of our finest technical sources of information abroad by disclosing that we had found a way to intercept car-to-car conversations between Brezhnev and Kosygin and other top Soviet officials as they drove through Moscow. But no move was taken against him until E. Howard Hunt informed me that one of his columns had fatally — quite literally — compromised a vital US intelligence asset in the Middle East, a man who as a result of his disclosures was being tortured, or was possibly already dead, even as we spoke. Anderson had finally gone too far and he had to be stopped. Not for what he wrote, but for what he did.

PLAYBOY: Casting Anderson as a villain who caused the death of a US agent is an effective rationale for silencing him, but the fact remains that his removal would have spared Nixon embarrassment politically. Wasn't that the real motive?

LIDDY: No, it certainly was not, even though I recall George Bernard Shaw observing that assassination is the ultimate form of censorship. But Jesus, man, if we'd tried to whack out all the Washington reporters and columnists who had it in for Nixon, then the National Press Club would've held nothing but wall-to-wall memorial plaques. No, we moved against Anderson for no other reason than that he had exposed and destroyed a man who had put his life on the line for the United States.

PLAYBOY: How did you two get along when you met on a TV talk show?

LIDDY: Anderson appeared a bit nervous, but I shook his hand and told him *"La guerre est finie".* It was something like those post-war reunions when Luftwaffe and RAF pilots get together over a stein of beer and swap stories of dogfights during the Battle of Britain. At least in *my* mind it was.

PLAYBOY: Nice of you not to carry a grudge, since you only tried to murder the man.

LIDDY: No, never actually tried. It never got to that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LIDDY: We worked out a plan, but it was ultimately never approved by our principals. Hunt and I started the ball rolling by meeting a physician from the CIA, who had been introduced euphemistically as "a specialist in the unorthodox application of chemical and medical knowledge".

PLAYBOY: Meaning he was an expert in killing people.

LIDDY: Crude, but not inexact. Anyway, we discussed various methods of killing Anderson, including coating the steering wheel of his car with an LSD solution which would have been potent enough to cause a crash. We rejected this as being too chancy, along with "aspirin roulette".

PLAYBOY: Dare we ask?

LIDDY: Aspirin roulette is intelligence jargon for a common assassination technique, which entails the substitution of an ordinary aspirin tablet or other headache remedy tablet in the target's medicine cabinet with a look-alike that is actually a deadly poison.

PLAYBOY: Sounds lovely. Why was it rejected then?

LIDDY: Too iffy again. It would only be one out of 50 or maybe even 100 tablets, and months could go by before the target popped it. Even more telling was the danger that an innocent member of his family might take the pill.

PLAYBOY: Very scrupulous of you. What did you finally decide on?

LIDDY: A simple if un-James Bondish method, which I'd learned when performing black bag jobs, or illegal entries, for the FBI. Let's say an FBI agent was penetrating a foreign embassy to crack a safe and steal a one-time cipher or some such for the National Security Agency, and then suddenly an employee returned earlier than he was supposed to and was about to endanger the mission. Well, other agents would have been following everyone assigned to that embassy and they would have intercepted him before he reached the building and staged a common street mugging to divert him. In Jack Anderson's case we merely decided to make it a lethal mugging.

PLAYBOY: How would you have killed Jack Anderson?

LIDDY: Oh, I would have knifed him or broken his neck, probably. One of us would have died, no doubt about it. But, as I say, we never received the final green light.

PLAYBOY: Were you relieved, or disappointed about that?

LIDDY: I was neither. I was acting on the instructions of my principals, and I was prepared to follow those instructions either way they went.

PLAYBOY: You can really see nothing anomalous, much less frightening, about two aides to the President of the United States cold-bloodedly plotting to assassinate one of the country's leading reporters?

LIDDY: I know it violates the sensibilities of the innocent and tender-minded, but in the real world you sometimes have to employ extreme and extra-legal methods to preserve the very system whose legal structure you're violating.

PLAYBOY: Including murder?

LIDDY: Drastic problems sometimes demand drastic solutions. Look, let me give you an example. Philip Agee, the CIA defector, has effectively exposed and compromised dozens of our intelligence agents around the world, and one of his revelations led directly to the assassination of the CIA station chief in Athens, Richard Welch. Now, every member of the intelligence community knows that Agee is no starry-eyed idealist but a dedicated enemy agent run by the DGI, the Cuban secret intelligence service which, in turn, is controlled by the KGB in Moscow. This one man has done untold damage to the worldwide security interests of the United States. And what have we done about it? Nothing. Fifty years ago Henry Stimson scuttled an effective American intelligence effort on the grounds that gentlemen don't read other gentlemen's mail. The pendulum now seems to have swung all the way back to that position, and the Russians couldn't be happier. They've tried to destroy the American intelligence capability for 35 years, and in five years we've done the job for them.

PLAYBOY: How would *you* stop Agee. Would you, in CIA parlance, "terminate him with extreme prejudice?"

LIDDY: You're damn right I would. If I were back serving in some capacity in the American intelligence community and I found Agee living comfortably abroad, outside the reach of our law and continuing his revelations, I would strongly recommend that he be assassinated. And were I given the task I would undertake it.

> *"Hunt had become an informer, a betrayer of his friends and associates, and to me there is nothing lower on this Earth."*

PLAYBOY: You'd be willing to kill a man you've never met solely because he's on the opposite side of the political and ideological fence?

LIDDY: No, my friend, because he's on the opposite side of the *trench,* in a political-military war between the United States and the Soviet Union that is crucial to our survival as a free nation, and no less vicious because it's an undeclared war.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever participate directly in any foreign intelligence missions for the White House?

LIDDY: No. My own responsibility was primarily for our domestic counter-intelligence until I was transferred on to the Committee to Re-elect the President, where I dealt with political counter-intelligence, but not internal security matters as such, although the two sometimes overlapped, as in the Ellsberg case. But when I was initially assigned to the Treasury Department with the responsibility for anti-drug measures, I did suggest to the State Department that we should dispatch assassins to Western Europe and the Middle East to liquidate the top foreign drug-smuggling kingpins, the French Connection types. My position was that they were killing hundreds of thousands of American youngsters, slowly, through the destruction of their bodies and minds, or quickly, through overdoses, and should be killed themselves.

PLAYBOY: It's surprising you never suggested nuking Marseilles.

LIDDY: Interesting idea. But I took the drug problem damned seriously, as did many other people in the Nixon Administration, and I only wish we could have made more of a dent in it. Interestingly enough, although my proposals for taking such people out were very hastily rejected, they did apparently make an impression on some people in the Administration. I now remember meeting Bud Krogh, one of Nixon's aides, on the steps of the White House a few weeks after my suggestions had been shot down, and Krogh, who'd been travelling abroad and understood the problem, was sympathetic. I patted him on the back and said: "Bud, if you ever want anyone killed, just let me know." He smiled, and replied: "I will." Catching his smile, I added: "I'm serious." "I know you are," he said, and the smile vanished. "I'll let you know."

PLAYBOY: Somehow this interview always seems to return to assassination and the White House. Would you mind telling us why, and how, you planned to murder one of your old buddies and fellow Waterbugger, E. Howard Hunt?

LIDDY: At the risk of belaboring this point once again, I would personally never characterise it as murder, because murder by its very definition is *unjustifiable* homicide, and I would never have considered the act in the first place if I had not deemed it to be eminently justifiable. Hunt had become an informer, a betrayer of his friends and associates, and to me there is nothing lower on this Earth.

PLAYBOY: Semantics aside, what were the circumstances of his defection?

LIDDY: You have to understand the situation we faced then. Hunt and I were both in the Washington Holding Prison, a vile place, filthy and overcrowded. McCord had already broken ranks with his letter to Judge Sirica and was prepared to turn State's evidence, but our own containment strategy was still alive. McCord could hurt us, and perhaps dirty (US Attorney General) John Mitchell slightly around the edges, but he couldn't blow the ship out of the water. The

THREE CENTURIES AGO ONLY ONE OF THESE NAMES IN SCOTCH EXISTED:

Ainslie's
Ballantine's
Bell's
Benmore
Black & White
Black Douglas
Bonnie Prince Charlie
Carlton Club
Chivas Regal
Christophers
Cream of the Barley
Cutty Sark
Dewar's
Dukes Own
Gold Thimble
Grand Macnish
Grant's Standfast
Grouse
Haig
Hedges & Butler
Highland Queen
Holts Buff
House of Commons
J. & B.
John Begg
Johnnie Walker
King George IV
Kings Choice
Kings Ransom
Langs
Long John
McCallums
McNab
Mackinlays
Macleay Duff
Menzies
Old Parr
Old Smuggler
Queen Anne
Real Mackenzie
Red Hackle
Robbie Burns
Royal Gold
Royal Scotch
Scottish Cream
Tayside
Teachers
Vat 69
White Heather
White Horse

For all your wide choice in scotch whisky today, there is one name that stands out.

The oldest name in scotch. Since 1627. Haig.

Haig, with the reputation of 350 years and more behind it, is a scotch whisky that can hardly afford to compromise.

The reward, for Haig, lies in perhaps the next 350 years. Your reward is the continuing availability of a whisky prepared today very much as it was three centuries ago, blended out of the longest experience to provide the discerning scotch drinker with the finest satisfaction there is.

The making of scotch whisky appears deceptively simple. It has been said that all one needs is barley from the 'brae', water from the 'burn', smoke from a fire of peat, and a good address in Scotland. In Scotland, because in spite of many efforts around the world scotch whisky can be made only in Scotland.

Yet, as your palate will soon tell you, there is certainly a difference even between whiskies made in Scotland.

Any of the whiskies above may be made up from as many as forty single whiskies of two basic kinds: malt and grain.

It is the skill of the blender, and the experience of time, that produce the satisfying taste, the sturdy character and the unwavering consistency of your favourite brand.

Price has much to do with it.

Of malt and grain it is malt that contributes most to the truly satisfying smooth taste of any good scotch you'd care to choose.

Malt and grain. And of these, malt is the more expensive.

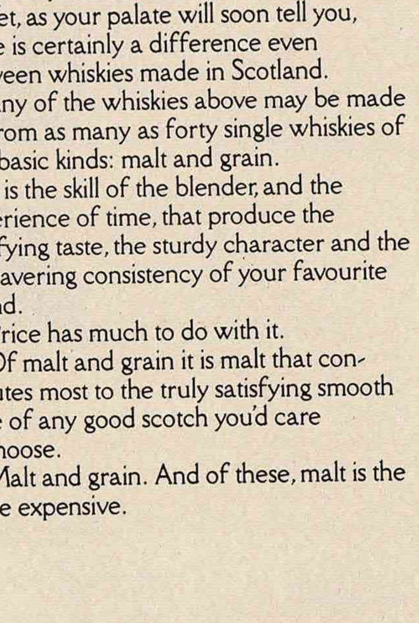
Therein lies just one means of producing a cheaper scotch whisky. A means that Haig can never consider, even for the fleeting reward perhaps of increased sales, because time and reputation mean so much to the oldest name in scotch.

Your assurance, always, is that the next bottle of Haig you buy will be unchanged in quality from the last.

Consider, when next you face the choice, just what it is that you are buying. The greater enjoyment of a scotch whisky that refuses to compromise: or the very small saving on a cheaper brand that will certainly reflect, in areas of taste, that difference in price.

Haig, there before any other, is still today one of the few most popular scotch whiskies in this country and indeed, the world.

Today: Haigoodlookin'.



Don't be vague. Ask for Haig.

HOLT HA85 AB507/80

ça va
THE UNFAIR ADVANTAGE IN SPORTS AND LEISURE WEAR THIS SUMMER.
FHF 1709

Get into CaVa at the following authorised stockists.

Victoria: ☐ Action World, Camberwell & Chadstone. ☐ Laughlin and Gardiner Sports, Prahran, The Jam Factory & Whitehorse Plaza. ☐ M.S.D. City. ☐ Sports Image, South Yarra & Hawthorn. ☐ Playwell stores in selected Victorian country areas. N.S.W.: ☐ Be-A-Sport, Bondi Junction. ☐ Grace Bros selected stores. Queensland: ☐ Sports and Leisure Store, Indooroopilly. South Australia: ☐ Athletes Foot, Rundle Mall and Tea Tree Plaza. ☐ Myer all stores. Tasmania: ☐ Launceston Sports Centre, Launceston.

Introducing CaVa Athletiques

Now take to the road in an outfit designed to perform. New Athletiques. Made from the highest quality fabrics and meticulously cut and constructed for total freedom and comfort on the move. Athletiques. A collection of shorts and tops in racy styles and colours.

ça va

FHF 1830

Cubans, who were people of unimpeachable character and integrity, were all holding firm as well. As it stood, the matter would never go beyond us to seriously endanger the White House — if Hunt and I remained firm. Or so I thought at the time, of course, not knowing that John Dean was already coming unglued. But it was still vital that Hunt and I remain silent before the Grand Jury. I was growing worried about him, though, because the pressures of his imprisonment were beginning to tell. And then his wife Dorothy was killed in a plane crash, and that was a terrible blow to him, no doubt about it. They'd been very close. In fact she was the psychologically stronger of the two, and he took it awfully hard. Understandably. I know that if anything happened to my wife, Frances, it would be a tremendous blow to me.

PLAYBOY: So Hunt broke, and you decided to kill him. How?

LIDDY: First of all, *I* did not decide to kill anybody. That decision would have to be made on a much higher level. What happened was that one day Hunt came up to me and said: "Gordon, I may as well tell you now. I'm not holding out any longer. There's just no point to it. I'm co-operating with the prosecutors." I got up and moved away from Hunt as if I had brushed against something loathsome, turned my back on him and walked out of the room. I have never spoken another word to Howard Hunt from that day to this. And I immediately realised that orders to silence him could come from my principals at any moment. I'd already anticipated such a contingency and had arranged for a friend of mine, an organised crime figure who was a fellow inmate, to arrange a contract sanction on Hunt. I also knew that, once he was killed, I'd be the prime suspect, so I'd prepared to have myself placed in solitary confinement once the order came, and relay the go-ahead for the contract through a third party, which was easily enough done. The method was simple enough, too. Hunt had a special "diet tray" served to him in his cell rather than eating in the main mess hall, and it would have turned out to be a special meal in every sense of the word, laced with a lethal poison.

PLAYBOY: It was that easy to get someone killed inside prison?

LIDDY: Easiest thing in the world. In fact, the going price for a hit then was two cartons of cigarettes. It's probably up to three now, with inflation. But I didn't want to entrust the job to just anybody, since all jails are riddled with informers. That's why I gave the contract to my friend, with the stringent proviso that he take no action until he got a firm signal from me. I waited and waited, but the order never came. And that's why Hunt is walking around today.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it is sentimental, at least in your book, but the question of friendship does seem an important consideration here, since none of your other "targets" were close to you personally, as Hunt had once been. E. M. Forster once wrote: "If I had a choice between betraying my country or my friend, I hope I would have the courage to betray my country." Is such a concept totally alien to you?

LIDDY: Yes, but only because I *do* value friendship, like personal honor, so highly. I would find betraying a friend as unthinkable as betraying my country, and the conundrum would never arise because the only time I ever would turn against a friend was when he had forfeited that friendship by betraying *our* country. And that, of course, is precisely at the root of my feelings about Howard Hunt.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about John Dean?

LIDDY: Yes, but even more strongly. The difference between Hunt and Dean is between a POW who breaks under torture and aids the enemy and Judas Iscariot.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect a faint note of animosity in your tone?

LIDDY: You're being hypersensitive. No. I must say, I have scraped better specimens than John Dean off my shoe after a long night. In fact, my only regret about Watergate is I was forced to deal with characters like him. Even before we first met, you know, I'd been warned not to trust him, that he was out for number one only. A classic smiler with a knife, waiting for the turned back. And it's interesting, that first meeting, because there was something about his appearance that instinctively put me off, a sly, devious quality to those ferret-like features. There's an old Latin proverb, *Vultus est index animi* — "the face is the index of the mind". Maybe there's something to it, at least in John Dean's case.

PLAYBOY: You've only been alone with Dean once since he testified against the White House, and you've said that you contemplated killing him then. How close did you actually come?

LIDDY: Oh, it was just a fleeting thought, now one of those sweet memories that one loves to treasure. God knows, he would have been no loss. What happened, actually, was that in October of 1975 Federal marshals escorted me to the offices of Watergate Special Prosecutor James Neal for an interview and told me to wait in Neal's office, as he was expected shortly. I went in and shut the door behind me and, lo and behold, there was John Dean sitting behind the desk. He looked up and I could have sworn he was about to wet himself. His eyes darted all around the room but I was between him and the door, and I could see that he was absolutely terror-stricken. My first thought was that here was the ideal opportunity to kill the bastard. I saw a pencil on the desk and all it would take was a quick thrust through the underside of his jaw, up through the soft-palate and deep inside the brain. And simultaneously I wondered if this was a set-up, if someone had arranged for me to be alone with Dean anticipating exactly such a denouement. But then, on more somber reflection, I ruled that out. Nixon had been out of office for several months, I had received no instructions from my old superiors, and in any case his killing could only damage the chances of Mitchell, Mardian and others in their forthcoming trials. No, revenge might be a dish best supped cold, but this was positively stale. The whole thing had just been a weird, stupid error. So I exchanged a few inconsequential remarks with Dean, he stammered a reply, and I stepped aside so he could gather his papers and scurry out the door. I think he aged considerably in those three or four minutes.

PLAYBOY: Let's put Mr Dean aside for a moment and consider the method you considered using to kill him.

LIDDY: Good idea. A pencil's always a more interesting topic of conversation than John Dean.

PLAYBOY: If there weren't several pencils on the table between us right now, we might well ask you not to interrupt. But seriously, you're a student of unarmed combat, and in your novel, *Out of Control,* you describe an attack by an oriental master of the martial arts as follows: "Such was the power of T'ang Li's thrust that his fingers kept right on going through the wet pulp of the man's eyeballs and the shell-thin bone at the rear of the sockets to penetrate into the warm, moist, unresistant softness of the brain itself." Was that just poetic licence, or could you kill a man with such a single blow? And we stress that it's a purely theoretical question, there's no need to demonstrate the point.

LIDDY: You cringe very nicely. No, it's true that I've trained in the martial arts for many years, initially at the FBI, where I first learned to kill a man with a pencil incidentally, and was taught to blind and maim and in general employ my body's "personal weapons", as my instructors called it, against an opponent's "vulnerable areas". Later on I studied under a red-belt master of the high T'ai Chi who could rip out your throat or disembowel you with a flick of his thumb. A fascinating character. So that scene was based on fact, although I've never duplicated it in real life.

PLAYBOY: In *Will* you describe an encounter in a California prison with a Mongolian master of the martial arts who instructed you only reluctantly, after warning that, "You are a very violent man, I can see it in your eyes." Was he right?

LIDDY: Oh, yes. But I've learned to suppress my violence and control it. And remember, as any true master of the martial arts will tell you, the most powerful weapon I have is this. (Taps temple with index finger). The physical body is the vessel of the intellect, and the strongest muscles are useless without the guidance of a trained and disciplined mind.

PLAYBOY: As long as we're on such a murderous topic, is there any such thing as an untraceable poison?

> *"I requisitioned a sterile assassination pistol from the CIA that was a dandy little weapon. Sterile means untraceable, of course."*

LIDDY: Yes. There are a few in the colloidal family, and they're known — and used — by the intelligence services of the superpowers. But they may not be untraceable for long, since there's recently been a considerable forensic breakthrough in that area. But generally, you know, even traceable poisons are *not* traced, unless there's reason to suspect foul play. Most autopsies are pro forma unless the forensic pathologist is on his toes and already suspicious, so if you use a poison that simulates the symptoms of heart failure, say, you're generally home safe. One of the KGB's most gifted assassins, a guy named Bogdan Stashinsky who subsequently defected to the West, used to traipse around Munich with a cyanide spray gun and, before he crossed over to our side, he had decimated the Ukrainian exile leadership in Germany. He'd wait on the stairs for them with a moist handkerchief over his face, give them a lethal spray and depart. The gas dissipated after a few minutes, and since the victims were generally in their 60s and had died while climbing stairs, death was invariably routinely diagnosed as heart failure. We also have the same weapon, and it's most effective.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever own one?

LIDDY: No, but I requisitioned a sterile assassination pistol from the CIA that was a dandy little weapon. Sterile means untraceable, of course. Its main body is aluminium, with a steel loading valve and a plastic wafer that acts as a safety catch. It fires 9mm parabellum rimless ammunition, and rather resembles the handle of a speargun. It wasn't rifled for a silencer, though, so I never took it with me when I went on a mission.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of guns, have you always been fascinated by them?

LIDDY: Well, I reached my teens during World War Two, and I was very anxious to be able to fight for my country, so I trained myself in the use of a rifle with some dedication. Even before that I'd hunted small game, squirrels and birds. I even made my first gun myself at the age of eight or nine. But I missed World War Two, of course; it ended when I was only 15 and too young to enlist.

PLAYBOY: You say you're not a gun nut, but didn't you wear a pistol to your own wedding?

LIDDY: Yes, a small, concealed .38 snubnosed revolver. But I was an FBI agent at the time, and wearing a gun was second nature to me.

PLAYBOY: How did your wife feel about marrying an armed man?

LIDDY: She didn't know about it until after the wedding.

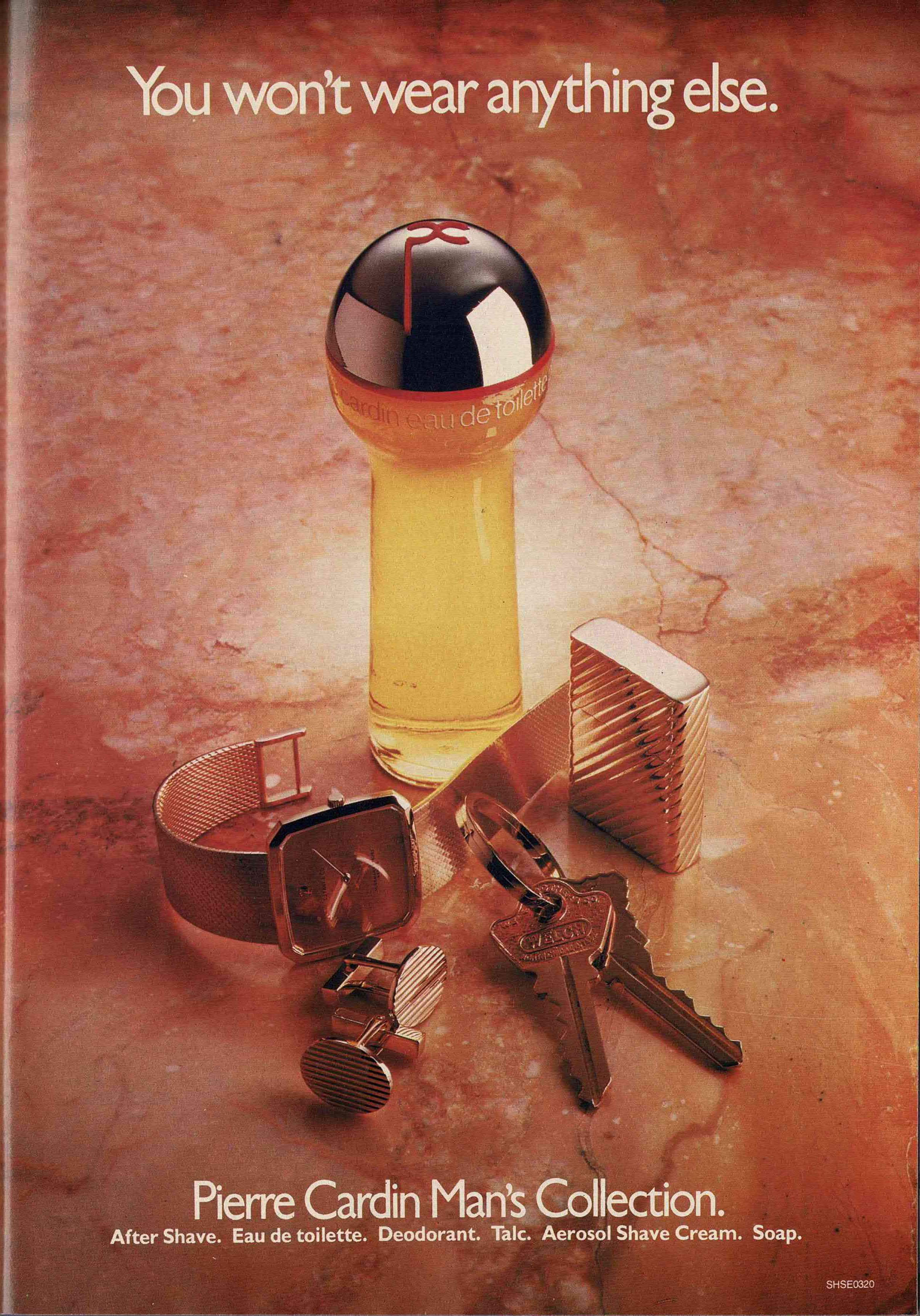
PLAYBOY: Did your wife approve of your choice of a career?

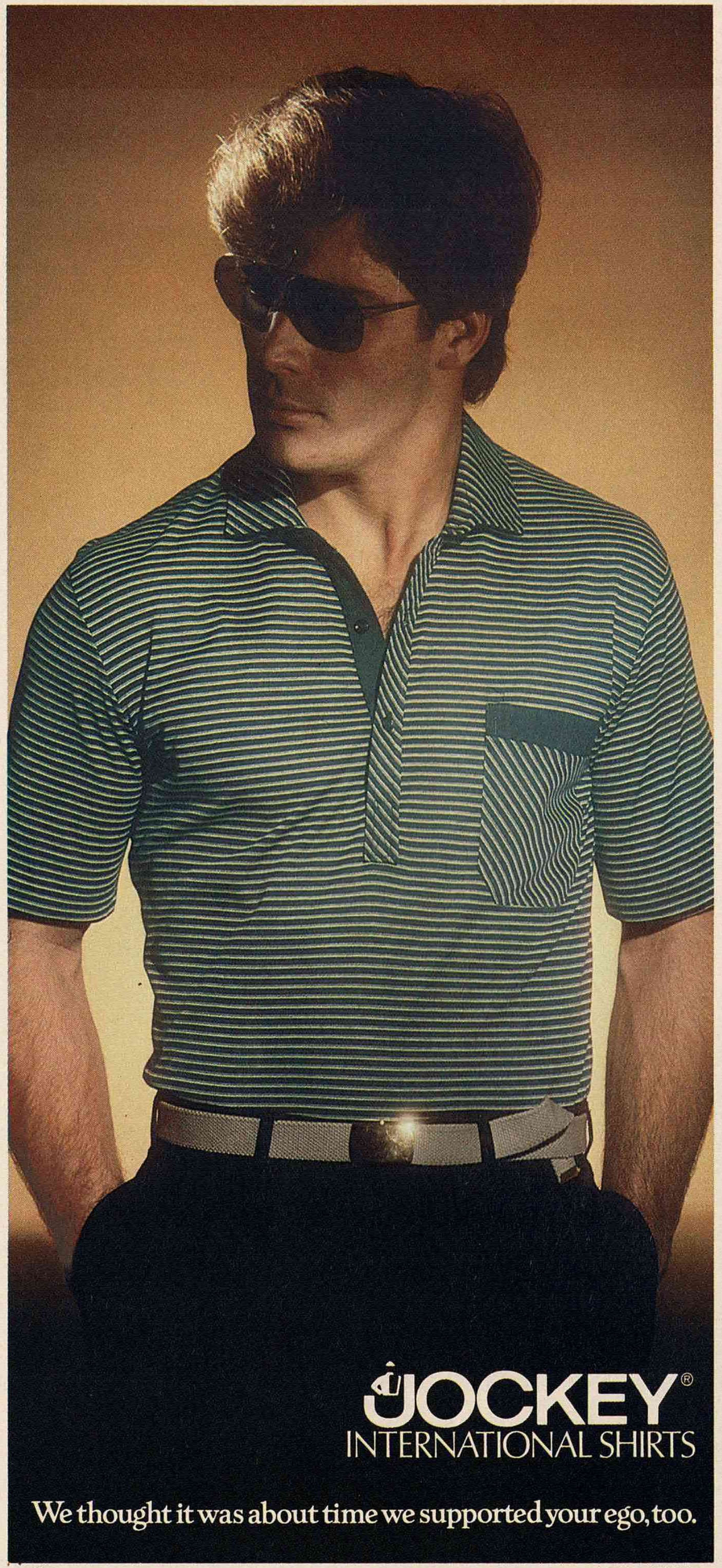
LIDDY: Oh yes. I'd explained to her up front what marriage to an FBI agent entailed: the long hours, the days or weeks away from my family, the possibility that I might ultimately be returned home in a box. And I said that if she couldn't handle that I wasn't the man for her. She could, and I have been, for 23 years now. In fact, shortly after our wedding, she gave me a beautifully gift-wrapped Magnum revolver as a present.

PLAYBOY: Are you carrying a gun right at this moment?

LIDDY: Another admirable cringe. No, obviously I am not, as that would constitute a violation of my parole, and jeopardise my freedom needlessly. I do have an airgun that I still practise with, which is accurate and practically recoilless. Using target sights, and employing a pointed projectile, preferably coated with pure nicotine, I could shoot you dead at 10 metres. It's as lethal as a fine throwing knife.

PLAYBOY: You revealed in your autobiography that, while in prison, you got on well with a number of


You won't wear anything else.
Cardin eau de toilette
WELCH
Pierre Cardin Man's Collection.
After Shave. Eau de toilette. Deodorant. Talc. Aerosol Shave Cream. Soap.
SHSE0320


JOCKEY®
INTERNATIONAL SHIRTS
We thought it was about time we supported your ego, too.

® REGD. TRADEMARK JOCKEY INTERNATIONAL INC.

Dailey/SP50

actual Mafia leaders, including the unnamed one to whom you entrusted the "contract" on Hunt. Did they consider you a kindred spirit?

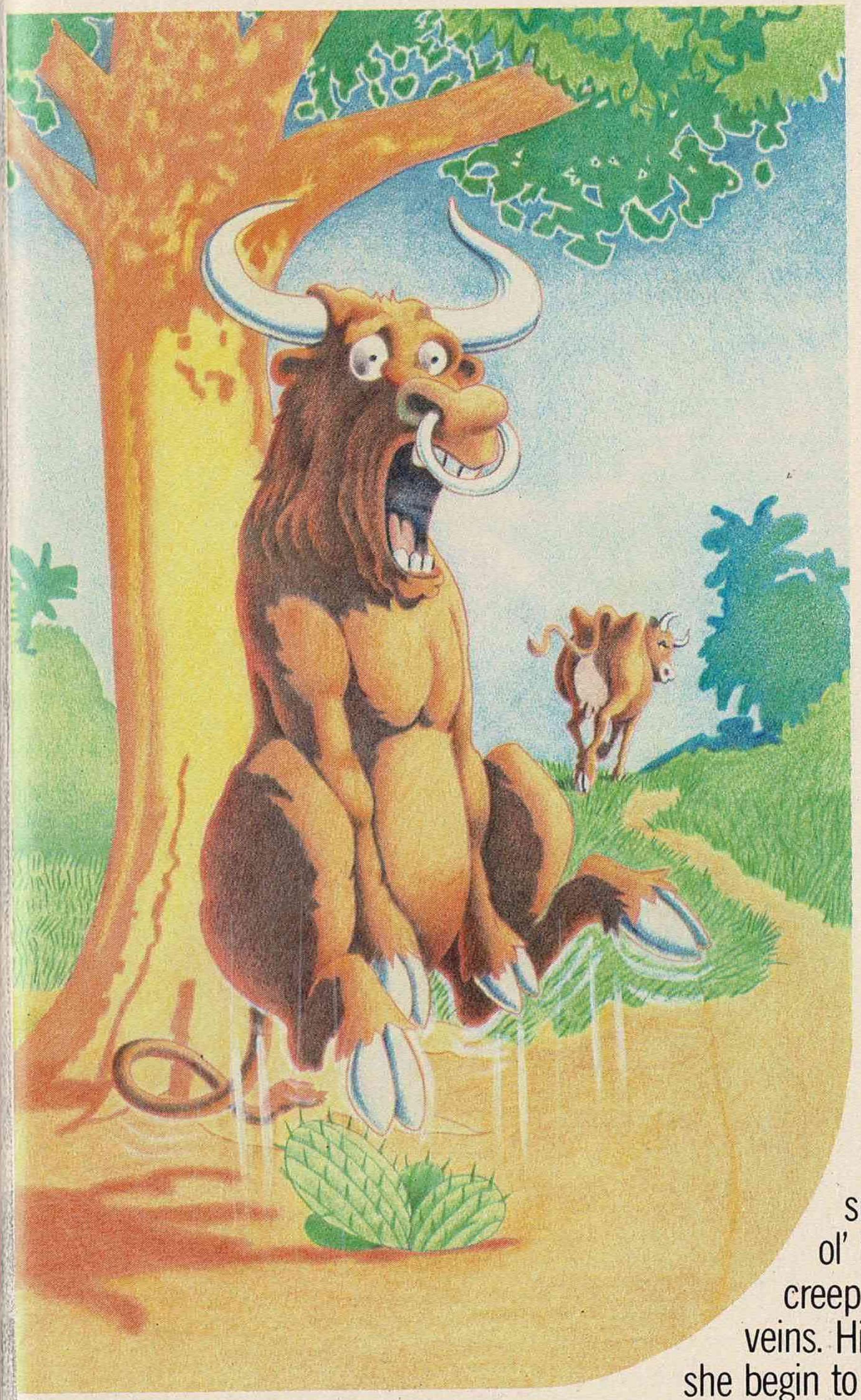
LIDDY: First of all, I'm not going to characterise anyone as Mafia. That's a label pinned on people who may or may not be involved in organised crime by the Federal and local prosecutors, and I know from my own experiences that it's not always accurate. But it is true that I arrived in prison after defying all three branches of the United States Government — executive, judicial and legislative — and my refusal to become a rat had preceded me. Nothing is despised more in prison than an informer, remember, and, conversely, nothing is admired more than the so-called "stand-up guy", in jailhouse parlance, who refuses to turn in his associates. So I did find that a number of people who had been accused of involvement in organised crime approached me and expressed a certain degree of respect for my behavior. And as it turned out we did get on very well, because we shared some values in common.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would contend that you had far more in common with the Mafia than a mutual scorn for stool pigeons — such as a dedication to the principle that the ends justify the means.

LIDDY: Well, I've never denied that. And in fact most people in this society operate on just that assumption, although a lot of them gloss it over with a shimmering veil of hypocrisy, like Judge John Sirica. Didn't the *New York Times* believe that the end justified the means in the Pentagon Papers case, when they published purloined top secret Government documents? Of course they did, and I'm sure they rationalised their action on the grounds that the people had a right to know the details of the escalation of the war in Vietnam. And I believe they were wrong in their decision, but not evil or immoral. And didn't the civil rights and anti-war demonstrators believe that the ends justified the means when they broke the law by sit-ins at lunch counters or burning their draft cards? Sure they did, and at least in the civil rights movement they were prepared to go to jail for their convictions. It was only when we countered the illegal actions of the anti-war movement with some of our own that they tore their hair and rent their raiments and screamed "Police State!" and the whole thing turned into a morality play. If I'm in a war I can respect my opponent. But what I cannot stand is hypocrisy.

PLAYBOY: You're making an analogy between your conduct and that of a soldier in wartime, and throughout

A bull story from El Toro.



Thees ees the story of El Toro, the greatest stud bool in all of Mexico.

Unteel, one fateful afternoon, after a particularly torrid engagement, he peek the wrong place to seet down to a siesta.

Poor Toro... he seet on a cactus.

"Aiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeey!" cry Toro.

An' who can blame heem? 'Cause when eet come to the business of stud booling... a prickly pair don't help wan leetle beet!

Soon, there were no more "ole's" coming from the cows in the pastures at night.

But just when it looked like El Finito for El Toro, a cute leetle cow blow in his ear an' said... "Hey Toro, how 'bout you an' me 'ave a leetle dreenk and fool aroun' eh?".

Weeth that she produce a shaker of salt, a lemon, an' a bottle of El Toro Tequila.

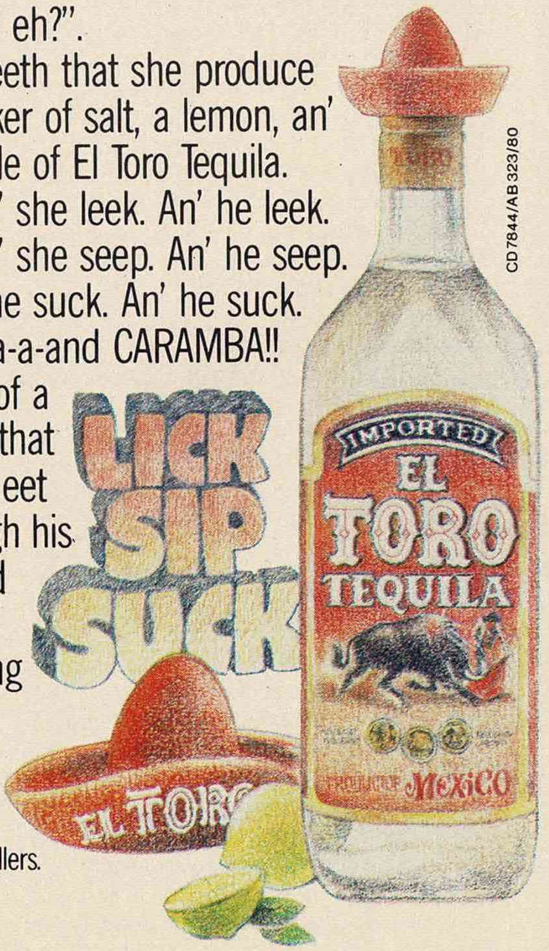
An' she leek. An' he leek.
An' she seep. An' he seep.
An' she suck. An' he suck.
A-a-a-a-a-and CARAMBA!!

All of a sudden that ol' feeling eet creep through his veins. His blood she begin to boil.

An' before you know eet, that ol' El Toro is back to proving the point that one and one make three!

Which brings us to the moral of this story. When your spirit she is down... get it up with El Toro.

An' that's no bull!



Imported from Mexico by Continental Distillers.

CD7844/AB323/80

your trial and imprisonment you certainly conducted yourself as a POW trapped on enemy territory. If you were a soldier, wasn't your only enemy fellow Americans of differing political views?

LIDDY: That's easy enough to believe if you conveniently distort the facts of our recent history. Everybody today knows that in the late '60s and early '70s we were involved in an exterior war in Vietnam, but they tend to forget that we were also embroiled in an undeclared civil war at home. And unless you can understand the nature of that struggle and the issues it posed for the Administration in Washington, you'll never be able to understand my motives or the motives of my associates in undertaking the actions and running the risks we did. We were up against a formidable constellation of forces in those days, an alliance of influential elements of the media with a so-called counterculture that represented a *Weltanschauung* and lifestyle that were utterly repugnant to me. It was as unthinkable to me to let the country succumb to those values as it would have been for a Japanese officer reared on the code of *bushido* to contemplate surrender in 1945.

PLAYBOY: Did you really consider it an equal contest — a mob of long-haired hippies, some of them admittedly rock-throwers and flag burners, arrayed against the might of the President of the United States?

LIDDY: Without going into David and Goliath analogies, anyone with a knowledge of history knows that governments have succumbed before to popular movements inferior in firepower but superior in motivation, *élan* and resolve. That's particularly true where crippling self-doubt has set in within the ruling elites themselves, as in pre-revolutionary France, where the influence of the *philosophes* had undermined the court's faith in its own legitimacy and right to rule, and rotted away its will to defend itself. Remember Louis XVI's reaction when he saw the Parisian mob gathering outside the gates to Versailles? "Is this a rebellion?" he asked a guard. "No sire," the soldier replied. "It is a revolution." And when urged to order the regiment of royal guards to attack and disperse the mob, the King replied with indignation: "Shoot at women? You cannot be serious." History says that when he heard of the remark a young lieutenant named Napoleon Bonaparte sneered: "What a fool!" Well, I share Bonaparte's contempt. If the crowds were going to gather at our gates, at least they'd have a fight.

PLAYBOY: But once again, aren't you now painting an unduly apocalyptic picture of the period? Surely the stability of the American constitutional democracy can't be compared to the tottering and internally corrupt *ancien regimes* of royalist France or Czarist Russia.

LIDDY: No, but at times there was a comparable paralysis of will to confront the internal enemy. And enemy he was. Look, I'm not talking about the sincere pacifist or the individual who morally and politically abhorred the war in Vietnam for whatever reasons. But, during the racial riots, 125 cities went up in flames, and in Washington there were tanks in the streets and machinegun nests on the steps of the Capitol in the wake of the riots that exploded after Dr King's assassination. During antiwar demonstrations in Washington I walked through the halls of the Department of Justice past infantry squads positioned at crew-served automatic weapons that would have been used to sweep the corridors with fire if invading rioters had battled their way past the guards. Buildings were burned and bombed across the country. At the time the words of Mark Rudd, the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) leader who had trashed Columbia, made quite an impression on me. Rudd exhorted his followers to "start tearing down this fucking country . . . and the best way to do this is by doing and performing some kind of exemplary action, like offing some pigs, creating chaos in the streets, blowing up pig stations, blowing up banks". I took him at face value and I was justified in doing so, as shortly after he went underground and joined the Weathermen, who subsequently took credit for, among other things, bombing the United States Capitol.

> *"The individual has a responsibility to pursue the dictates of his own conscience even when they counter the state interests."*

PLAYBOY: In the course of your self-appointed crusade to save the Republic, was there any ethical line you would have drawn? And as a "good soldier" in Nixon's army, what do you think of the so-called Nuremberg precept that the execution of an illegal and immoral order constitutes a crime under international law?

LIDDY: I do not believe in "blind obedience" to any authority. On the contrary I believe that the individual has a responsibility to pursue the dictates of his own conscience and own reason even when they counter the state interests. Man, after all, has free will. A concentration camp guard at Auschwitz or in the Gulag cannot absolve himself of responsibility for his acts simply on the grounds that he was "obeying orders". I've explained why I'd be willing to break the law under extraordinary circumstances, but there is a point beyond which I would not go.

PLAYBOY: What *is* that point?

LIDDY: Well, anything that is *malum in se,* which is Latin for "evil in itself", as opposed to something which is *malum prohibitum,* or wrong only due to the fact that there is a law against it on the statute books.

PLAYBOY: That appears to be a rather Jesuitical distinction.

LIDDY: Well, the Jesuits have had hundreds of years to ponder such questions, so I wouldn't dismiss them at all lightly. But the distinction between *malum in se* and *malum prohibitum* is a very real and vital one when considering the role of man's conscience in relationship to the law.

PLAYBOY: Would you give us an example of this?

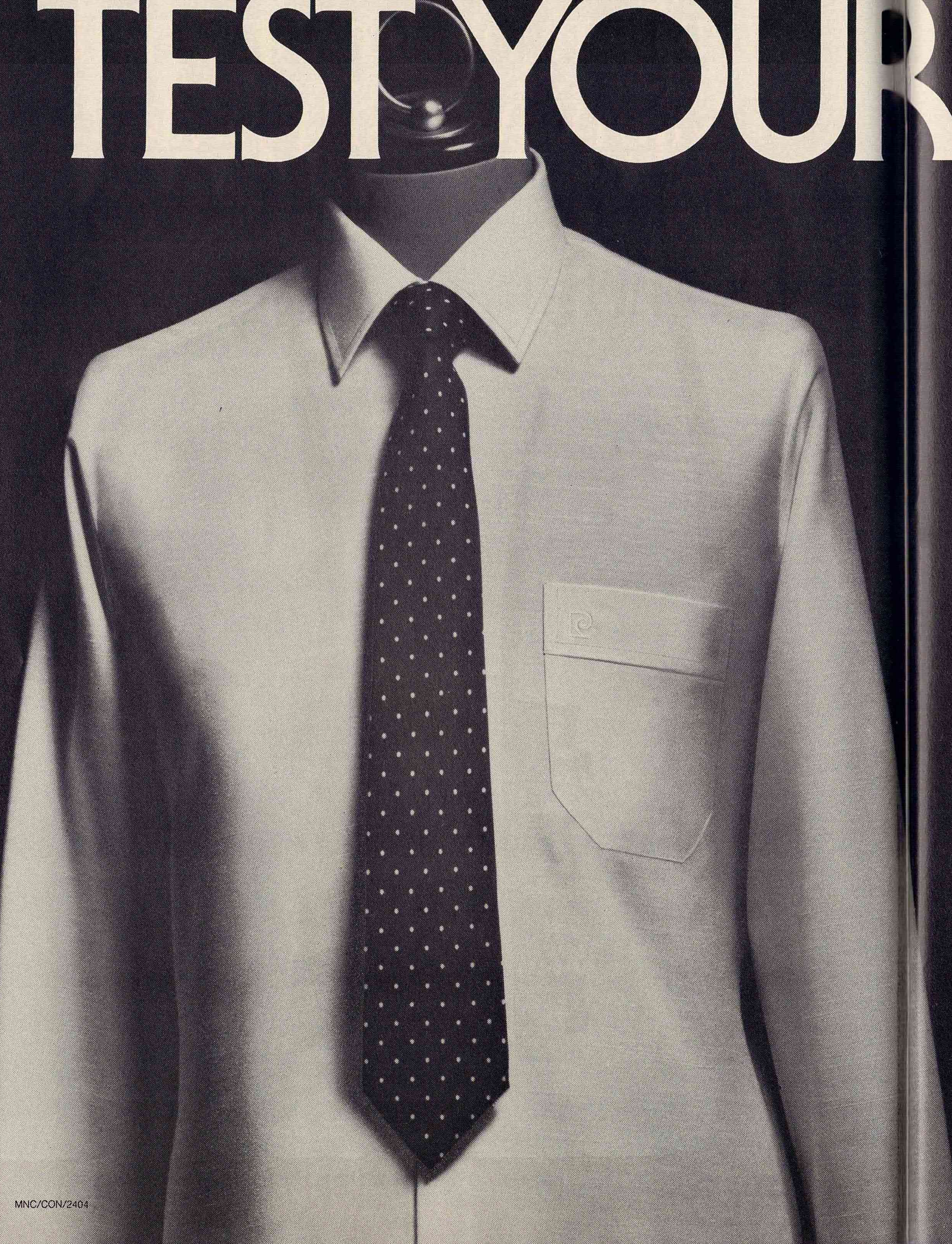
LIDDY: Okay. A classic example of *malum in se,* something that's evil in and of itself, would be the sexual abuse of a child. I don't need to refer to the statute books to know that is wrong, nor would the public at large. Now to take another extreme for purposes of illustration, let's say I was driving through the Nevada desert one day, where I could see 100 kilometres in either direction, and suddenly I approach a red octagonal Stop sign. If I drove through it, as I would, I would clearly be committing an illegal action. I would be violating the law. But absent an Eleventh Commandment which enjoins "Thou shalt not go through an octagonal red sign with the word STOP on it," my action would be morally irrelevant. Of course there's a wide range of gradations involved between such a harmless infraction and an ultimately heinous crime such as raping a child.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't murder — which you've admitted plotting, if not executing — clearly fall under the category of *malum in se?*

LIDDY: Only if you refuse to accept the distinction I made earlier in our conversation between justifiable and unjustifiable homicide. And even if you resort to Judeo-Christianity for ethical guidance, a similar distinction would have to be made. We're taught that the Commandment reads "Thou shalt not kill". But in fact the literal

The moment our wine-maker says his wine is private we know that we're onto something really good.
BIN 23 RIESLING PRIVATE
FOR THE USE OF THE WINEMAKER ONLY 6/4/79
BIN 23
PRIVATE BIN
RIESLING 1979
LINDEMANS
750ml
PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA
GREY 1296
Lindemans Private Bin 23 Riesling. The wine-makers wine.
AB 123/80

TEST YOUR BUSINESS ACUMEN. PRICE THIS SHIRT.



To help you arrive at a figure you will need to know some details.

Firstly, it's a business shirt.

Secondly, it was designed by none other than Pierre Cardin with his personal monogram subtly displayed on the pocket.

The material, Florine, has the feel and look of silk and the machine washability and non-iron qualities of polyester.

In fact, the more you wash it the softer it gets.

The stylish collar is made from two separate pieces allowing it to sit better on the neck and the tie to sit better on the collar.

And the cuffs are 2-way to wear with or without links.

So the price? If you guess around $60 it wouldn't surprise us one bit.

What may surprise you is that the price is around $37.*

Why do we make a shirt that good and sell it for that little?

The way we see it that's our business.

All you need do is make it your business to get hold of one.

PIERRE CARDIN'S BUSINESS SHIRT.

MNC/CON/2404

---

*Recommended retail price.

translation from the original Aramaic reads "Thou shalt not do *murder*". Even the ancient Hebrews recognised the difference between the two, otherwise Jehovah could not have sent his armies forth to do battle.

PLAYBOY: It has been suggested that you had been in contact with Arthur Bremer, the man who shot and crippled George Wallace in May, 1972.

LIDDY: I think this whole business of the rumors linking me to Bremer started for no other reason than that Governor George Wallace was shot at a shopping centre in Laurel, Maryland, quite near to my home. I've lived there since 1970, and I think it's stretching even the fertile imaginations of the conspiracy buffs to suggest I moved there for no other reason than propinquity to the site where the Governor was going to be wounded three years in the future.

PLAYBOY: The George Wallace shooting is not the only major political crime in which you've been implicated. In the course of a CBS radio commentary at the height of the Watergate scandal titled *Thinking the Unthinkable,* newscaster Dan Rather commented that it was time to ask "some of the tough questions about such characters as Hunt and Liddy and their Cuban contacts and whether they had at any time any connection with Lee Harvey Oswald . . ." How do you feel about being accused of a possible role in the assassination of President Kennedy?

LIDDY: I would have initially assumed it was just one more example of the hysteria surrounding Watergate, but I subsequently learned why Dan Rather asked that question. When I first appeared on *60 Minutes* in 1974, Mike Wallace told me off camera that CBS News possessed a photograph of the crowd in Dealy Plaza taken at the time of President John F. Kennedy's assassination, and that one individual bore a striking resemblance to me when his features were magnified. Before my appearance on *60 Minutes,* CBS had the photo and negative checked by the top experts in the country in an attempt to verify my presence at the time, presumably by comparing photographs of me with the shot from Dallas, and they couldn't do so.

PLAYBOY: Where were you on November 22, 1963?

LIDDY: In Manhattan, although I'd been in Dallas a number of times prior to that. I know you're disappointed, but I'm afraid I can't place myself in the sixth floor window of the Texas Textbook Depository, zeroing in on the motorcade through the sights of a Mannlicher-Carcano.

PLAYBOY: For years there has been continuing controversy over the circumstances surrounding the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Dr Martin Luther King, and the recent investigation by the House Select Committee on Assassinations determined that there was indeed a conspiracy involved in both President Kennedy's and Dr King's deaths. Did you ever learn anything while in the corridors of power to either confirm or deny this conclusion?

LIDDY: No, I did not. I know that the Warren Commission has been under sustained attack for years, and that its conclusions were recently disputed by the Congressional committee you mention, but I have yet to see any truly persuasive evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was anything but the lone assassin of John F. Kennedy. For example, a great deal of the criticism of the Warren Report has been based on the alleged impossibility of Lee Oswald's snapping off three shots at the President's limousine with his old Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. What the critics don't know, or don't tell you, is that the Mannlicher action is the fastest bolt action design in the world. I can assure you that it was more than possible to make those shots in that time with that weapon.

> *"There's more danger of a war starting from miscalculation, because the Soviets perceive us as being too weak, indecisive."*

PLAYBOY: The Nixon White House was interested in blackmail-type information on another Kennedy. Were you involved in the Plumbers investigation of Senator Ted Kennedy's behavior at Chappaquiddick?

LIDDY: Yes, although it was not a major project. But let me set you straight on one thing: we were never interested in "blackmailing" any person. Forget the ethics of it, what were we going to do even if we had unearthed some startling and scandalous fact about Chappaquiddick? Go to Teddy and insist he endorse Nixon for re-election? Come on! No, we investigated Chappaquiddick as part of a standard political counter-intelligence operation, to unearth potentially damaging information on a possible opponent. But I'm afraid we came up with nothing new.

PLAYBOY: Did Nixon's men unearth any significant evidence of Ted Kennedy's alleged drinking problems or of marital infidelities — and if so, how did the "Dirty Tricks Department" intend to use it politically?

LIDDY: It's possible they did engage in that kind of Mickey Mouse stuff, but if they'd asked my advice I'd have told them to forget it. The whole extra-marital affairs bit has been played to death.

PLAYBOY: In 1977 your sentence was commuted by Jimmy Carter. What do you think of Carter, both as a man and as President?

LIDDY: As a man, I think the popular conception of him as good and decent and sincere is probably correct, and personally I'm grateful that he has commuted my own sentence. He'd certainly get my vote — for parson. But as a President he's been an absolute, unmitigated disaster. Faith is fine, but it's no substitute for expertise and leadership. And Carter's got neither of those.

Just take a look at Carter's whole foreign policy towards the Soviet Union. He came into office convinced, as he put it, that we had more similarities than differences with the Russians, that, in this formulation, the areas of co-operation were greater than the areas of competition.

So he let our military forces run down, adopted a misguided and selective "human rights policy" that pilloried dictators on our side but let the Soviets off with a flaccid slap on the wrist, betrayed our natural allies like the Shah in favor of "progressive" Third World forces — and remember, it was Carter's UN Ambassador and spiritual clone, Andy Young, who called the Ayatollah a saint — and finally reaped the whirlwind with Iran and Afghanistan and God knows what other disasters still around the corner.

PLAYBOY: Would you advocate a confrontational course toward the Soviet Union then?

LIDDY: No, not at all. In fact, there's more danger of a war starting from miscalculation because the Soviets perceive us as too weak and indecisive to stand in the way of their aggression. This is certainly a real danger right now in the Middle East, where the crunch is probably going to come over a struggle for access to the area's energy resources. One of the most important geopolitical factors of the next decade is going to be the simple fact that, within 18 months to two years, the Russians are going to become net *importers* of petroleum. That's why they're garrisoning Southern Yemen with Cuban proxies as a staging area against Saudi Arabia, and it's probably a contributing factor to support of the Ayatollah and their invasion of Afghanistan. And when push comes

The Classics

The man of good taste knows fine art, the poetry of a fine car, the understatement needed in men's after-shave and other toiletries.
The Imperial Leather Classic range – with its famous, subdued fragrance provides that classic understatement. Cussons Imperial Leather Classic.

SPS.18.209

Sign of the times.

Since 1898 Renault has forecast the future – and been right. They made brilliant post-war small cars while others produced large, dull ones... ordinary cars that were extraordinary, like the Renault 8, with four-wheel disc brakes...and that amazing sports panel-van, the classic 16.

Now, new-concept Renaults are here, luxurious, attractive, ingeniously practical. The 18 has been called 'the most important car of the coming years'. The 20, 'a car that becomes more and more desirable as the complete relevance of its design hits home'.

If you'd like to look into the future, we suggest you look into both. Because it could take the world ten years to make really intelligent copies.

RENAULT
The Innovators

N.S.W: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 789 Botany Road, Rosebery, 2018. Phone: 669 2366.
VIC: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 771 Nepean Highway, Moorabbin, 3189. Phone: 557 5877.
S.A: Jacques Thoridnet Motor Centre, 185 Pulteney Street, Adelaide, 5000. Phone: 223 3155.
A.C.T: Corin Motors, 101-103 Newcastle Street, Fyshwick, 2609. Phone: 80 4409.
QLD: Annand & Thompson, 132 Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead, 4006. Phone: 52 0161.
W.A: Eurocars Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Canning H'wy & Berwick Street, 6151. Phone: 367 6699 (Lic. 0771).
TAS: Launceston David Lewis Motors, 123 Invermay Road, 7250. Phone: 31 8177.
Hobart Woodwards Fine Cars, 160 Elizabeth Street, 7000. Phone: 38 2609.

RENA0198NAT

to shove, that's where the flashpoint will be: the Persian Gulf.

PLAYBOY: On the question of defence, to what degree is the Pentagon waste and inefficiency responsible for our state of military unpreparedness?

LIDDY: Oh, there's an element of that, sure, as there is in any bureaucracy, military or civilian. But by and large the military does the best with what they have. We just haven't given them enough. For the past 10 years the proportion of the gross national product we spend on defense has steadily declined, while the proportion the Soviets spend has steadily increased. And today we're paying the price for that systematic neglect.

The only question is whether we'll learn our lesson in time, and if our national will is sufficient to face the challenges ahead. In the long run, you know, a nation's psychology is far more crucial than its military hardware. My oriental instructor in the martial arts taught me that the outcome of a battle is decided in the minds of the opponents well before the first blow is struck. We certainly saw that in the France of 1940. The French had more troops, more tanks, more guns than the Germans, more of everything except the fanatic and disciplined *esprit de corps* of the German fighting man. Hitler's secret weapon wasn't the brilliant and imaginative coupling of panzer and stuka in concerted ground-air attack, it was the courage of the individual *Wehrmacht* soldier, each of whom carried *blitzkrieg* in his breast.

PLAYBOY: The admiration for the German fighting spirit you've just expressed, and also your general fascination with all things German, is an underlying *leitmotif* of *Will*, and has assumed sinister overtones in the eyes of some critics, who accuse you of being a closet Nazi sympathiser. Could they be right?

LIDDY: They couldn't be more wrong. It is a fact that I do admire the mentality of the northern Teutonic races, not only their fighting spirit but also, and equally important, their work ethic and sense of discipline. I find all those values admirable, and have always identified with them. But I have absolutely no sympathy for Adolf Hitler and Nazism. Remember that German history spans several thousand years, and the 12 years of the Third Reich was no more than historical aberration. One of the many tragic aspects of the Holocaust is that the very German virtues that I've enumerated — discipline, efficiency, the ability to subordinate emotion to duty — were perverted into the organised annihilation of millions of innocent civilians, not only Jews but gypsies and Slavs as well. To me that is the antithesis of all the things I admire about the German martial spirit, and a stain on German honor from which the country will take many years to recover. But, in fairness, I can also admire the sheer courage and military genius of German soldiers like Rommel who took no part in such atrocities.

PLAYBOY: Why did you sing the Horst Wessel song at the top of your lungs to a black audience in prison?

LIDDY: Because I had become the subject of racial prejudice myself while in Washington DC jail shortly after my initial conviction. I ran a daily gauntlet of racial slurs from the predominantly black inmates, and even though I told myself it shouldn't get under my skin, it finally did. I was in deadlock, so I couldn't even challenge the prisoners who hurled their taunts through the bars to a fight. I had my opportunity to strike back one morning when a guard escorted me to the showers. As I walked down the catwalk a chorus of jeers greeted me: "Honky!" "White mutha!" I was mad at the racial epithets, and I said to myself: "Okay, baby, if you want racist, here's racist!" I knew the words to the Horst Wessel song by heart from childhood, when I'd first heard it from Germany on our family shortwave radio, and I have a fairly strong voice. So when I reached the showers I burst into full and rousing song, my voice booming through the cellblock: *"Die Fahne Hoch!"* I sang. "Raise the flag!" As I went on, screaming out all of my frustration through the echoing tiers of the prison, the jeers and catcalls began to fall off. *"Die Reihen dicht geschlossen . . ."* The din gradually silenced. By the time I reached the second verse of the Horst Wessel song, my voice was the only one that could be heard in the cellblock. It was almost eerie, because I'm sure there was not one other man in that prison who understood one word I was singing. But they got the message.

> *Didn't you run a security check on your wife through the FBI computer before you married? — "Purely a routine precaution."*

PLAYBOY: That initial hostility you encountered from blacks changed pretty rapidly as you began doing free legal work for black and white prisoners alike, and challenging prison administrators in the courts on questions of prisoners' rights. In fact, you ended up becoming something of a hero to inmates of both races. Did your experience in prison change any of your own racial attitudes?

LIDDY: Not really, because I had always abhorred racial prejudice and bigotry, even though I'm perfectly willing to answer back in kind when I'm on the receiving end, as the incident I just related indicates. But I think racism is one of the most stupid and ultimately *wasteful* of all human vices, because it denies a man's potential and worth for something as superficial and frivolous as the color of his skin.

PLAYBOY: Leaving black-white issues aside, throughout your book you express a fascination with genetics and eugenics, even to the point of cold-bloodedly selecting your prospective bride according to the contribution she would make to your "family gene pool". How did she feel about that?

LIDDY: Well, it was not exactly an element I played up on our courtship! But even though it wasn't the most romantic of all considerations I think it's a valid one nonetheless. There's a good deal of truth in eugenics as long as you don't carry it to extremes, as we have done in the past with involuntary sterilisation plans and that kind of dangerous scheme, with all its potential for abuse. It had taken me a long time to build myself up from a puny, sickly child, so I wanted my own children to have a running start. That's why I determined my smartest course was to marry a tall girl of Celtic-Teutonic ancestry who also had a terrific mind. And as a result I have five strong, athletic and bright children. Of course, all those considerations have to be coupled with a mutual emotional compatibility, but they were definite factors in selecting my mate.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also run a security check on your wife through the FBI computer before you married?

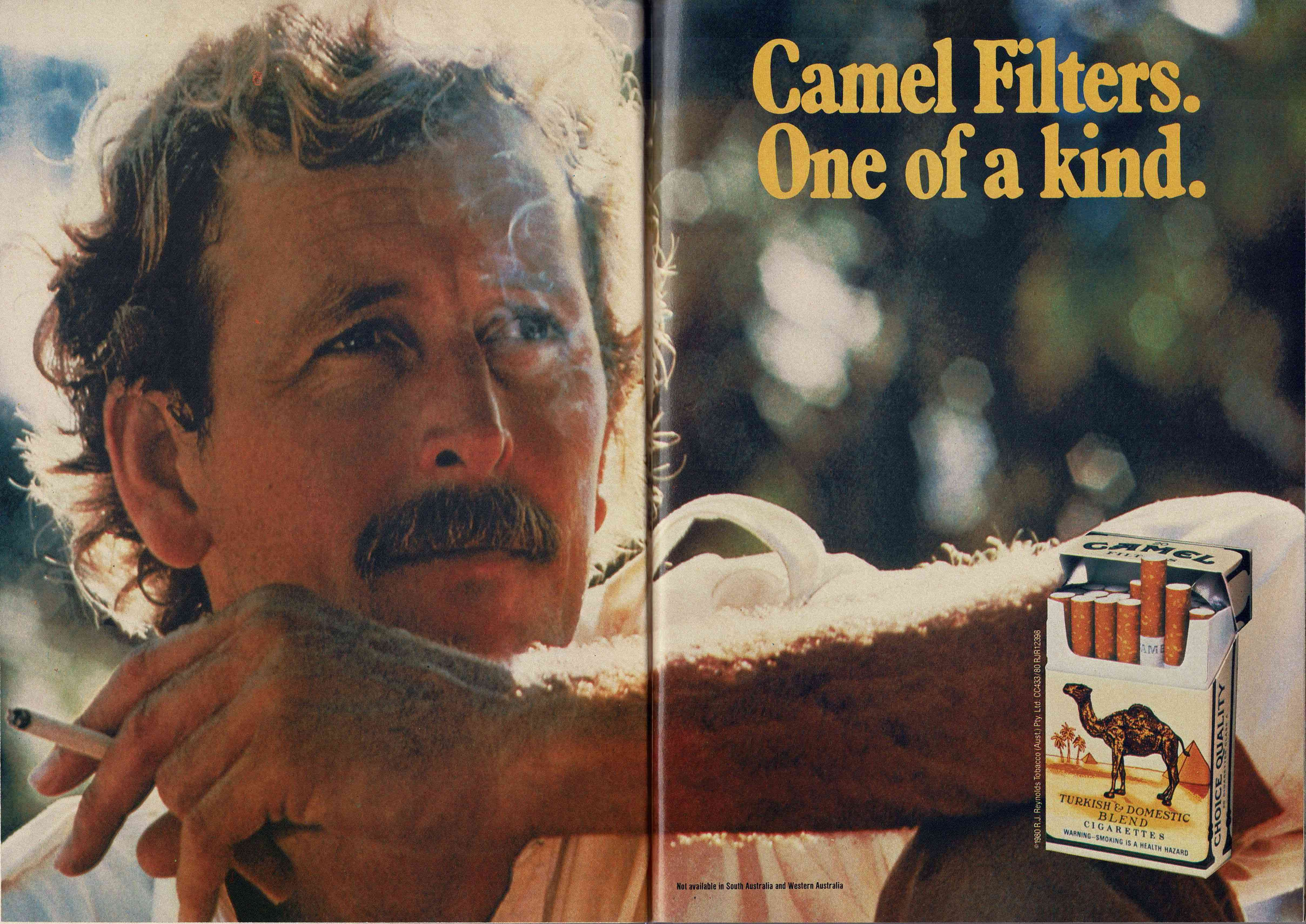
LIDDY: Purely a routine precaution.

PLAYBOY: Not cold-blooded at all?

LIDDY: I do not overly value emotion. It leads one into indiscretion.

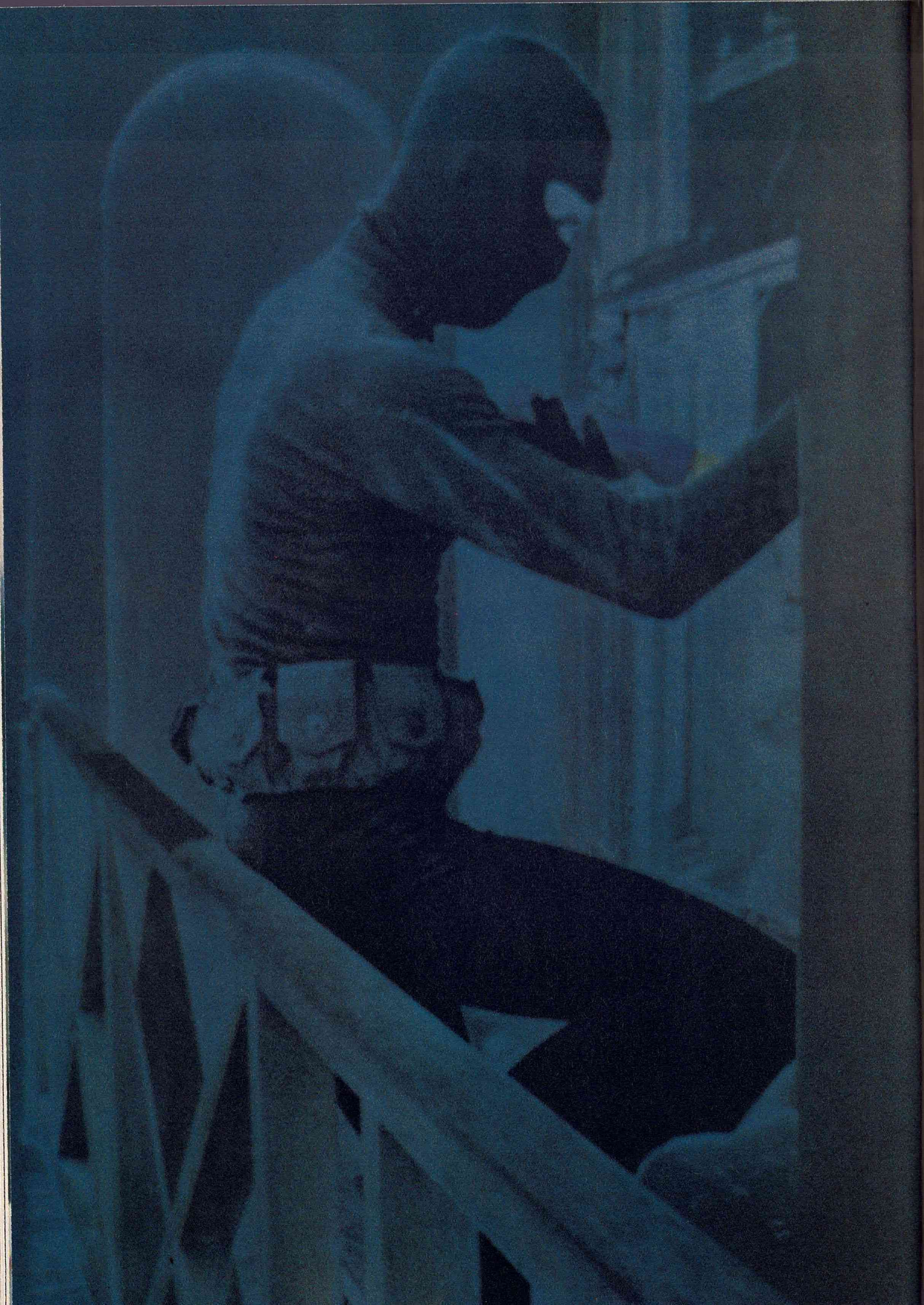
PLAYBOY: Did your wife know of your security check on her, as well as your evaluation of her as potentially good breeding stock?

LIDDY: Oh yes, we discussed it. But it never upset her. After all, it's probably the least of the problems she's had in our marriage. Next to being sent away for 20 years, what the hell is a little security check, right?



Not available in South Australia and Western Australia

©1980 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. CC433/80 RJR12398



Photography by Colin Stead

CAT BURGLAR

australia's most successful thief tells the true story of how he stole millions

By night he robbed Melbourne's most affluent homes. By day he was a "successful businessman" in Sydney and Melbourne society.

by John Rider, the man who did it

NEARLY 10 YEARS ago, when I was at my peak, so to speak, I sometimes would pause in the early hours of the morning, admire the moonlit sky, then reflect upon the affluent houses and their contents. I had come to think that this was my own private fiefdom, overflowing with riches for me to siphon.

And what a very large and rich fiefdom it was! Approximately 450 square kilometres prosperous well cared for and middle-class real estate supplying what was at the time regarded as an enormous income to a very diligent, conscientious, orderly and organising man. Myself.

I was diligent because I sometimes worked six nights a week. I was conscientious because I never let my concentration lapse for a moment — except for once. We'll get to that eventually. I was orderly because I never created a mess or committed undue damage or acts of vandalism. I never crapped on the carpet like some burglars do — the depraved types who I never knew until I was sent to jail. And I was an organiser because, at the end of it, I had about 10 people working for me, if you ignore the fence who received an estimated $1.5 million in jewellery over the eight years.

The $1.5 million estimate was made by the Victoria Police. Someone was lying. I reckoned it at nearer to half a million but I guess that the people I robbed saw the opportunity to make a few dollars — like maybe 200 percent — on the insurance claims they invariably filled out the day after I robbed them.

Things balance out. Yin and Yang, according to the Celestials. Often those people lost a couple of thousand in cash as well. They wouldn't report the cash loss because the Australian Taxation Office might have concluded that they were evading their fiscal responsibilities. Which they were — all the time; the world is full of cheats. So they'd add the cash loss to the value of their missing jewellery, then triple the total amount for good measure. If you see it my way, then the majority of the 4000 households in Melbourne I robbed during those years should have welcomed me back with open arms, even the very next night — provided, of course, that they could have gone out and bought another heap of jewellery and insured it all at inflated values before I took my encore. Incidentally, the 4000 is a police estimate too. I wouldn't know. I lost count.

When you think of it, the people who were most put out were the various insurance companies — and the police. Some insurance companies might still like to do something to me. They're welcome to try but it's too late now because I'm bankrupt. I don't have an asset in the world. I was declared bankrupt in jail after the

". . . once i found an oroton handbag filled with a factory's entire payroll hanging on the knob of a kitchen door. i paused for a snack of smoked salmon . . ."

whole world went mad over my assets. The police used to hate me, but I've met a few officers, by coincidence, in the past 12 months, and things are now relatively pleasant among us, especially because they know I will never break another law. I hate jail and the criminal classes too much to be able to stand incarceration again. Four years and 10 months in jail isn't worth it. It's an awful experience.

I had a drink with some police recently. There was a slight admonishing tone on the part of a couple, but for the most it was like a bunch of ex-diggers having a few beers with an ex-member of the Afrika Korps in an RSL club on the north coast.

By the late 1960s, the world was my oyster. I lived in Sydney, by far the most beautiful city in Australia, but in Melbourne, then a boomtown, I found the wherewithal to make whoopee in Sydney. I had a custom-built seven-metre powerboat, about $20,000 worth of skindiving and oxygen equipment, a Porsche Carrera, a beautiful apartment overlooking the water at Darling Point. If I took a holiday in Cairns and, believe me, I took a lot of holidays, I'd pay a guy $500 to tow the boat up, then I'd follow by air, with a companion of course. There were numerous women, all beautiful, in my life. In Sydney, I was Mister Clean, the proprietor of a Melbourne taxi truck company. I was something of a sportsman, obviously well-off, touched with the Geelong Grammar manners — if you can understand that variety of polite arrogance — and very hedonistic. I also had an innocent passion for handguns. I mention the handguns because they were later to blast reality into the idyll that was my life.

Although I spent three out of five weeks in Melbourne, running up to eight or nine silent kilometres every second night, flitting across lawns and gardens, peering through windows, shinnying up drain-pipes, creeping into dark rooms and silently extracting jewellery and cash tribute, I was perfectly respectable in daylight hours.

At that stage I had no great overheads in Melbourne, merely the cost of maintaining two "helpers", and I was making plenty. When I worked I made maybe a thousand a week in cash and up to a thousand a week in realisable jewellery. Despite this success, I was in neat control of my life. At night I was a cautious but fearless professional; by day, I was a successful young businessman with plenty of time to kill. The pressures were not so great. The police attention in concentrated form, the sensational press, and the tide of public wrath — all that was to come later.

I've already explained that, having done some thousands of jobs, I've great difficulty in recalling which was which, what was taken, the names of the householders — it was rare that I knew their names anyway. Some nights I robbed three or four houses.

I robbed in the rain and the dry. I had legs which carried me over pavements, gardens, fences, up drains, trees, ladders. I was an elusive creature of the night. And I became obsessive too, but that can wait. I would pad into the dark just after midnight, for I liked to rob occupied houses: why enter a house early in the evening when the occupants were out and the female half bedecked with diamonds and gold beyond my reach? It was much better to strike when occupants and accessories had been laid to rest for the night.

Shades of Batman! Yes, I had a uniform. And I was also vain enough to dress well. The police records described the money belt that I wore around my waist as an ammunition "bandoleer". I wore tight black ski pants, a black stocking over my face (with apertures for my eyes), a black skivvie (sometimes with a black, tight-fitting parka), and the *pièce de résistance*, black, water-proofed seal skin boots with scarred rubber soles.

Strangely, when I was eventually brought to trial this apparel of my trade had disappeared, perhaps to become living room mementoes for various tracking policemen.

On the job, I was the personification of a studious, concentrating professional. I became attuned to my environment. I felt every shift in the breeze, even in temperature, and my senses became so acute to the night that they could warn me when danger, generally in the form of a track-suited policeman patrolling a precinct, was close at hand. Once inside a house, especially inside a bedroom, I learned to tell by the breathing of the sleepers how long they had been asleep, and how deep was their slumber.

Although I was without fear — one must possess the correct nervous disposition for this sort of work — I was nevertheless extremely cautious. I tried to be a black shadow, ever prepared to become part of the paintwork or the foliage. I would slip down a dark footpath, happiest in the rain because it makes confusing noises, then melt into a driveway to examine a potential money-bin.

I would do a circuit of the grounds, looking out for dogs, alarms, any signs of light. Then I would check windows, doors, other possible points of entry. If an alarm was attached high up a wall, I would pad off to find a ladder, taking one from a nearby house if necessary. Most alarms could be dismantled without trouble. It was only a matter of taking them apart.

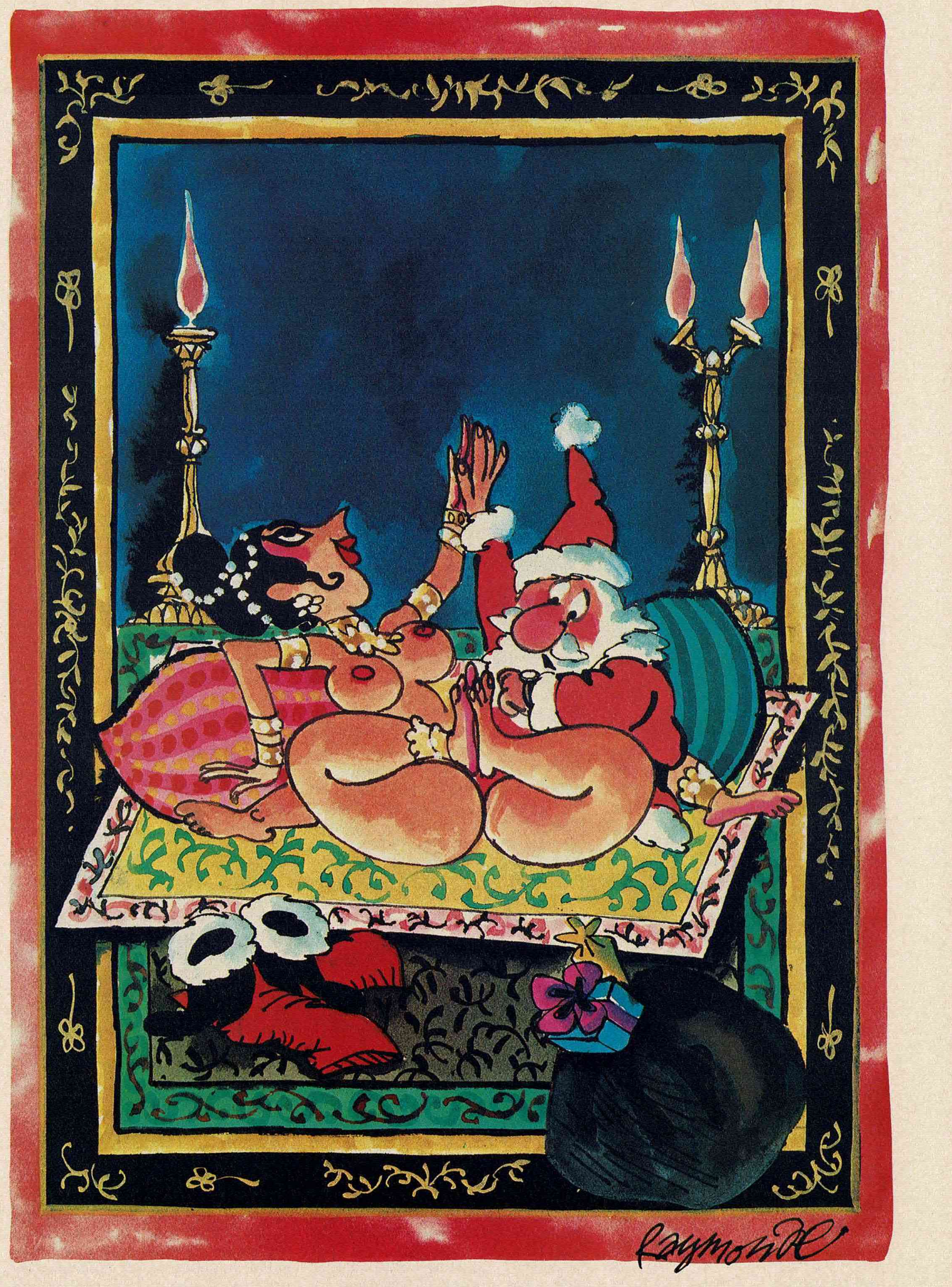
Being a patient man, I was always ready to spend up to a full hour dismantling a window, painstakingly removing tacks and putty from the frame before easing out the glass. I would unlock doors or windows at the front and back so that, if detected, I could exit swiftly and comfortably.

So, the house is still, my exits are defined. I would then search the ground floor. Once I found an Oroton handbag filled with a factory's entire payroll hanging on the knob of the kitchen door. I paused that night for a snack — milk and smoked salmon on rye. After several hours on the job, I often became hungry and, because these were the houses of the rich, the victuals were uncommonly good.

Then to the bedrooms upstairs where I might spend up to an hour prowling about and prying while the household slumbered on. It was unthinkable, too, that, having gone to all the trouble of effecting a successful entry into the sanctum sanctorum, the bedroom, I should leave without the "prize" in diamonds that a diligent search might unearth.

It is not unusual that Jewish people had by far the most realisable assets. Of course, I was always interested in any house where the driveway was graced with a brace of Mercedes and the odd Rolls Royce. Ethnic origins were irrelevant, but if I had kept statistics, it would probably be found that, in proportion, I robbed more Jewish people than gentiles.

Their tastes in jewellery were excellent. Their tendency to collect jewellery probably evolved from the



"Three o'clock for Pete's sake. . . I'm due in Perth at three o'clock."

". . . i lay still and breathed for a second. and then she sat bolt upright in bed. 'jacob,' she exclaimed, 'der dog is in the room.' what dog?! my brain screamed . . ."

centuries of persecution that they'd suffered since the Diaspora. They learned during the Inquisition that it was desirable for a man to keep his assets liquid — since it would have been difficult to flee across the border with wife and family, and a hotel strapped to his back.

Most dogs are totally useless as guardians. Big floppy dogs usually slept peacefully away as I took their owners' property. Sometimes they awoke and seemed pleased by my friendly attentions. Small, yapping canines occasionally forced an abrupt departure, but not often. I have been attacked by a dog on a lawn, only to end the assault by lying down and rolling playfully with the animal. In all my time, I never got bitten.

But there are dogs trained to kill. If you are ever attacked by such an animal you can survive by ignoring the pain of a savaging. You have to grasp the dog by the two front paws. It will respond by tearing at your hands, wrists, arms, but you ignore the pain and jerk the paws apart with power and precision. The movement creates tremendous stress across the dog's chest and causes an immediate heart attack. I never did it. The advice came from a Canadian expert.

One night, a pitch black night, I slipped through a gate into a garden, quickly flashing my torch. Its beam settled on a huge kennel which bore the legend: Rajah. My chest tightened as Rajah emerged from his home. He was a huge Dobermann. He moved in silence, his body jerking along as though I was a duck in the sights of a pointer. Rajah had plans for me.

I shone my torch in his face, saw that he was six or seven metres from me, and I was some 10 metres from safety. I sprang backwards with every piece of muscle power available through the gate which clanged behind me. I turned around. Rajah was right at the gate, panting softly. That was a frightening experience.

I slipped away, up the street, through a garden, over a fence and found a great old mansion which inspection showed to be remarkably secure. I eventually made a novel entry by wriggling into the kitchen through its narrow garbage chute.

As nights go, this one was eventful, because it represents a fair summary of my 10 years' work. The shattering experience with the dog was dismissed. I'd spent an hour trying to enter the mansion, and when I did, I discovered every floorboard in the place was loose. I'm sure they were left that way on purpose.

Because of the extraordinary strength I'd developed — not just in the legs and thighs, but in the wrists, arms and shoulders as well — I was able to overcome the squeaking floorboards by proceeding down the upstairs hall to the bedroom like a wet spider, spread-eagled, with my body weight spread over four points, my toes and my fingers. Sweat dripped from the effort, but I entered the bedroom, heard the sounds of sleep and made it to the end of the bed.

Arrgh. Under the bed was a single shot .22 rifle. Hmm. I reached out, grasped the rifle and lifted it toward me. Very quietly, I unloaded the weapon and replaced it. I lay still and breathed for a second. And then a woman sat bolt upright in the bed. "Jacob," she exclaimed. "Der dog is in the room."

What dog?! My brain screamed. A dog, for Christ's sake. Is it a Dobermann, a Peke, an Irish Setter? Where was the dog anyway? I lay out of sight on the floor at the end of the bed while she climbed out and went to the window. She parted the blinds and stared out, casually scratching her rear; then she yawned and crawled back into bed. I lay for 10 minutes, listening to the restless movement of the woman, to her breathing as it grew steady, slower, somnolent.

I edged around the bed to the chair beside it. His coat hung loosely over the chair and my fingers quickly slipped into the inner pocket, a huge inner pocket crammed with a great bundle of notes that later turned out to be thousands of dollars.

I began to depart as I'd arrived, painfully slipping across the floor on toes and fingers. Why bother? Why not stand and run? I still hadn't forgotten about the dog. And the gun made me think that this canine might have big teeth. So I stood up and prepared to run.

Click! I turned as I ran and saw the unloaded rifle aimed directly at me. I went down the stairs and out the door and across the garden and over one fence, then two, then three, then I cut across the road, slipped into another garden and stopped. I peered out. It was quite a night. Four track-suited figures were loping toward me so I went straight up on top of a high ivy-covered brick fence. I wriggled under the ivy and lay and waited while the search was mounted, flagged, and finally abandoned.

On the way home, I recovered sufficiently to shin up a drainpipe into a bathroom, make a quick search, and lift a few hundred bucks and a few thousand dollars worth of sapphires. There was also a very nice and very large yellow diamond.

The next day I went skin-diving at Phillip Island, secreting the jewellery outside a small underwater cave. Interestingly, only the jewel theft was reported. Undoubtedly the money that the man had in his pocket was an amount that he didn't particularly want drawn to the attention of the Taxation Department.

I took the next few days off in Melbourne. It had been a heavy three-week period of work. Cash returns were in the thousands, and I had that much again in jewellery. I went to some parties, dined well, and escorted a number of beautiful companions to nightclubs.

As a man about town, naturally I was a guest of families with plenty of money. Indeed, if I had been totally unscrupulous, I might have taken advantage of their hospitality. I may have been a rogue, but even rogues have their scruples. In all my time I never planned to rob a friend, an acquaintance or even a person I met socially. Of course, it isn't impossible that I might have robbed someone from one of these categories, but never intentionally.

Now such a personal rule may seem to be a bit gung ho or romantically precious, but I didn't regard it that way — both because of my own background and because of my aspirations for the future. My father had been a well-educated man who had worked in various countries. I attended excellent prep schools in England where I'd excelled at soccer. At Geelong Grammar, I was a moderately successful athlete. It's said that Timbertop helped make Prince Charles the man he is today. Well, the same can be said for myself. At Timbertop, the school's mountain retreat, I had run in marathons and successfully engaged in other feats of endurance. Because of an unusually wilful adolescence, I unfortunately departed Geelong Grammar without my matriculation and hence without the necessary qualifications to get into university — the place that was to have been my destiny.

". . . then tony fenton got himself shot. shot dead. his murder was a mystery. there were no leads and his lack of criminal associations baffled the police . . ."

After several fruitless years spent trying to be a salesman, I embarked upon a life of crime with the sole intention of gathering enough capital to start my own legitimate business. Of course, this never happened, but I really didn't believe I would be cat burglaring for the rest of my life. I could hardly rob the houses of people that I expected to later call friends.

My career began in the early 1960s when I was in my mid-20s. It was then that I met a young fellow whom I now call The Misappropriator because he later absconded with a considerable amount of my misbegotten gains.

The Misappropriator became my first "helper" when I lived in Sydney and worked over Melbourne's money-bins. He was, in one sense, an ideal assistant, because he possessed the one necessary characteristic — a touch of larceny in his soul. The Misappropriator would select suitable house, or suggest them, drive me to the scene, sometimes pick me up. For that, I paid half his rent, $20 a trip and a percentage if his suggested venue turned a profit.

I had only one other "helper" during my Sydney period, a rather beautiful girl who had been my lover. I'll call her Diana. She was never as deeply involved as The Misappropriator but, because Diana possessed ambitions far in excess of her station in life, nerves of stainless steel and a streak of extraordinary greed in her character, she was of great assistance.

Diana, too, would drive me to the scene of the crimes, although she never made any return trips. She was willing to allow me use of her flat as a base in return for half the rent. We stopped being lovers at the beginning of our professional relationship, although the occasional carnal lapse occurred — most often after some particularly stressful and arduous night's work.

Early on one Saturday morning, Diana drove me down to Phillip Island and sunbathed while I put on some scuba gear and entered the cool, brisk waters of Bass Strait. I swam down seven metres and followed a sand-floored rock fissure, itself splintered by sea-weeded fractures, to greater, peaceful and sea-creatured depths. I kicked to the right and glided over to a nearly concealed cave. One metre inside it, under a heavy set of stones, was my diamond cache. The very sight of it gave me a spasm of pleasure. I carefully emptied the contents into a waterproof pouch.

Within nine hours, Diana and I had left Phillip Island, changed and packed in Melbourne, and driven to the airport where she took Ansett (the jewellery in her handbag), while I flew TAA. Once in Sydney, she returned the jewellery. I paid her fee. We dined, then went our separate ways. There were no airport hassles in that pre-hijacker/terrorist era.

After settling up with my fence, I took a long holiday with friends at a house in Surfers Paradise. I was so relaxed that I even took my handguns along with me: a 7.63mm Mauser and a .25 calibre Browning automatic. A childish weakness I know, but I've always liked shooting at targets.

I spent a few afternoons banging away at tin cans out the back of Surfers. Inadvertently, one of the girls saw both weapons in my brief case back at the house. But the holiday continued on blissfully, and at its conclusion, I returned to my "normal" way of life — a month in Melbourne looting at night, then back to Sydney for rest and recuperation. Then more forays into Melbourne. I was making buckets of money.

Then Tony Fenton got himself shot. Shot dead. Fenton was an English-born Sydney real estate agent with no criminal associations in Australia. Nothing much was known, nothing was known in fact, about his past in England, but who ever knows about a migrant's background anyway? Tony Fenton's murder was a genuine mystery. He was found in his office several hours after the killing. There were no leads there and his lack of criminal associations baffled the NSW Police so, naturally, they commenced a strenuous investigation of the social company he kept.

I was one of his social contacts, as were most of the people, including the girl, who had spent that leisurely holiday at Surfers with me. At that stage, I no longer had the two handguns in my flat, not caring to have them in my possession since I didn't have a licence. So what happens?

The girl, along with everyone else who had known Fenton, was subjected to police questioning. I don't hold it against her — a couple of tough detectives interrogating an inexperienced young woman will soon extract all the information they want. The girl told them that she'd seen handguns in my possession. And, as a check showed that I had no licence, suspicions were aroused. I began to look like a suspect.

There was a lot of toing and froing. My solicitor soon got into the act and guardedly agreed to hand over the guns to the police so they could be subjected to ballistic tests.

There was a secondary problem, however, I lost a few hours sleep over it. Specifically, it was what the police might conclude about me after examining the lifestyles and resources of all the people under investigation. As you will remember, I ostensibly drew my source of income from business interests in Melbourne. What if the police checked? They would soon discover that the explanations for my wealth were less than credible.

Well, the upshot of it all was that the guns went to the police and were dealt with by ballistics. They were, of course, "in the clear" so far as Fenton was concerned. But I was charged with possession of unlicensed pistols. I was found guilty and placed on a bond; my life was changed. I was no longer unknown to the police in NSW, even if their knowledge was of a comparatively innocent nature. I was worried that, over the years, another check might be made which would reveal that I had no obvious, legitimate source of income.

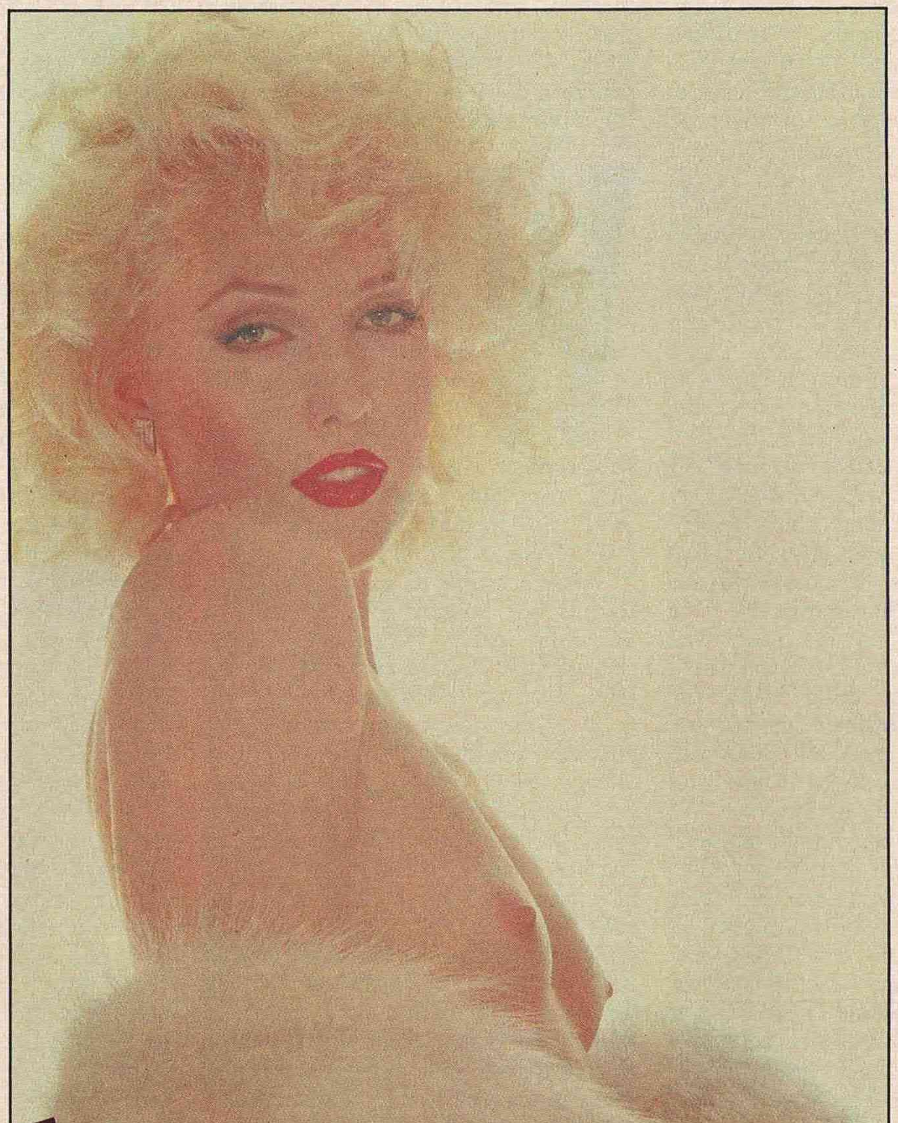
So, sadly, I shifted my household to Melbourne. The move marked the end of a great lifestyle and the beginning of an era of concentrated pillaging. After I had settled in Melbourne, my activities became the subject of keen public and police interest. TV specials were made. Hundreds of front page headlines written. I built my own little empire.

This article was prepared by John Jost from the manuscript of John Rider's autobiography, Hot Property.

NEXT MONTH: The empire, publicity and capture.

Linda Kerridge

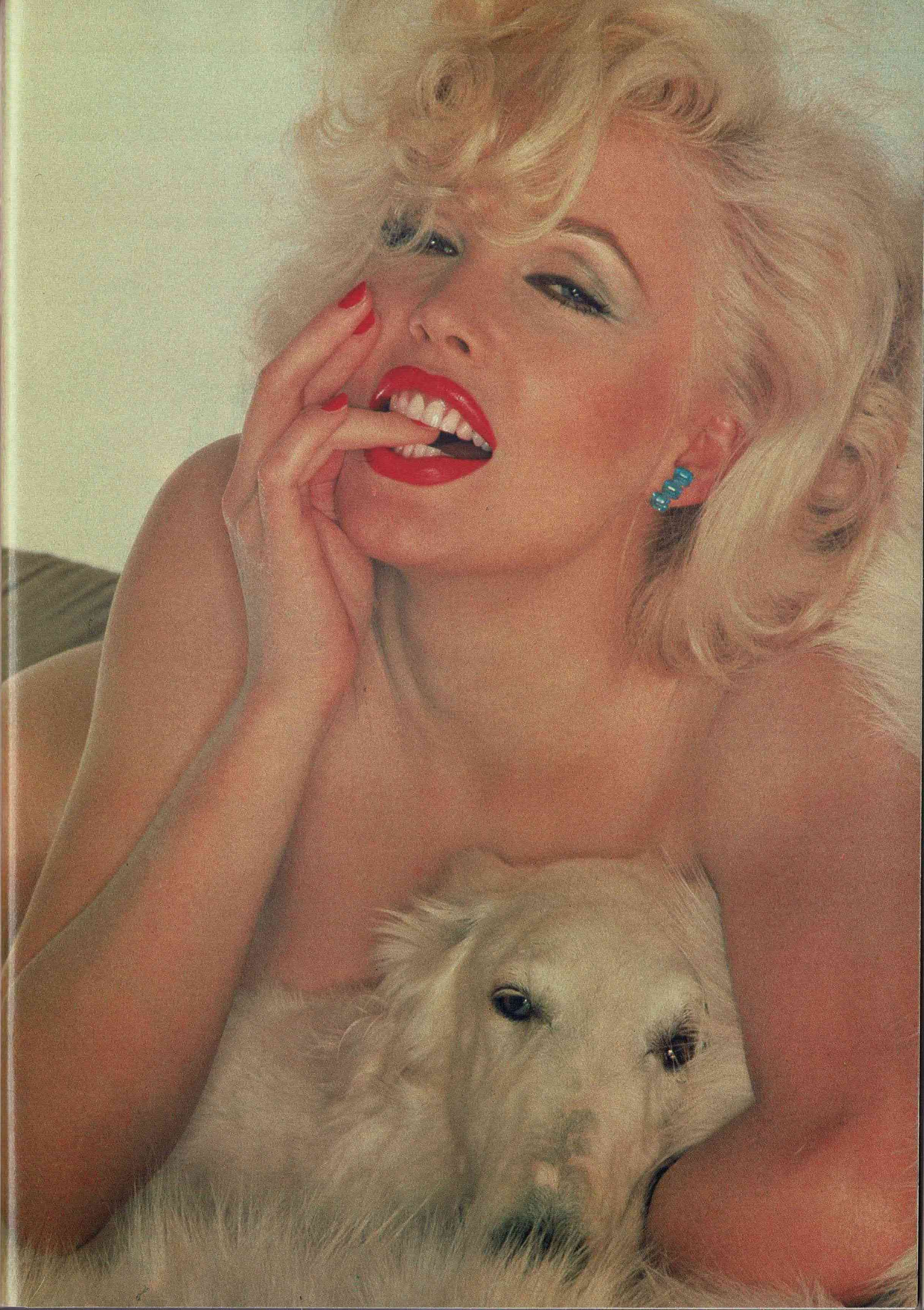
FROM WAGGA TO HOLLYWOOD



AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
MAY 1979 $2.00*
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
EXECUTIVE SEX: how stress can make you kinky
The VERY private life of Marilyn Monroe
Pickering an astounding interview
Our all-star footballers
Australia's playmate: Deborah Leigh
Casinos are coming! Playboy's guide to winning

some like it hot, but the dry heart of nsw was no place for linda kerridge, the former australian playboy cover girl who has brought marilyn monroe back to life in a new film. on the eve of her screen debut, linda graciously posed for this stunning pictorial

Photography by Richard Fegley



"Marilyn has always been my favorite blonde. In some ways, I identify with her, but that's mainly because I've read practically everything there is to read about her, not because I look like her. In fact, when I look in the mirror sometimes, I think I'm ugly compared to her."

She was a country girl caught up in the Hollywood dream, like so many other country girls. But there was one thing that distinguished Linda Kerridge from her peers: her devastating beauty. AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, bowled over by this sheep station heiress from Wagga who could do an uncanny impersonation of Marilyn Monroe, adorned its May 1979 cover with her photograph. Lying on a red satin sheet, her platinum hair tussled and one eyebrow raised in a "come hither" look, she embodied all the Monroe sexiness and more. After appearing on our cover, Linda went to the place she had dreamed of visiting for most of her life — Hollywood. And now she's starring in an about-to-be-released film which has a script especially written to accommodate Linda's talent for impersonating Marilyn Monroe. "I've always loved imitating

Although her resemblance to MM has given her a healthy start in films, Linda doesn't want to keep impersonating the late sex goddess. "It's too one-dimensional," she says. "You start to think you have no real identity of your own and that can be a horrible feeling. My next film project is going to be something totally different."

"What always appealed to me the most about Marilyn was her incredible talent as a comedienne. I love a sense of humor; to me, it's the most magical thing about people. In films, I'm more attracted to comedy than anything else — especially if it's romantic comedy."

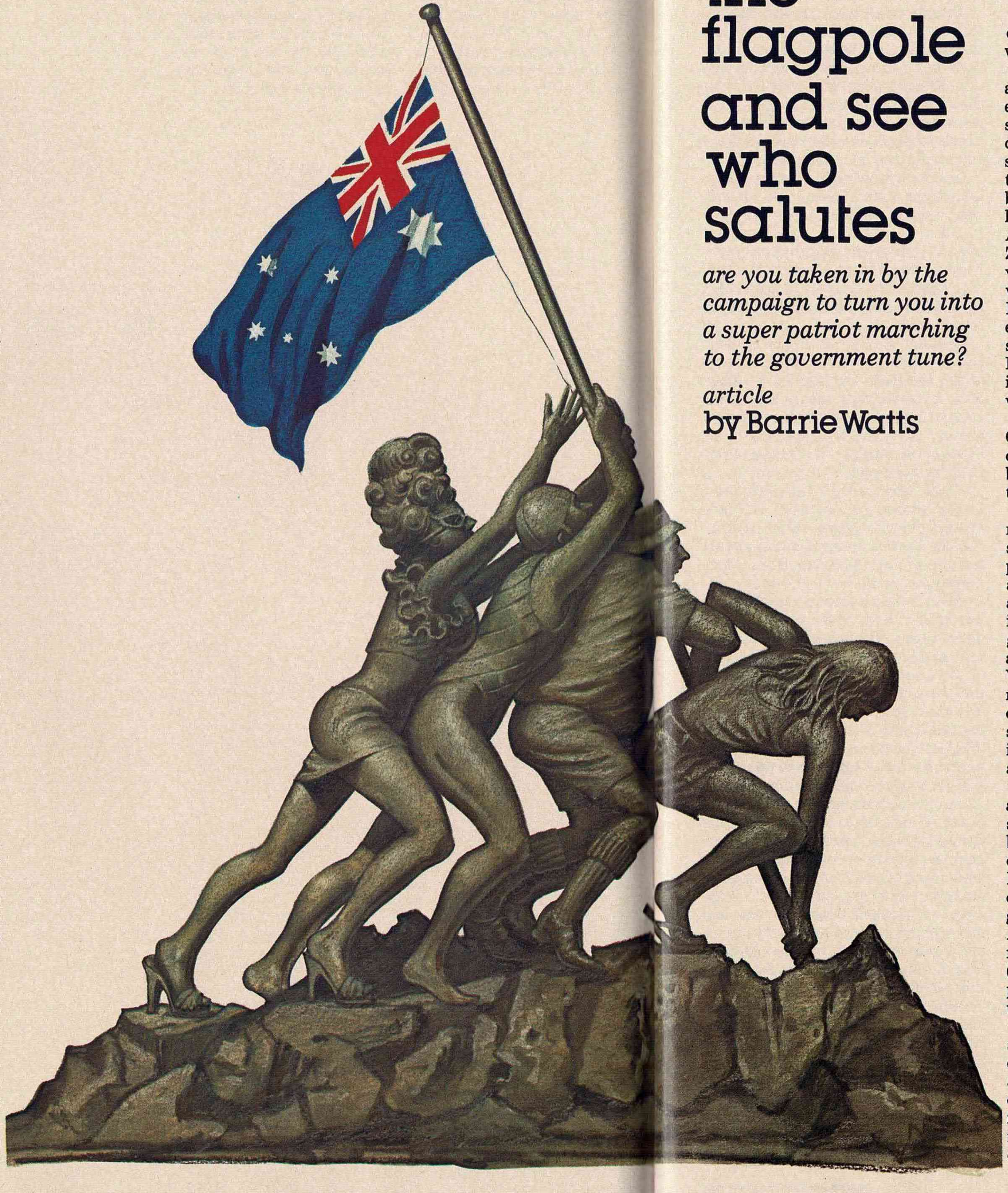
people," she recalled. "Even as a child, it was easy for me to imitate Marilyn." As the years passed, and her natural resemblance grew more pronounced, she perfected the MM walk, the pout and the voice so faultlessly that the late screen goddess' husbands Joe Dimaggio and Arthur Miller could easily have thought she'd been reincarnated. The film is called *Fade to Black*, starring Linda and Dennis *(Breaking Away)* Christopher. In it, Christopher plays a deranged movie buff who's enraptured by Linda's resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. He asks her out, but when she fails to show up, he goes on a murderous rampage, killing off his foes with the same methods used by some of his screen idols. And Linda? She simply kills the audience!

Run it up the flagpole and see who salutes

are you taken in by the campaign to turn you into a super patriot marching to the government tune?

article

by Barrie Watts



THE twisted little Joseph Goebbels, the very first of the great account executives, gave that medium of super-nationalistic advertising its definitive measure. "The essence," he said, "consists in winning people over to an idea so sincerely, so vitally, that in the end they succumb to it utterly." It has a much more visceral wrench in the original German, of course. It is so gutter-venomous, so jackbooted. But it translates well enough into English. Or into Strine, for that matter.

Patriotism is a growth industry in Australia. You'd have to be blind, deaf and very dumb not to have noticed that. Plaguey fingers of propaganda, governmental and private, are intent on shaping your life: prodding you to work harder, digging at you to join up, have a go, be in it, brag about Australia when you travel overseas, use less petrol, defend the country ("So help me God"), quit kicking the kids and littering ("Somebody's watching you"), play more games, fly the flag, fit in and Be Australian. All of it pitched to your patriotic conscience.

You too can be fair dinkum beaut if you Do The Right Thing.

Campaigns to raise national awareness and promote blinkered emotional nationalism via a battery of unsubtle television commercials — jiggling away to jingoistic jingles, strutting out to martial music, soaking in mawkish sentimentality — employ blatant, tacky techniques that owe something to Herr Dr Goebbels as well as Madison Avenue. And they're a multi-million dollar business. But at whose expense?

Propaganda commercials are probably harmless as long as they stick to transparent absurdities (for instance, the line that Esso is a noble Aussie battler sacrificing squillions on our future welfare). We can laugh those ones off.

A few have been reasonably engaging, such as the melancholy Sail On Girl ballad, sobbed into living rooms nightly during the Australia's bid for the America's Cup. But even that was driven by a cold sales bluster, calculated to boost millionaire Alan Bond's Newport challenge purse by inflating the national ego.

As for many of the others, in which the undertones of appeal have been disguised, what we should ask is this: who's trying to sell us what, and why?

The biggest spender on patriotic advertising has been the Federal Liberal Government. Its media campaign seems, on the face of it, up-front, clean-cut and entirely disposable. A sample: the $4 million Project Australia series (copy clever Mr Bliss — buck the odds and do something brilliant for your fellow man; be like Prue Acton and send fashion to New Zealand), Leonard Teale's good-life vale of the world's best beef, wool, wine and Medibank (It's Good To Know It's There) and the deadly earnest Peter Wherrett hyping fuel conservation (keep the wheels of the Lucky Country turning and, by implication, stop bitching about the world-parity pricing policy).

But those, among close to a dozen Government ads all told, were so obviously ineffectual that there has to be a less obvious reason for foisting them on us in the first place.

And it's this: the Fraser Government couldn't spend public money to solicit your vote without running into political wrath. Instead, its ads were aimed deviously at winning hearts and minds — to borrow the euphemism with which American psychological warfare specialists labelled their attempt to subvert and subjugate Vietnamese peasants — and were motivated not by best intentions on our behalf but on establishing for itself, like Esso, a caring corporate image. Your Government worries about you.

And there's a second element. Just as Jimmy Carter wooed the scandal-sick United States electorate in 1976 by gift-wrapping it in the moral code of born-again Christianity; just as Ronald Reagan ran for the Presidency on rhetoric of militant nationalism, giving their balls back to born-again American patriots humiliated by Vietnam and made impotent by Iran (America First, head 'em off at the pass); so the Fraser Government led up to this year's federal elections.

It launched a variety of community service commercials that set out to cultivate in us, cumulatively and almost subliminally, a perception of ourselves, our country and our roles in it. And to trust in our artificially fertilised judgment. In short, a state of mind — born-again Australians, with a media-induced identity in the Fraser mould. Therefore, hopefully, apt to vote the right way. It was all part of the election strategy. Of course, the Liberals did not start the technique. The Whitlam ALP Government landed the stations with a series of TV commercials, including one for Medibank, during 1975. Fraser's boys merely improved the method.

According to Dr Simon Hasleton, a Sydney University psychologist who has conducted a great deal of research into the psychology of social attitudes in Australia, "The Fraser Government's commercials are intended to make people feel good about themselves in a way that reflects well on the Government — and to make them feel good about the Government itself and what the commercials suggested it was doing for them."

And what inspired the campaign to drum up nationalism in general and jingoism in particular? Would you believe World Series Cricket?

"Nationalistic advertising commercials stemmed from the success of Come On Aussie, Come On," says Joe Thompson, director of the Australian Government Advertising Service. "The public picked up that one and ran with it, the industry saw what was happening and then everybody got aboard the trend."

Including, more than any other advertiser, the Fraser Government.

•

Administration of governmental advertising is handled by government departments involved in pushing propaganda about their own activities. But they do what their Ministers let them — or tell them.

"Control of an advertising project rests with the Minister of the department concerned, although he may delegate to a permanent head," Joe Thompson says. "Ordinarily, departments have to get parliamentary approval for advertising funds within the budgetary process. But Cabinet can vote funds for a specific advertising purpose."

What happens then is that the assignment is given out for competitive submissions from advertising agencies, through the Government Advertising Service. How apposite that the acronym of its name is GAS.

"We have to be careful of the flag-waving and patriotic approach," Joe

Thompson says. "We don't want overkill, we don't want people moaning 'Oh, hell, not another one'. By and large the commercials appear to have gone over pretty well."

He denies they've been ineffectual in their professed purpose — saving petrol, for instance — though he makes a cautious qualification. "The question of the effectiveness of commercials has perplexed advertising people from time immemorial. I've never known any advertising campaign to do the whole job."

Dr Hasleton sees the true purpose behind the official promotion of national pride and national concern in simple political terms. It was, he says, solely an electioneering device — a means of flattening out the troughs in the electorate.

"What mainly distinguishes the Liberals from the ALP is the degree of their affiliation to the national institutions," he says. "Some people believe the parties are merely the two legitimate political alternatives of the same thing, but there are a lot of indications that this isn't so.

"The Libs claim to be the guardians of the national institutions, giving responsible governmental expression to people's acceptance of things like royalty and the courts and the major instruments of the social and economic system. And many see the ALP as not just an alternative set of hands on the wheel but as an organised attempt to change the whole structure. They either support that attempt or oppose it.

"This situation gives the Liberal Party two important tasks of persuasion. The first is that it has to cultivate its major electoral base among middle class voters by assuring them that their income is not going to be redistributed to other sections of society in the form of taxes — but at the same time the Libs have to be a bit trendy as well, hence their stand against the killing of whales and similarly fashionable middle-class preoccupations.

"That's still not enough to ensure their electoral position, hence their second task of persuasion. They have to win the votes of those whose interests they do not serve: working class people," Dr Hasleton says.

"The working class is conservative by nature, so the Libs must attract its votes by appealing to its pride as Australians and its nationalistic values.

"The ALP has almost exactly the reverse problem. It has to get the trendy vote of the blue-jean, middle-class, little-liberals, whom the working class doesn't particularly like. It also has to satisfy the working class's traditional preoccupation with the redistribution of wealth, but also mask it from the middle class.

"What this amounts to is that Labor tries to grab extra votes by appealing to trendy causes, while the Liberals try to grab extra votes by appealing to working-class conservativism, which embraces strong patriotic and nationalistic feelings."

In the light of Dr Hasleton's analytical eveready, you might see those community service commercials as a stealthy operation to implant in us the idea that the Fraser Government looked out for our interests in 1980.

You'd need a Machiavellian turn of mind to speculate on where this sort of thing could end in ruthless hands.

Patriotism lends itself nicely to authoritarian power ploys. Which brings us back neatly, though unfairly — we musn't think the worst about our own politicians — to the dedicated Dr Goebbels. "Mobilising national moods," as he called it, was his most effective propaganda technique. And it was a marvellous means to an end. "The Government," he announced cheerfully once he was installed as Reichsminister for National Enlightenment, "intends no longer to leave people to their own devices."

> *"You may not be able to get free medical care in God's Own Country, but by God you can have free flags, royal portraits."*

•

Patriotic, jingoistic, nationalistic sloganeering is certainly nothing new to Australia. Color TV has given it a gaudy new medium, but it has been with us from the beginning like a rash on the body politic. And in its 1980s manifestation it is not merely a creature of the advertising laboratories. As with Chicken Man, the hucksters are everywhere.

There's Ian Chappell sticking his bat in, partnering management consultant Ed Fletcher on a campaign wicket called Australians Are Australia (which bespeaks a truly staggering discovery), urging us to get out there, take a bash at the slow bowlers, get the country off the bails.

No runs, so far.

Rupert Murdoch's patriotic vision of Australia is typically on the grand scale. He says the '80s could be our last opportunity "to set this country on a certain and confident course to greatness," and asks: "Can we use our fabulous resources to make this the best and freest democracy in the world? My answer is an emphatic yes." But (wait for it), "The first challenge must be an awakened national identity, a period of growing Australian consciousness . . ."

Private organisations and service clubs are raising their arms to thump the tub, too. Rotarians, noting with keen but saddened eyes that fewer than 10 Australian flags were flying in the Albury-Wodonga district, sent off more than 2000 letters offering to supply the national banner and flagpoles to hoist it on at minimal cost.

In like manner the unnecessarily ubiquitous John Laws, not content with talking back to the would-be suicides, intervening by helicopter in truckie strikes and flogging products from soap powder to Mortein, has lent his mellifluous tones to touting "the Australian flag and everything it stands for".

Proudly, he wrote in his Sydney *Sunday Telegraph* column that many of his sponsors had agreed — after he'd lavished very nearly an entire week of his radio programs on why we should have more flagpoles — to henceforth stream the colors from their factory masts.

"But what about the schools?" Laws rumbled in shades of the late great forelock tugger, Eric Baume. "What are they doing to instil patriotism in young Australians in their formative years?"

Let's by all means get to the next generation before they've got minds of their own. Ask not what your country can do for you, etcetera.

Mr Laws is a dear mate and business associate of John Singleton, the man most often credited with marketing Ockerism, if not inventing it. Mr Singleton also breeds horses. Perhaps he and Mr Laws could come up with a system of educational insemination.

In similar pulsing vein, enter New South Wales State Liberal MP Jim Cameron. "How," he asks, "should we go about giving our patriotic reflex a little more muscle?" And he suggests an appropriate muscle to use: "Why not show our bona fides by conceiving more young Australians? Some of us spend an awful lot of time talking about the activity which generates that result."

Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a need the Federal Government can fill it. Not through the Family Benefit, although that's a sort of stud fee, but through no-charge provision of patriotic paraphernalia and national symbols. You may not be able to get free medical care in God's Own Country, but by God you can have free flags, royal portraits, prints of the Australian coat-of-arms and recordings of God Save The Queen and Advance Australia Fair. This year the Government budgeted $295,000 to provide for those essentials.

However, to some individuals it evidently seems astonishing that our patriotism is being questioned at all. "I must agree that Australians have a love of country deeply embedded in their make-up," wrote a gentleman named M. A. Dowling of Old South Head Road, Watsons Bay, Sydney, in a letter to the editor of a daily blatt.

"I remember on my first trip overseas seeing our cabin mate rush and hug a gum tree growing nobly in Acapulco." You can't say fairer than that, now can you?

Still, for those who can recall squirming in embarrassment at Sir Robert Menzies' brand of Australian pride and patriotism (when still Prime Minister he described himself as "British to the boot-heels" and at a televised reception for the Queen quoth "I did but see her passing by, yet will I love her till the day I die") and at the way Ming remained steadfastly smitten with the glory of the long-recumbent Raj (not forgetting, either, successor Harold Holt's hopeless Yankophile sycophancy in his infamous "All the way with LBJ"), the Fraser Government's nationalistic fervor must seem some sort of relief.

But there are others whose notion of nationalism is of a slightly more maverick, not to say rebellious, bent. ALLEGIANCE TO THE QUEEN, MY FOOT! said the headline on a large personal advertisement which was placed in the *National Times* last June by a naturalised migrant. It read:

"I, R. Tapir, who has formally renounced allegiance to Mrs Windsor of Buckingham Palace in a statutory declaration presented to Immigration Department officials at the finalisation of my Australian citizenship ceremony on 12/9/79, wish to state that I remain officially unpunished for my 'crime'. Has the Government, therefore, conceded to new citizens the right to swear allegiance to Australia instead? Or isn't Australia good enough? And if it isn't, could I sue the Government for false advertising?"

Yet what are we to make of the brave iconoclasm of roly-poly Phillip Adams, multi-media sceptic and semi-professional lancer of nationalistic boils on Australia's rump? He, alas, must be revealed as having not quite succeeded in putting his money where his needle is. It's the Monahan-Dayman-Adams advertising agency which produces the Let's Get Australia Working ("and give it all we've got") commercial, the one with a map filled with cartoon figures laboring happily in a patriotic spirit of unity.

Not only is it a terrible expense, paid for out of our tax money, it's also terrible. "A hot-potch of animation, live film and an un-catchy song; everything about it is bad," says fellow ad-man John Nankervis of Magnus, Nankervis and Curl. "I'd guess that Government bureaucracy got in the way of the production. Probably there were so many fingers in the pie that it never had a chance."

But if Mr Nankervis is willing to give the agency the benefit of the doubt, is Mr Adams? In a column he wrote on the advertising game, he had the wit to quote Dr Johnson's immortal line that "patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel" and followed it with the observation that this refuge "now emerges as the favorite haunt of advertising agents".

(Adams points out that the Let's Get Australia Working advertisement was sponsored by a bipartisan group including Bob Hawke and the ALP's shadow minister for Industry and Commerce, Chris Hurford).

> *"The funny thing about the regular Army's recruiting commercial is that it's infinitely safer-looking than the Army Reserve's ad."*

•

A problem with Australian patriotism is that, while most of us probably have it, we don't all hear the same drummer. Historically, we've always had trouble defining where our loyalties lie, since we have never been able to agree on what kind of country this should be: monarchist, republican neutral, aligned, federalist, centralist, free trader, protectionist, separationist, States' abolitionist, secessionist, all-white or multi-racial.

And it's not surprising if patriotism in Australia takes a paranoid turn on occasion, considering our earliest bonds of nationhood.

"True patriots we; for be it understood, we left our country for our country's good." So went a wry prologue written by one George Barrington for the opening of The Playhouse in Sydney on January 16, 1796. The actors were all convicts.

That social commentary by Mr Barrington, POHME, is possibly the first noted expression of a sometimes savage national sentiment in the Australian consciousness.

"I object to the Army recruiting advertisement on television," said C. L. Swift of Heathcote in the Sydney *Sun's* Phone-a-View agony column last May. "In it we see young men swearing an oath of allegiance to the Queen and her dependents — nowhere does it say they will lay down their lives for Australia. It's about time our leaders did something to improve the national spirit."

This, most probably, is another authentic voice of the people, since it can hardly be said that the *Sun* is given to lampoon. Not deliberately, in any case.

No, the funny thing about the Regular Army's recruiting commercial is that it's infinitely *safer*-looking than the Army Reserve's ad, which is packed full of violent derring-do. Whereas new Regulars are encouraged to enlist by what seems a holiday camp atmosphere, mammoth breakfasts ("the food is great, Mum") and good, clean sports activities building healthy, disciplined men ("Dad says it's a bloody miracle"), the Reserve attracts its part-time recruits with a jingoistic commercial emphasising Australia's blood-letting accomplishments of the past and — by clear inference — of the future. It may not show civilian soldiers mowing anyone down as they leap fully laden with articles of war from mechanical dragons, but it's chocka with gung-ho menace and implied opportunities for committing international vandalism. If not specifically about killing people, it does demonstrate what heavy calibre bullets can do to shrubbery.

"The Army Reserve commercial is one of the most disgraceful pieces of advertising cinematography ever," says ad-man John Nankervis.

Would you have thought an old ad-man's sensibilities could be thus offended? After all, wasn't it the militia of Mad Ave who originated the gun maxim, Let's run it up the flagpole and see who salutes?

Mr Nankervis is — don't be afraid to say it — wounded. "Those helicopter troop shots are stolen in the worst possible taste from *Apocalypse Now*," he says. "What we should keep in perspective is that the movie used the Valkyrie horror spectacle to show war up as evil. This commercial capitalises on the same image to *sell* war.

"I'm surprised there hasn't been more of an outcry, but Australians are an apathetic lot. I suppose that's the reasoning behind all these nationalistic commercials, actually. Probably it says something about us."

It does not, however, say very much for truth. Reservists remain weekend warriors who can't be sent into action except as volunteers or in special and legally prescribed circumstances. They're a protected species.

But patriotism doesn't always pay, depending upon your employment status. The fact is the Department of Social Security has been denying dole benefits to unemployed Reservists for periods of up to two weeks because they get a little money for taking part in training and manoeuvres. But Reservists who do have jobs receive tax-free payments from the Federal Government — an instance of some being more equal than others in the great egalitarian society.

The Reserve's commercial is dishonest in another way, too. Those bang-up visuals avoid mentioning the inhibiting prospect that if you get in the way of a military accident — incurring some gruesome disability by jumping out of a chopper or treading on a thunderflash or whatever — you'll be sidelined on a meagre pension for your trouble.

So unpatriotic is the treatment you can expect from your Government that the Victoria Reservists were ordered this year to take out personal injury insurance because workers' compensation payments are not considered adequate.

And, significantly, the Fraser Government exercised its unique sense of proportion by ordering expenditure of at least $70 million to man and equip Reserve units (the advertising campaign alone cost $1 million) without allocating one cent to prospective disabled bodies.

But back to accuracy in advertising: the Reserves' commercial claims a Boer War engagement at Eland's River in 1900 was the foundation of Australia's fighting tradition. Not true. Our first expeditionary force left 15 years earlier for the Sudan.

That was imperial Britain's war, waged against primitive but nonetheless patriotic tribesmen, and God knows Australia had no good reason to be part of it. But men bolted into uniform after a monumental home-front campaign of jingoistic bullshit.

The soldiers sloped home less than four months later. They had arrived in Africa just as the Brits were finished with buggering the blacks, and apart from one unimportant skirmish — arranged by courtesy of the Brigade of Guards — they'd spent the duration on fatigue duties.

Undoubtedly that's why, having so conspicuously failed to cover themselves in much, apart from historic ignominy, the Reserve commercial turns its back on them.

Also ignored was the contingent that really began it all, in 1863, when 2600 men were recruited in Sydney and Melbourne to take part in New Zealand's Maori Wars as four all-Australian regiments of the Waikato Militia. Some joined the volunteer ranks of a swashbuckling commando unit known as Von Tempsky's Forest Rangers, who wrought hell with the Horis. Of course, those Australians were distinguished from the Diggers who have fought this century's wars because they were, strictly speaking, mercenaries — they did it for land grants in the fertile valleys carved up by the conquerors. So they're not eligible heroes either.

•

If military pride equates with the national honor, and national honor feeds on patriotism, it's no wonder that the RSL regards itself as the repository and defender of the faith — even as its brothers' keeper, in times when it sees the values of a new generation apparently undermining old Diggers' definitions of Australianism.

And as far as a good many of them are concerned, that goes double for particular migrant groups.

A motion to the NSW Congress of the league last year put it this way: "The RSL views with grave concern the gradual destruction of what we and our fallen comrades fought for . . . We demand that action be taken to curb those militants who, in some cases, have arrived in this country at our expense."

The reasoning is simple — militants are in the unions, the most militant unionists are Pommie shop stewards, and if they were patriotic they'd have stayed in England.

You may be heartened, or horrified, by the narked reaction of a Newcastle delegate. He said he didn't remember being asked whether he was a member of a union when he was drafted in World War Two. "I've been a unionist all my life," he boiled, "and I believe more unionists died for this country than graziers or cow cockies."

There you have another of the multiple forms of Australian patriotism. When you get down to it, we all dislike *other* Australians' ideas of who and what is patriotic.

Ritual yells about the Yellow Peril aside, the biggest nationalistic barrow pushed by the RSL groans under loaded questions of threats to Australia's very survival. This year the league's annual defence paper called for construction of a nuclear reactor, giving Australia the capability to produce The Bomb.

Patriots of different persuasion were appalled. Not only by the league's professed desire for Australia to join in the ultimate percussive persuasion, but also by its call for the nurturing of close ties with South Africa on the grounds that it occupies — police brutality and apartheid notwithstanding — a strategic geographic position in this volatile, booby-trapped world.

"It seems most imprudent to permit abhorrence of apartheid to prejudice our national self-interest in other matters related to South Africa," the league's defence paper said.

But the super-patriot who best epitomises rampant Australianism is, indisputably, Lang Hancock. He represents those whose patriotism equates with vast profit and unimpeded means of making it. Even, or especially, down to selling of large portions of the country they love.

Government curbs on his free enterprise exuberance led to a memorable Hancock propaganda campaign — Wake Up, Australia! — the failure of which only hardened his conviction that Western Australia must secede from the federation. If you don't regard this as particularly patriotic, consider the national benefits Lang claims would accrue. He sees the Sandgropers becoming so wealthy without federal controls that they could raise the ante and the nuclear umbrella for a defence protecting the whole continent.

Western Australia, he told 400 businessmen at a luncheon in Sydney, could hire a missile submarine from the Americans and station it at Exmouth to stand guard over the national integrity.

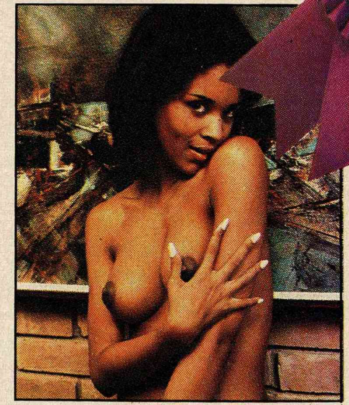
"Within two hours this submarine could discharge more firepower than both sides discharged in the whole of World War Two," he stated. "The Americans have 50 of these submarines. I believe a resource-rich WA, if it seceded, could do a deal with a mineral-hungry US for the loan of one of them."

The list of champion chauvinists goes on and on. There's precious little consensus among them, but this much they do share: they all have the predilection of the Almighty for shaping us in their own image, they all say we're screwed by one thing or another.

In that sense they're like sex therapists. Each says we can root better for Australia if it's his bed we put our shoes under. No different strokes for different folks.

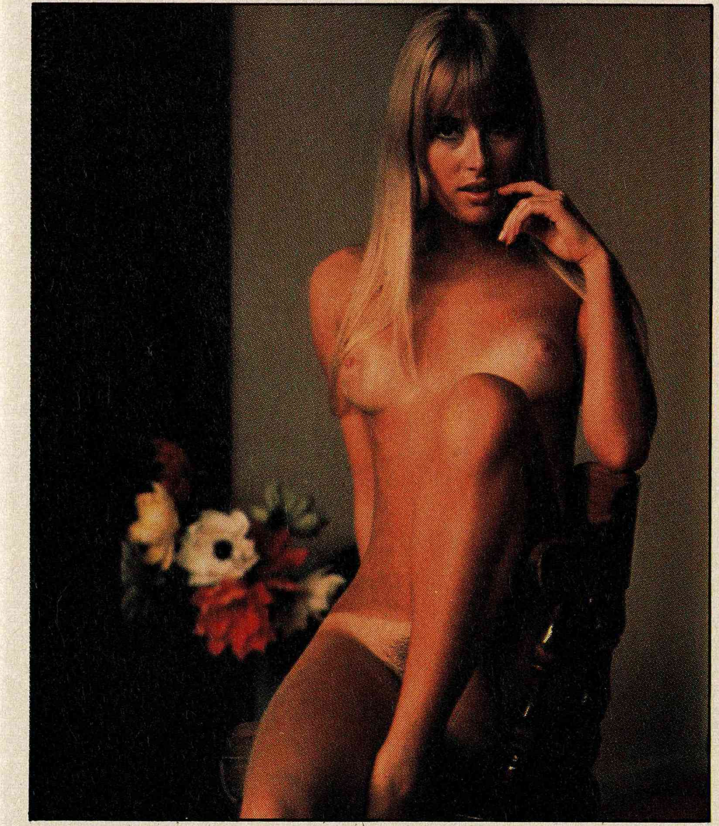
The repugnant idea that patriotism is something that should be taught, like dance steps or a conditioned Pavlovian reflex, puts me in mind of the dowager who asked Duke Ellington to tell her what swing was.

"Lady," he told her, "if you don't know, you ain't got it."



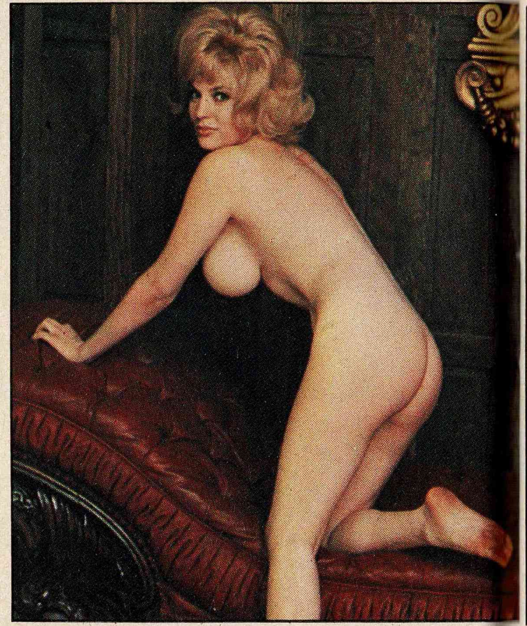
Bunny Birthday

since 1960, several thousand young women have worn the ears and tails of the playboy bunny, and we'd like to salute them. happy 20th birthday, bunny!



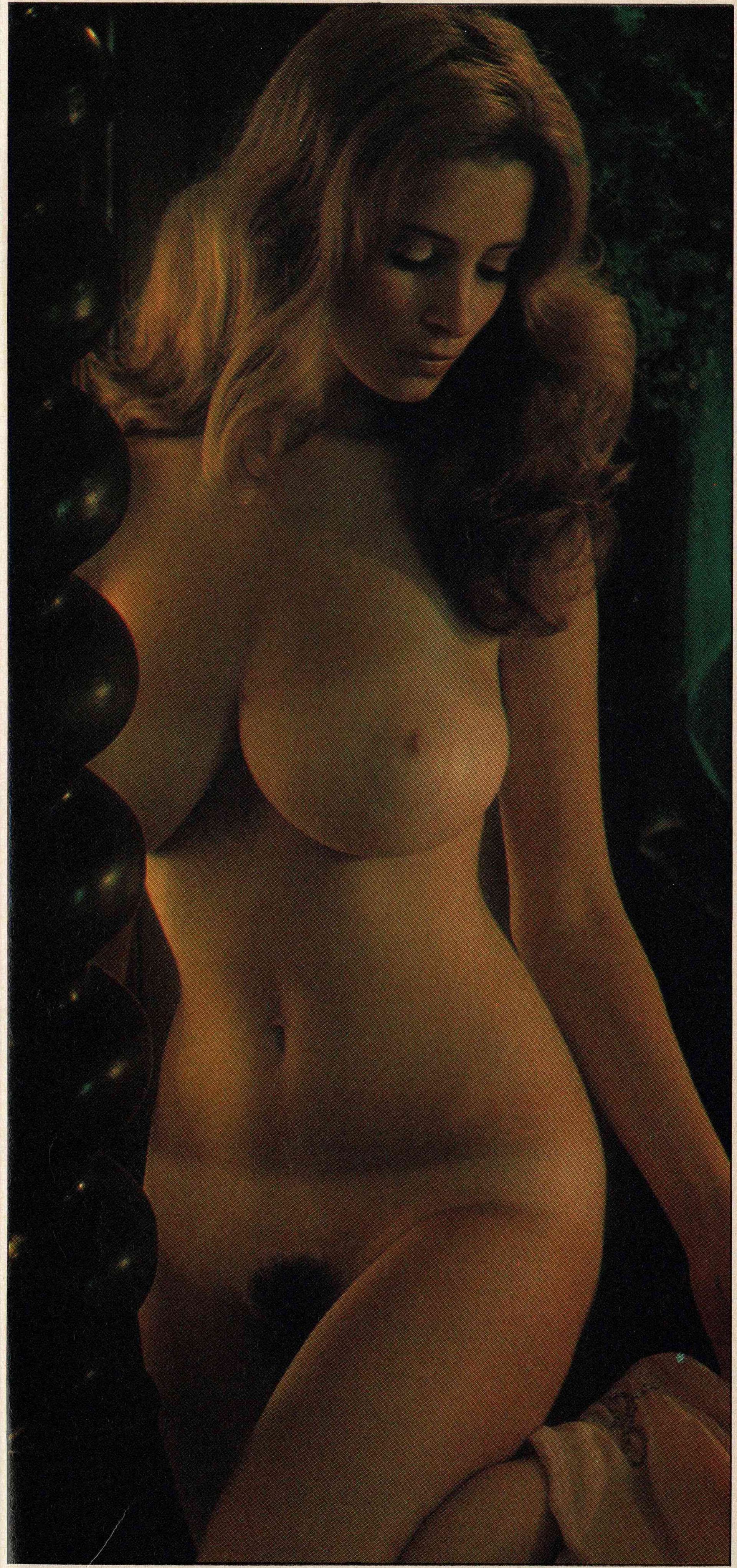
Celeb cottontails at top, left to right: Farrah Fawcett faked it for a 1971 TV movie called *The Feminist and the Fuzz;* New Wave rocker Deborah Harry looked nothing like she does with Blondie when she worked in the New York Club in 1970; Sonny and Cher appeared at Wisconsin's Lake Geneva Club; and Miss October 1969, Jean Bell, an actress, was once linked romantically with Richard Burton. Montreal Bunny Majken Haugedal (above) was a US Playmate of the Month in October 1968 while Marilyn Cole (right), whose home hutch was the London Club in Park Lane, was the Playmate of the Year in 1973

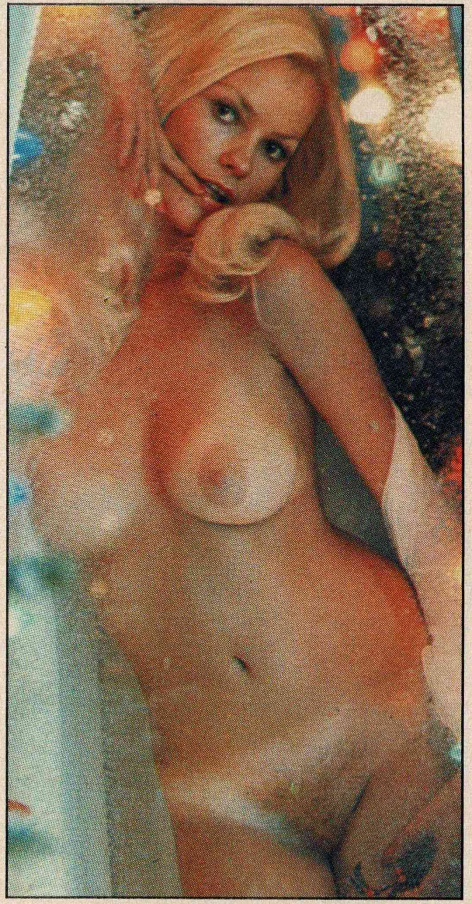
Connie Mason (near right) was the June 1963 Playmate and a Bunny in Chicago and New York; her daughter Elise was a Bunny in the New York Club years later. In August 1964, Budapest-born Marika Lukacs (far right) appeared in a *Bunnies of Chicago* pictorial. Victoria Cunningham, Miss April 1975 (below left), was discovered in the Los Angeles Club; she was later a Jet Bunny and the March 1976 cover girl. Carol Vitale (below right) has been a Bunny in Miami, a Playmate (July 1974) and a PLAYBOY cover girl (August 1972); in the movie *Sammy Somebody*, she played, you guessed it, a Bunny!



Another Jet Bunny, Carole Green (left) poses on Hefner's elliptical bed aboard the Big Bunny. Gwen Wong (below top), the April 1967 Playmate, was also a flight attendant aboard Hefner's customised stretch DC-9. The December 1968 Playmate Cynthia Myers (below bottom) was a star in the film *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Lake Geneva Bunny Barbara Sawyer (below left) was featured in the *Bunnies of '75* pictorial that was featured in November of that year.

Bunny Christa Speck (top), Miss September 1961, is now married to a Hollywood film producer, Marty Krofft. Also living in beautiful downtown Los Angeles are Hope Olson (top right) and Maria Richwine (above). Hope was Miss October in 1976 and actress Maria is known to movie fans as Buddy's wife in *The Buddy Holly Story*. A St Louis Bunny, Patti McGuire (right) became Miss November 1976, Playmate of the Year for 1977 and wed tennis ace Jimmy Connors.





We found the generously endowed Janet Lupo (left) working as a Bunny at the Great Gorge resort and Country Club in New Jersey and — no fools, we — quickly rushed her on to the gatefold of the November 1975 issue. One of the first British Bunnies was Dolly Read (top), Miss May 1966, now the wife of comedian Dick Martin. Playmate Karen Christy (above), a former girlfriend of Hugh Hefner, was featured in Gay Talese's best seller *Thy Neighbor's Wife.*

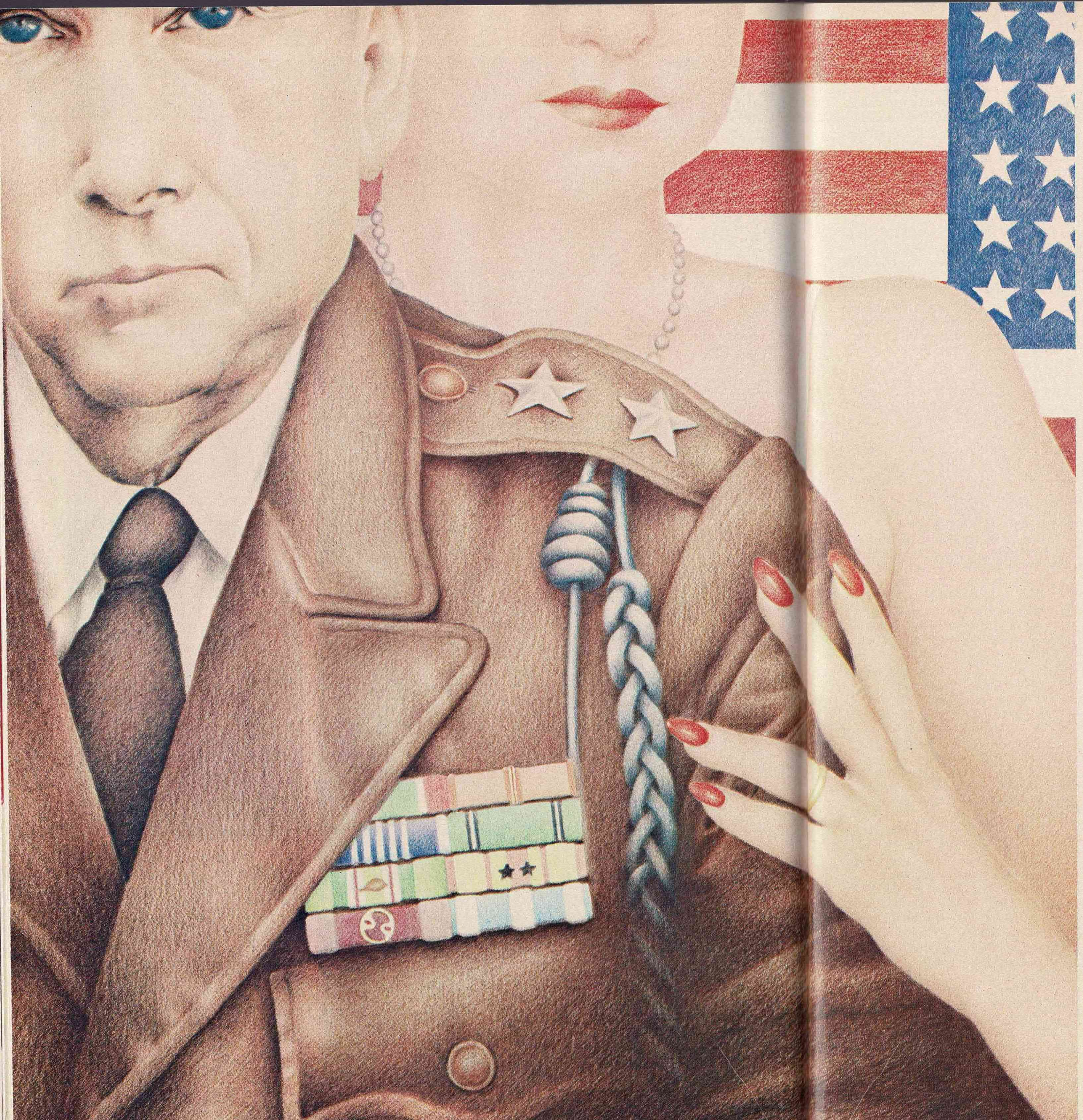


Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

THOMAS KENEALLY

The Henderson Affair

the triumphant victory over japan didn't mean anything to the general — he'd already lost all that he was fighting for

YOU ASK me if I remember that Australian girl? I might be 83 years of age but that doesn't mean I forget the salient features either of my career or my emotional history. I see she gets a mention in the Great Man's latest biography. They quote one of my old colleagues as saying that she would only screw generals. That's a malicious thing to say. I am in a position to declare the statement untrue. They also say that she ruined my career. I don't want to sound like a torch bearer for the feminists, nor do I want to create the impression that I'm a forgiving man. But any fool knows men ruin their own careers. Besides, mine wasn't ruined. It just sort of declined from then on. The Great Man didn't treat me like a brother any more. But years passed and the war ended before he — in so many words — sacked me.

It's a hackneyed line, but let me say it. She took me by surprise. I had led a very circumspect youth. In prewar Manila I had enjoyed the company both of my New Hampshire wife and my Filipino-Chinese mistress. Neither of them had acted out of step with my own career. I had not tended toward excesses of sexuality or liquor. And hence, at the peep of my forty-second year, I found myself chief-of-staff to a fully paid-up, bottled-in-bond Great Man. I had from my limited experience derived the theorem that women as a race are a manageable bunch, and I never expected a city like Melbourne to put a theorem like that to the test.

The Great Man was, of course, a great family man, and though he was invited to everything that moved that year in the antipodes, he was always having me stand in for him so that he could stay at home in the Menzies Hotel with his shy well-bred wife and his little boy.

I still remember that Government House party; scotch and sherry, umbrellas and raincoats stashed in the hall. I was led into a ballroom and introduced to a British Governor in a red sash. All around were the representatives of conquered nations: Poles, Greeks, even a few French. I entered as the symbol of the Great Man, who was himself the symbol of the fact that one day they would all be going home — unless they liked Melbourne better. And Melbourne wasn't so bad, the gardens stretching away to the river which flowed nicely beneath a low drizzle of rain. I was introduced to a conservative member of the Parliament and to his lady friend. It was Alison. She wore the uniform of any army private, and Australian army uniforms were about as elegant as a sack of potatoes. But somehow the ham-fisted material seemed to accentuate how lovely this girl was. She had light brown hair, blue eyes, elegant features, though her face tended to be square. She had to be the most beautiful square-faced woman I'd ever seen. The politician said: "General Henderson, I would like you to meet Mrs Alison Hunter."

I bowed to her. I was very courtly, being a Virginian.

She talked to me brightly. She wasn't abashed by the fact that I was the Great Man's chief-of-staff. I couldn't help wondering why. I mean, most people treated the Great Man and me as if we were Christ walking to them over the water.

I can't remember many of the details of the conversation, but I kept on repeating her name mentally. I promised myself I would be making inquiries about this superb, worldly girl who happened to be masquerading as an Aussie private. I said to her at one stage, "If the privates are as first rate as you, I would like to see some of the officers," and I remember she smiled and inclined her head a bit, no blushes, no special brightness of the eyes. As if she was used to getting compliments from important people.

After that I went to talk to some escapees from the holocaust in Europe, and the Governor honked away at my ear, a nice old gentleman but no substitute for Mrs Hunter. It wasn't till we were all waiting for our cars in the covered entranceway of Government House that I met the girl and her politician boyfriend again. The politician seemed to me to be frowning and formal, but Mrs Hunter bubbled away.

"I hope it's raining in The Wimmera," she told me.

The Wimmera was an area characterised by great sheep runs. Her father owned one, it seemed.

"Daddy gets depressed by it all," she told me. "The drought. All the dead sheep. He puts them all in a heap and burns them."

"It depressed the lot of us," said the politician looking away.

I soon found out why he was edgy. When his car arrived, she did not step into it with him. She looked up at me with an implication in her eyes that nearly unmanned me on the spot.

"I wondered if you could drop me off at Victoria Barracks, General?" she asked me.

The grand folly of my middle years, which would flourish and fall in exact time with the flourishing and fall of the Japanese Empire, had begun.

In the back of the car she said: "I wanted to ask you. Would you like to come to dinner? I've heard a rumor it's lonely in the American cantonment at the Menzies. I'm having a dinner party tonight," she said.

I laughed. She was a mover. For a second she seemed a little abashed, as if she was worried that I thought she was pushing too hard. It would be just about the last time I would ever see any such hesitation in her. She said: "I mean I've had tonight's dinner planned for weeks. But I can set an extra place."

"You're on, Mrs Hunter," I told her. "Will your husband be at table?"

She said he was on Montgomery's staff in the desert.

Well.

She had a big old house in Toorak and a pretty little maid who had somehow escaped the Government's manpower provisions. It was a superb dinner and I drank more than I had in a year. The Great Man pretended to be a drinker, always accepting a manhattan at cocktail hour, yet always leaving it unsipped. The rest of us tended to leave ours unsipped too. We were in a region of the Earth where a lot of cables came in overnight, especially communiques from the Joint Chiefs in Washington. Sometimes we had to be more clear-headed at 1 am than at the start of office hours. So I wasn't much of a drinker. That night, though, I went a little wild on her scotch. She also served some very good clarets which made me sneeze but left me ecstatic.

It wasn't such a big party: another conservative politician and his wife, an Australian major and his fiancée.

Mindful of the reputation of my military team, I made preparations to leave at the same time as the politician and his wife, but Mrs Hunter put her hand on one of mine as the others were fetching their hats and umbrellas in the hall. "You don't have to go," she said. "They're friends of mine. They can be trusted implicitly."

By breakfast time the next morning I was so in love that even the grey skyline of Melbourne under the threat of rain and Japanese ambitions shone in my eyes like Xanadu.

•

That autumn and winter in Melbourne I remember as quite a season. The Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington wanted the Solomons, New Ireland, New Britain to be retaken by Labor Day, but in fact some of us wondered if we'd still have Australia at year's end. But I think I was too busy and too happy to succumb to the general hysteria of those days. Needless to say, Asians and Jews and the young were dying everywhere. But it was a sweet season for me.

Then, in mid-winter, the staff moved north to Brisbane. We took over a hotel called Lennon's there, and one of the town's few skyscrapers became command headquarters. Brisbane was warmer. I seem to remember that you got frangipani and bougainvillea there practically in the middle of winter. But we didn't go there for the improved surroundings. Brisbane was closer to the centre of the Great Man's line, close to his B-17 bombers on which our whole strategy depended.

Even working 15 hours a day, I took the time to ensure Alison Hunter's transfer to our HQ.

I found there was an opening among the typists. A girl of her intelligence and style would have made an excellent administrative assistant in the personnel or intelligence sections. But in those days they gave a woman a challenging job like that only if she had typing and shorthand. And Alison wasn't the sort of girl who'd been taught such skills in girlhood or who was likely to settle to them amenably at the age of 27.

I could, of course, have had her posted to Brisbane for no particular reason, but I had to be wary of enemies and of the Great Man, who had no room in his world for girls who were simply superlative in the sack. So she just had to learn typing.

She arrived by train at breakfast time one morning. I was there to meet her, sitting inside my staff car, my driver standing by the ticket barrier watching for her. I was a little dismayed to see him leading not only the divine Alison towards me but Alison's maid as well. The maid sat in front with the driver. I was so troubled by desire that I didn't notice for some five minutes that Alison had been transmogrified — for no good military reason I could think of even then — into an Australian second lieutenant.

"Darling," I told her in a whisper, "you can't keep the maid."

"You're not serious," she said.

"It'll draw too much attention to us. I know. You'll become notorious. You don't want that."

She did a bit of head tossing. "How do you know what I want and don't?" she asked me. She looked pale, as if she'd sat up in the train all night.

I won about the maid. Hotel rooms were so scarce in Brisbane that the girl would have had to share a room with Alison, and so Alison was convinced. The maid was railed south to her destiny in Melbourne.

•

I was a tough bastard in those days. The biographers of the Great Man describe me as arrogant. But when it came to persuade Alison to type — and quick! — I was gentle, I was honey-tongued. She joined a group of four Australian girls on the

"She'll be right, mate."

third floor, copying reports, plans and situation papers.

I never visited that floor except the one time. A morning came when I had occasion to go down there and visit a very bright operations officer whose brother had been killed on Guadalcanal. On the way, I passed the door of the office Alison shared with three others. I did not look in there; I hardly paused in passing. I just sort of picked up and registered the radiance of the sweet girl as I passed.

But on my way back from offering my condolences the door was wide open, one of General Heeney's (the air force general's) staff colonels was in there, holding papers in his hands and raging. He was being answered by a mannish Australian she-captain.

"I've had this goddamn report with you two days," he was screaming "and when I get it back it looks as if it were done by an orang-utan."

"You can't blame me," the she-captain told him bravely. "There are only four of us." Her eyes darted in Alison's direction. "Really there are only three."

Alison had folded her arms over her breast. "Oh come on!" she said. "It's only a load of balls about cutting trucks in two with torches and welding them together again when they get to New Guinea. It doesn't seem to be the sort of thing on which the bloody world depends." Her eyes were on the ceiling, as if she believed her time were being badly used by fools.

"That's classified, lieutenant!" he roared at her. "Are you the one who typed this mass of gobbledygook?"

"Your handwriting was a positive bastard," said Alison.

"Jesus! Either you get rid of her, captain," the colonel thundered "or I'm going to send you to goddamn Charters Towers!"

The threat seemed to impress the captain. She went pale. She was still angry but her voice was lower. "This girl was posted here on the request of one of your own officers," she said.

It was time to intervene. I walked through the open door and everyone except Alison took a step backwards. I asked what the problem was. The colonel repeated his complaint. I told him to have more regard for the sensibilities of our Allied sisters. I ordered the captain to type the goddamn report herself instantly. When they both tried to speak I held my hand up. The colonel grew careful. He knew I was a vengeful bastard.

Alison's awful typing had made me vulnerable and I had to cover my flanks. I went straight to Heeney, the air force general, and complained furiously about what a crass bastard his colonel had been to the women. I had the bulky she-captain transferred north to Townsville. You might think I was taking excessive care of my reputation. I was *then*. It was only later that I got reckless.

Anyhow I found a niche for the dear girl. There were frequent cocktail parties at Lennon's. Some of them for visiting congressmen. The Great Man rarely attended. Alison knew so much about booze that she made a very credible sort of supervisor, a figure of command among the bottles of gin and vermouth.

And so we ground on sweetly.

•

For the next six months the Great Man and I commuted between Brisbane and Port Moresby. In Port Moresby we lived in the Governor's residence above the bay. The air was full of the scent of pink bougainvillea, and natives in stars-and-stripes laplaps tended to us.

When, in the new year, Buna and Sananananda fell with heavy loss of life on the north coast of New Guinea, we really began to slave, the Great Man and I. But we still made it to Brisbane once every few weeks, and I comforted Alison the way I comforted myself — by telling her that, as soon as we settled down, I'd fetch her up to the new headquarters.

> *"I knew what death was. It was a very personal oblivion, it was no longer being able to bed down with Alison."*

In the following months I went into the beachhead at Los Negros in the Bismarck Sea in the Great Man's landing barge and strolled about with him in the middle of the battle. All the staff were terrified and I don't blame them, because we were making inspections of enemy corpses on the perimeter and were set-ups for snipers. We did the same thing at Hollandia, anxious subalterns telling the Great Man that there were snipers ahead in the stinking jungle, the Great Man smiling at them beatifically and leading us on anyhow. The fact that Alison was waiting back in Brisbane added both a spice and a new terror to these excursions on to the battlefield. I knew what death was. It was a very personal oblivion, it was no longer being able to bed down with Alison.

Once we had Hollandia, we found it a very beautiful place: facing a lagoon, sheer lush mountains behind it, an MGM waterfall cascading down them.

I requested that Lieutenant Alison Hunter be transferred to Hollandia HQ with the rank of captain.

While the Great Man went on commuting, I stayed at Hollandia with Alison, involved in plans for amphibious landings further west and for the assault on the Philippines. That girl and I were — *de facto* — king and queen of Hollandia. Among all the masses of work, I remember the rare picnics by the waterfall at Cyclops Mountain. Like any royal family, we were lonely; people disapproved of our manners. The other Australian secretaries around the place were in a high state of moral disapprobation.

There was a colonel of engineers at Hollandia called Buzz Cooper. He could do telepathic parlor stunts, and one night in the living room where most of us were gathered in apparent friendliness, he used Alison as the subject for one of his tricks. He sat in an armchair at one end of the room and concentrated on the name of a particular person. Alison settled in a cane chair at the other end of the room, the violet luminescence of Lake Sentani framing her head. She was free to think of anything or anyone, but as soon as a particular person entered her head she was to name who it was. As the time passed, it was clear that Alison was taking her task seriously. She sat there immobile, a faint sheen of sweat on her upper lip. At last she opened her eyes. "Eleanor Roosevelt," she announced.

Buzz Cooper had written down on a slip of paper the name he would try to transmit into Alison's mind. The name was Eleanor Roosevelt.

I applauded with the rest, but would have cause to curse Buzz Cooper's little telepathic gift.

The next visit by the Great Man to Hollandia was marked by intense planning sessions. Following some Australian generals down the hallway towards the sitting room at the end of just such a session, I saw through a door that Alison was already in there in the totally unaccustomed role of waitress. She was handing round iced glasses of lemonade to the assembled staffs of two armies and I saw the Great Man, fresh glass in hand, looking at her with a frown, a question forming in his eyes. I could sense that the question would be better answered by one of my juniors, so I continued down to the latrines.

I found out later what had happened. As soon as Alison had pranced out with her tray, the general had asked who she was. One of my own aides told him that she was an Australian officer who acted as hostess. I think it's likely that the Great Man could tell — by balancing out what was said and what wasn't, by looking at the evasive eyes of some of the others — what the story was. He said: "Very well. Soon we'll be moving on, gentlemen. I've given an undertaking to the Prime Minister of Australia that no Australian conscript or member of the women's forces will be employed in the reconquest of the Philippines. I expect you all to remember that."

I would reason later that, because I was in the latrines when that particular edict was uttered, I would not be expected to know of it. Already, nightly, Alison was begging me not to leave her behind.

Move we did. In October that year the Great Man and his entourage landed at Red Beach on Leyte. We waded ashore like GI's because the landing barge stuck 50 metres out on the sand. Soon we were in Tacloban and took over the best house in town, but the place couldn't be any love nest the way the house in Hollandia had been. There were continual strafings and bombings. A few dozen people were killed in houses on either side of us. It wasn't the place for Alison.

She flew in with some engineers later in the month. I issued discreet orders to some junior officers to build her a little house down the coast, and they went to work. The Great Man's engineer came and complained to me, saying his men had more important work to do than that. It was so much nonsense, because in that monsoon season every yard of cement they tried to pour to make runways was immediately washed away. Just the same, between them the whole damn staff built up a head of sexual jealousy. The officer class are, I suppose, all racists, and they resented me my sweet little Australian-Caucasian.

So Alison's house was built on the beach, not far from an engineering depot and a transit camp for infantrymen. I visited the place many times. Alison had set herself up elegantly and acquired two Filipino servants. "I feel the world's returning to normal," she said as they bustled around her.

I noticed with unease that all her furniture was government issue. "How did you get all this?" I asked her. She was as well set up as we were in Tacloban.

"If I want anything, I just call up and ask Buzz Cooper," she told me. "He's quite manageable."

"Don't," I said. "Don't bother any of the staff." I put my arms around her. "I'm the only member of the staff you can bother. I mean it."

I know now that she didn't stop worrying Buzz Cooper. Her demands for furniture and other household items were so imperious that he decided that the Great Man should know. But even then he didn't tell him direct. He visited him late in the afternoon, while the Great Man was relaxing in a rocker on the front porch of the headquarters mansion in town. It was raining, the place was safe for the moment from aircraft. They sat not talking much, ideal conditions for Buzz Cooper's telepathic transmission. After a time the Great Man said: "You know that Australian girl? The one in Hollandia? I believe she's the wife of an Australian staff officer."

"That's right," said Buzz, hoping the Great Man would go further.

"I wonder where she is now?"

Buzz Cooper was able to tell him.

The Great Man came indoors screaming: "Get Henderson!" I was on the second floor but I heard him. I waited for him to reach my office. All the way he screamed and cussed most uncharacteristically. Buzz had told him that Alison planned a divorce and he didn't want *that* in the press.

> *"I opened my door. He had two military policemen with him. 'You're under house arrest, you son of a bitch,' he told me."*

I opened my door and met him. He had two military policemen with him. "You're under house arrest, you son of a bitch!" he told me.

They even sent a corporal of the First Cavalry Division with me when I went for a crap. For three days I was not allowed the use of the telephone and my meals were sent to me in my room. Meanwhile the Great Man had sent his assistant provost-marshal down to the beach to fetch Alison, give her 20 minutes to pack, and put her on a plane back to Brisbane. The conquest of the Philippines would have to continue without her.

I was allowed my freedom again by the end of the week. But the experience had soured me. The army, I began to think, was built on childish relationships and childish discipline. I went on working hard. But I'd lost faith in my career.

By Christmas, Leyte had been secured. General Suzuki was hiding in the jungle, Mindoro with its good airfields had fallen, and the planning for the assault on Luzon was complete. Chewing on a lump of peanut brittle, a Christmas present from my son, I broke half a molar away. The pain was great, although only a small portion of the world's pain that Christmas. I had always had difficult teeth, and my dental x-rays and records were either back in Hollandia or had perhaps been returned to Brisbane, I wasn't sure which. In any case, I considered I deserved a visit to Brisbane.

I arrived in Brisbane late on a Friday afternoon and went straight to Alison's hotel. My army dentist had been booked by radio for 9pm, the expected time of arrival, but the long, cold turbulent flight across New Guinea and down the north coast of Australia had been speeded along by favorable winds. The dentist and the pain meant nothing as I took the old elevator to the third floor. My teeth, good and bad, were chattering as I got close to her door. I was a dozen paces off when the door opened and an Australian boy came through, a captain, and stood with his cap in his hand, blinking at me. He was followed by Alison, who did not see me and did not blink, but bent to the door handle and locked her door.

The captain saluted me. He was no older than she was, and I hated him more purely than any other being on the face of the Earth.

Alison saw me. "Oh," she said. I could tell she'd just had a time with this boy. I could tell.

She introduced us and I was polite, the pain in my jaw piercing me through like a rivet.

"How are things in Leyte?" she asked me politely, like a stranger. Like a stranger I told her that Leyte was all sewn up.

I would be back later that evening, I told myself, with my service pistol.

"We were going to dinner," she said. "Would you care to join us?"

"No," I said. "I don't think so."

"Well," she said. She even seemed to be enjoying herself, as if she believed I'd kicked her out of Leyte and needed putting in my place.

They passed me and went to the elevator, and I continued down the hall as if I had someone to visit on that floor. When they'd vanished I put my head against the wall and wept. Then I called the dentist, putting him off till morning. Without a broken molar I would have no distraction from the worst pain of all.

A few weeks later, as we steamed into Lingayen on the quarterdeck of *USS Boise*, commentators remarked that I looked at the kamikazes with the same *sang-froid* as the Great Man. As if I couldn't have given a damn whether one of them got us or not.

AUSTRALIA ON FIRE
A FIREFIGHTER'S STORY

article by Kit Denton

KATOOMBA sprawls ungainly on the spine of the Blue Mountains, simmering in the flat bronze glare of the sun. The people crowding the long downhill run of Katoomba Street gleam with sweat as they hump their Christmas shopping out of the stores which send out the illogical music of Good King Wenceslas and Jingle Bells. The temperature is 30 degrees and there's a wicked wind blowing. Below the ridge of the mountains, down in the bush-heavy gorges and the timbered valleys, the colors are brown and grey more than green below the cloudless grill of the sky, and that wind blusters along the funnels and corridors of hot rock, gathering pace in a tidal race of heated air. There's no moisture in it or in the soil it lifts and tumbles or in the vegetation between, whipping and spinning in the vortices of wind.

It's a little before noon on December 16. In the control room of Bushfire Headquarters the glowing figures on the black screen flicker through a continuous series of permutations: 30 degrees; 18 percent relative humidity; west-southwest wind at 30km/h. The computer says that adds up to a fire rating of 34 in a scale of 100.

I'm on the way back from Katoomba, heading home to Wentworth Falls with the Christmas meat and booze in the back of the station-wagon, listening to the news from 2KA, the local station. There's been a spot fire burning somewhere behind Lawson for about an hour and now, as the road dips and bends just beyond Leura, I see the column of smoke in the sky and I feel the lurch in my chest. That's closer than Lawson, that smoke! I slam my foot down. Bugger the speed signs — I want to get home!

The sirens are howling as I swing off the Great Western Highway on the back road to my place and in those two or three minutes the smoke solidifies into a clumpy scar on the clear skin of the sky. 2KA is telling me that a new fire has started on King's Tableland Road, perhaps eight kilometres from my house on the other side of the highway. By the time I pull in, the newsreader is talking about a possible threat to Bodington Old People's Hospital at Wentworth Falls. By the time the meat and drink are out of the car he's saying there's a need for volunteers to help evacuate the hospital.

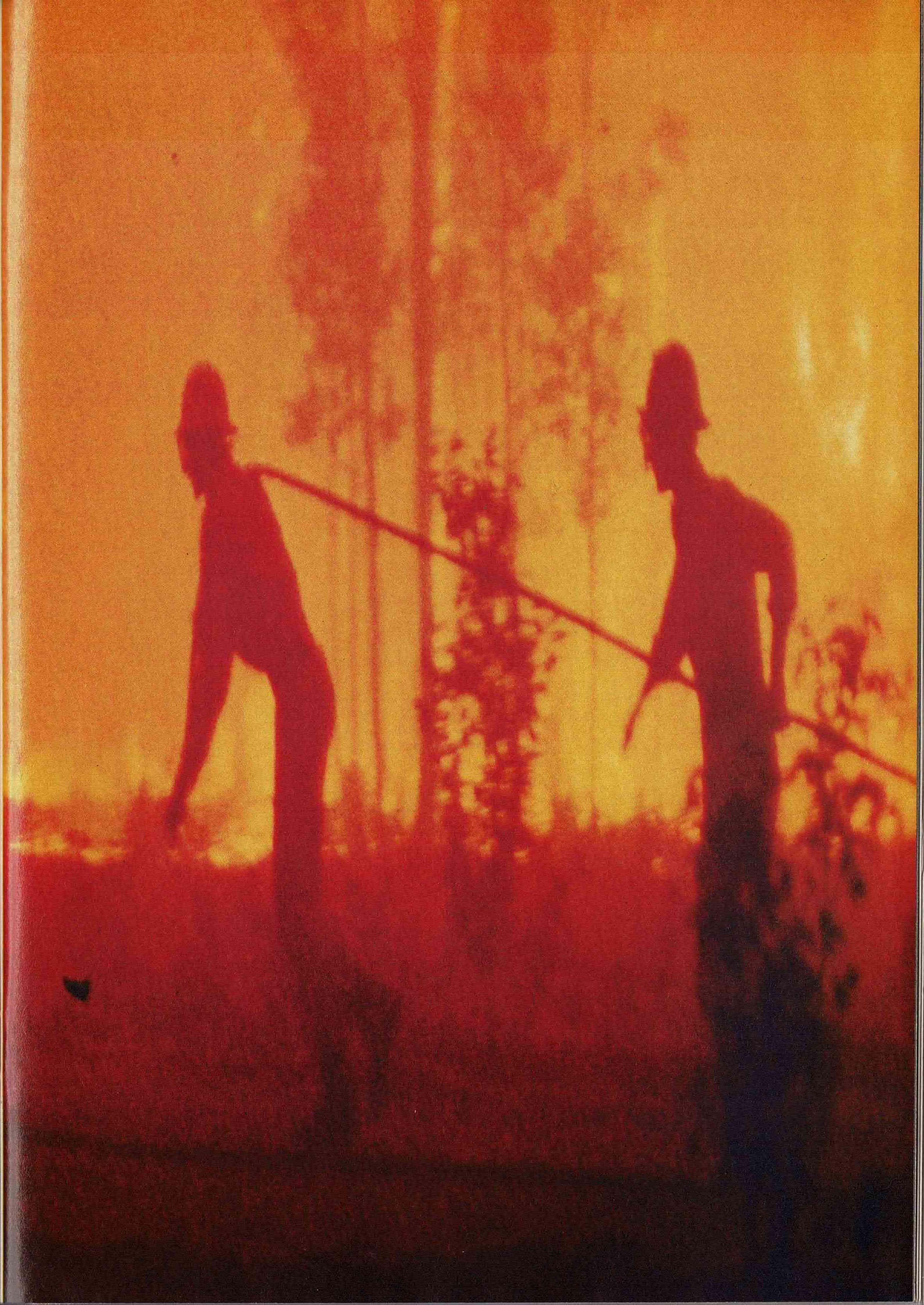
We'd all known it was likely, probable. The endless dry weather, the westerly winds, the long spell since the last bad fires all added up to what's happening. There's just so much burning back you can do, so many fire trails you can cut, so much clearing, so much patrolling. In these conditions, sooner or later it's going to blow up in your face. The sunlight will do it, striking through a broken stubbie or from a discarded can; a cigarette butt flicked unthinkingly from a car; someone who hasn't heard the warnings or doesn't understand them or doesn't give a stuff and lights a picnic fire. Or a nut-case: someone with an urge to see things burn, a twisted smile and a box of matches.

My wife and kids help me unload the car and they're twitchy, remembering the last time, the time the face of the fire came at us across a ridge four and a half kilometres in quarter of an hour and would have eaten our house if the Little Hartley Brigade hadn't turned up in time. My wife knows what to do about closing the house up and filling the bath, about getting the tin box of family papers together and the few bits of valuables, about keeping the dogs inside and not worrying about the cats — they're smart enough to know when to get the hell out! I toss a spade and a mattock into the back of the wagon and head for Bodington Hospital.

By now the brigades are out. They've been on standby for long days and Bushfire HQ has been constantly manned, phones and radios linking a thin web of men in a huge arc of fuel-rich country. The web includes the regulars of the NSW Fire Brigades, the ones with red collar-flashes, and the town volunteers under the same control, and the Bushfire Brigades, the total volunteers. All of these people — Rednecks, Townies and Bushies — are very much on the alert and now some of them have been sent into action.

At Bodington the shadows are short and the Sun beats at the line of ambulances, buses and cars and hammers at the frail old figures as nurses and ambulancemen help them out of the sprawling old wooden hospital on the edge of a ridge. Across the valley the far ridge is smoking and there's a grey haze sweeping down into the low ground, the wind behind it pushing an edge of red through the trees. Two old men are being helped into a car in the loom of a disaster and they're arguing about the Jack Johnson-Tommy Burns fight in shrill voices which are eventually muffled by the roar of an incoming Bushfire tanker.

I make one run and then duck back to the house to change into heavy underwear and woollen socks and boots and overalls and head straight back to Bodington Hospital. Our own town volunteer brigade is there and I ask if they need an extra hand. Malcolm, the captain, nods without smiling and waves me in. He used to run a



car repair place and Jacko, the driver and engine-keeper, works for the local bus company. Andrew has a real-estate agency, Lionel works at his father's garage, Danny has a butcher's shop in our village, and Greg's our postman. There's an old bloke called George who used to be on the Council road-gang and Jacko's boy, a kid of about 17. And now there's me.

It's two o'clock and the Sun has gone, eclipsed entirely by the smother of smoke climbing out of the valley. Above us, it's a uniform yellow-grey, around us it's almost white and a little below us where we're strung across a downward slope it's very dark, almost black, and boiling forward and up in a swelling pulse. We're part of a thin line of men — hospital workers, police, neighbors — and we're armed with wet sacks, long leafy branches, a few spades and mattocks and the narrow-bore hoses from the village tanker. With these weapons we stare down at the animal coming to us.

The fire *is* an animal. Born only a couple of hours ago, it has found a young strength which is a thing of fright. It feeds voraciously as it runs and it makes noises which chill the blood in the face of its hot breath. Its coming is marked by the sharp crackle of the dry bush it tramples underfoot and then there's a fusillade of shots as it explodes the thin branches of the trees and all the time it yells at you, a continuous howl as it rides the wind. When it comes close, when you can see the anger of the red flame inside the smoke, when the dull overlay of heat becomes a sudden fierce burning, then you can hear the low growling beneath it all, the belly-hungry rumbling of a wild omnivore, and if you don't feel afraid you're stupid.

On my right, Andrew looks impassive as he directs a thin jet of water ahead of us. To the left of me there's a chunky man dangerously uncovered in shorts and a singlet and he's lighting a smoke. I hope I look as relaxed as them, but I doubt it.

The old School of Arts at Wentworth Falls is dun-colored and shabby and the smoky light filters even more greyly through the tall and dirty windows. The women have set up trestle tables and, although the noises echo and the loose iron on the roof rattles in the wind, there's a sense of order. Half a dozen women and a scamper of kids put clean old sheets and oilcloth on the tables where the sandwich piles and a growing stack of boxes and baskets and cans are already building on the splintery floor as people keep coming with donations of food and drink for the firefighters. Someone's brought three dozen hard-boiled eggs and a local shopkeeper has sent a stack of sliced loaves. Now a man starts ferrying in crates of milk from a nearby dairy depot. The transistor next to the steaming urn is blatting out rock music, interrupted by newsflashes about the fire and calls to people to keep off the roads and not to use the water unnecessarily. The reservoirs are already low and the pressure is dropping.

The wind is getting stronger, moving down the west-east valleys like an explosive charge inside a gunbarrel. The projectile is the fire.

There are two men under the front edge of Bodington Hospital, choking in the mix of dust and smoke and trying to get a jet of water on to the sparks that keep blowing under there. There are two more on the roof with another skinny hose, their feet sticking to the tarred iron. The rest of us have been forced back and up by the face of flame snarling out of the valley at us and making us scramble back to the road and the cracking concrete of the carpark. More men and another tanker have come in behind us and we stand there, perhaps two dozen of us now, eyes streaming, faces smudged, throats raw. We've got mains water but the pressure keeps flagging as the demands increase and the newcomers tell us the fire's flashed past us, down below where the valley swings, and it's reached in behind Bullaburra and Lawson now.

Bodington Hospital should have been burnt through, old timber and tarred iron and all. Maybe the firebreak of the roadway and the couple of cleared areas have saved it. Maybe a momentary shift in the wind's flight. Maybe we helped, although what we did with what we had doesn't seem much when we remember the way the firefront stood up to us, 15 metres high and a kilometre wide.

The indicator lights on the map at HQ are spread now, linking square after square in a pattern of impending disaster as the fire raves and runs wild. It has casually jumped the twin ribbons of railway line and highway and there are places where men are fighting desperately to keep the road open. No trains are running up here and some beleaguered station masters are reporting sleepers alight and rails softening and bending in the intense heat. Calls for assistance have come from 13 areas and the fire is below Lawson and in behind Hazelbrook. Metropolitan brigades have been asked to send help. Section 41F of the Bush Fires Act has been invoked and that gives the senior regular fire officer up here emergency powers and puts the council's fire control officer in as his second in command. The phrase being bandied around by officials, firefighters and residents is "a critical situation".

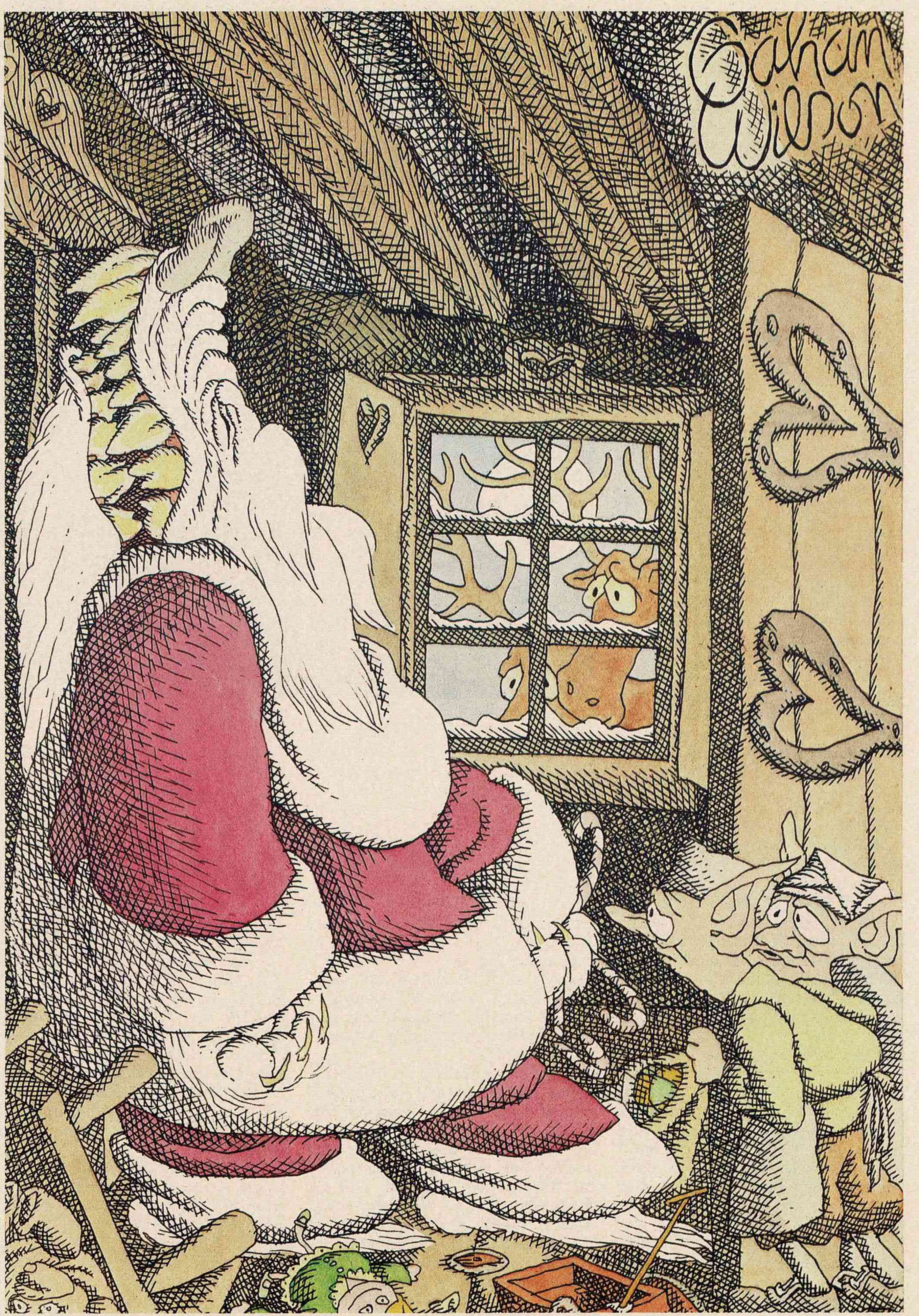
It's early evening as we pull back into the village at Wentworth Falls and there's time for a quick shower and a hasty meal and to worry about all the dust-dry country to the west of us and the reports that there's a blaze in the State forest up that way. By then it's night, but not dark and I remember the night skies of blitz-time England and the great visual echoes which bled into the blackness above and turned it orange. This is the same, and rolling down the highway the six kilometres to Lawson, sweating again in spite of the shower, a belly full of burps from eating too fast, both sides of the road are like a fireworks display where the sparks and embers blow and rise. At Lawson, the convent on the highway is well ablaze, the men standing clear as a section of the roof goes in and the old trees along the fence-front stand burning like a row of medieval torches. The nuns, some of them tiny, slim Vietnamese girls, are quiet and orderly although some weep as they carry what they've saved and climb into the waiting buses. A big solid man standing alongside me wipes his sweaty face and streaks it with ash, then spits in the dust and says: "Pity about that — all them little nuns. An' I'm a bloody Baptist!" And we watch the little shrine burn.

Saturday is when the dawn is a sort of greeny-grey with the rising Sun diffused through the stratum of smoke which hangs all across the mountains and blows down to the coast, smearing the rainless sky. The dawn brings the wind again and, in the many places where the animal fire had slept through the night, it stirs and begins to stalk the countryside, hungry for anything it can eat.

Saturday is when the wind drops to 10km/h but comes steadily from the west-northwest in a temperature of 34 degrees. By now the fires are at the western edges of Faulconbridge and Springwood and it's beginning to look as though they can't be stopped, so the day becomes one of property protection and putting men to work to hack out fire breaks even lower down the mountains.

The Salvation Army uniforms are where they usually are, in the middle of the trouble, sometimes ahead of it. One van comes out of a huge bank of hot smoke, coming towards us from where the fire is raging and when we remonstrate with the elderly Salvo driving it he says, simply: "But I've got cool drinks in here! Don't you want some?"

The Great Western Highway looks strange without its usual traffic. This day it's thick with the red and orange



"Any time Christmas falls on a full moon we've got problems."

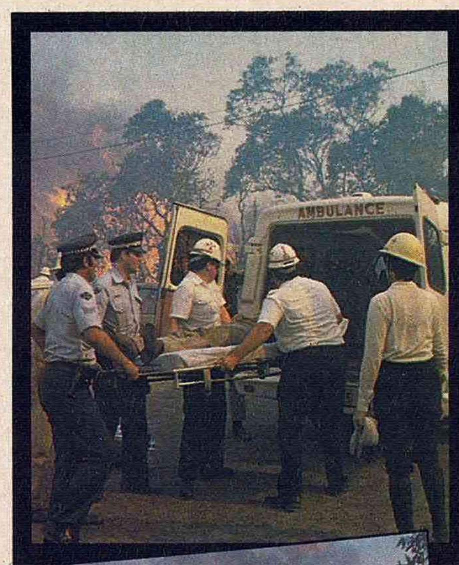
of fire appliances and Bushfire trucks and we see some strange names on them — Kenthurst, Castlereagh Street, Baulkham Hills, Warringah. Someone says he's seen one from Bathurst, 100 kilometres away. And there are State Emergency Service cars and SEC breakdown vans and a bus full of policemen following their Mobile Disaster Unit. There are the incongruous ones — a McDonald's truck with a load of donated food and one from Colonel Sanders, the smell of the chicken coming crisply through the smoke.

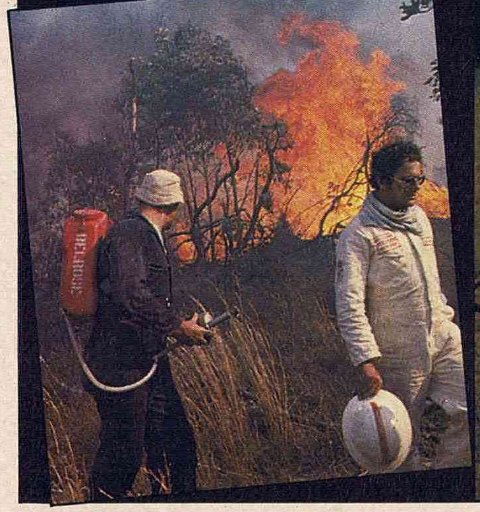
We're called in to the Springwood Fire Station for a meal break and a vehicle check and there's a plump little old man and three motherly women with beaming smiles and miraculous plates of hot mince and spuds and greens! And there's strong tea and cigarettes and a chance to flake out on the floor and talk to the other half-dozen crews in for a break and to feel, briefly, it was all getting better. I manage to sneak a phone call home and find my younger daughter indignant that she, at 14, has been relegated to looking after the animals and staying put. My wife and elder daughter are on the sandwich-cutting routine and my 18-year-old son is out somewhere with a State Emergency Service crew and the Bushies.

Sunday is worse. The land from Wentworth Falls to Faulconbridge is a waste. North to south across something like 30 kilometres there are plumes and tendrils of smoke rising from a carpet of black embroidered with the sere brown of scorched growth. Scattered over it all is the material evidence of the fire's hunger — the bones of a house, the skeleton of a car, the sooted cauldron which had been a water tank. And there are the pathetically shrunken and crisped bodies of the animals which hadn't made it, the little wild beasts and the dogs and cats, the small goats and the chickens which had been lost or abandoned in the rush to get away. Piccaninny dawn on Sunday is as still as those corpses.

First light brings the wind back and the hint of heat. Dry leaves begin to rustle and slide with the dust along the Springwood streets and with the first long strokes of the sun the wind builds again, coming in sudden harsh gusts. The wakening men look up at the treetops whipping and tune their radios for a forecast and close their faces when they hear it.

Sunday is quiet for us, at first. Standing-by in a quiet street in Springwood, below the railway-line and across from a row of comfortable houses, the tanker's radio crackling a string of messages as we loll back on a grass bank. The messages don't mean us. Not yet. Further back behind us is the highway and one of the fine sights along there is the convoy of half a dozen Ampol tankers sweeping up the hill, flat out with a police motorcycle escort, the sun flashing off the silver tanks. They're full of water, 45,500 litres apiece, and every drop of it is going to be needed.





At Bushfire HQ the little green figures on the readout screen are adding up to a catastrophe. And by this afternoon they will indicate a temperature of 39 degrees, with west-northwesterly winds at 90km/h, a relative humidity reading of only nine percent and a fire rating, in a scale of 100, of 100-plus.

It starts for us when we're called to Burns Avenue, one of a series of near-parallel roads running down towards Sassafras Gully. The gully is part of the valley system which had spawned and has been carrying the infection of the fire for two days now, and the roads leading down to it, lined with houses, are a crammed jumble of vehicles and people, householders trying to get their families out, firefighters trying to get in and through. As Jacko edges our tanker through the crush we can see the smoke boiling over down at the end and the push of the wind leans heavily on us as we offload and get set into the hydrants.

Arms of the fire have gone past us by now, past Springwood and on downhill, hurled by the muscles of the wind into the lower gorges under Lapstone Hill and heading for the river flats at Emu Plains. It's feared it will jump the Nepean River and head for Penrith. There are something like 2500 men against the fire now, including Army and RAAF, and it already feels like a Black Sunday.

We're waiting for it down near the end of the road, a man across from us still hosing down his roof and walls and the two Bushfire trucks and a Rover come bursting out of the drop-curtain of smoke just beyond us and slam past, the Rover slowing just long enough for the blackened captain to yell to us: "It's a real bastard! It's going to come right through this bloody place!"

There's a patch of houseless ground where we are, thin scrub and young trees and a greenhouse and the fire comes to it carefully, edging up over the lip of the gully to check the track ahead, then stealing into the scrub and spreading its line, waiting for the wind to help. When the gust comes the fire leaps, racing through the loose dryness, climbing the trees with great agility and bursting into a high jump at each crown, reaching for us, for anything to devour.

Without the road as a break we could have done almost nothing; the road and the pink Farley & Lewers cement mixer which grumbles down to us, the big drum rotating slowly as the driver lowers his window a little and shouts round the cigarette cocked in his mouth, "Oi! I got a load of water in there — where ya want it?" We guide him as he revs up, throws a u-turn into the smoke and comes back in bottom gear, nearside wheels crunching into the glow and crackle of the burning scrub as he rolls right along the face of the fire, dumping his load of water in a massive stream right on to the feet of the flames. He doesn't stop, just waves a casual hand and goes straight on and we hold the fire.

The official designation for the conditions are "fire storm" and there are more than 120 appliances being used to fight that storm. Surfers at Manly and Bondi, people kilometres out at sea, airline pilots and passengers thousands of metres up and 150 kilometres away, all of them can see the smoke beneath.

They send us to a small flat-topped ridge just outside Springwood where there's a youth camp, and it seems like a good enough place to be when we get there, seems to be somehow greener and cleaner than all the places we'd been seeing. It had been burnt through once before and mostly rebuilt in brick, only one wooden building still there, and all evacuated except for the elderly caretaker. When we ask him why he hasn't shot through with the rest he says: "Git out! I'm supposed to look after the place!" There's a swimming pool behind the place and we're able to sink a branch into it and then pump continuously through the tanker. Malcolm has a look round and decides we should pair off and run four three-centimetre hoses part way down the face of the ridge. Below us there's a bowl-shaped valley, a basin of smoke with the far side of it whickering and glowing where the animal-fire is chewing at the trees which fill it. The wind is fitful, the gusts very strong and swinging wildly around the western quarter, and someone says he's seen some clouds in the sky but no one believes him. We move down, Greg the postie taking me, and we lead the thin hose out like the other three and begin to douse down as the fire throws sniper-shots of sparks up at us and snarls and writhes. Then the gust comes, a sudden punch of wind, hard and sustained and straight into our faces from the west, and the animal below us comes to fearsome life and swings around and up. A crackling volley marks the swing, then a gas-cloud of smoke which blinds us for a second and in that second the animal charges and we hear all the sounds of its voice, from the high shriek as it feels the life of the wind to the thundering bass growl as it stretches and lifts for us. The wall of flame rises and rears and curls up and over us and the smoke clears instantly as the oxygen around us is sucked away and up into that molten arc. In the next second we're gasping for air and facing a maelstrom of savage flame and I can hear Andrew screaming: "Out! Get out of it!" and the hoses snake and twist behind us as we turn and run, and they burn to curled strips in the burning grass. It's uphill and we're running inside the giant wave of fire, dry-land surfers in a monstrous tube of searing heat, and I seem to be moving in glue, moving in slow-motion. The animal noises are very close — an almost musical whining with a whimper in it and that bone-jarring growl. I can see the short grass going black ahead of me and the left side of my face is terrifyingly hot below the rim of my helmet. That's when I slip and fall and stare up the rest of the slope towards the others and the tanker and Greg. That's when Greg half turns and sees me and comes back into it at once, jerking me up and forward and I don't get burned to death.

We all fall into a choking heap, wide-mouthed for air, and still the fire comes, the crowning arc sinking back but the ravening base rushing on and around and under the tanker and Malcolm and Jacko leap for the doors, reeling back as the flames swing right through the cab, then struggling in as the fire stands tall on either side of them. The motor won't start because the intense heat is causing near-total vaporisation and we're all beating and slashing at the flames. Andrew hangs himself across the hot radiator and wrenches open the bonnet and someone passes him the little auxiliary hose from the tank so he can spray the carby, and the motor coughs and takes and we know the animal doesn't get the tanker or us.

My left ear's outer edge is burnt down to the gristle and my left thumb's fractured from the fall. We're all a bit burnt and a lot buggered and we have no usable hoses left and we're all suddenly starving. While we deal with the sparks in the roof, the old caretaker rats the big fridge inside and produces some garlic sausage, some fish fingers and a big packet of Icy Poles, and it's one of the best meals I've ever eaten.

The Springwood Hospital is like a casualty clearing station close up in a war zone, like _M*A*S*H_, and there are doctors and nurses in the overalls of half a dozen different hospitals using the big waiting room as a dressing centre, with boxes of burn dressings and bottles of eye lotion all over the place. The wind has now started to drop, the temperature's going down and the animal is dying.

A couple of hours later we're on the way home to Wentworth Falls, one of a spread line of Upper Mountains vehicles climbing home. Our tanker is blackened and scarred and hoseless and the journey is a slow one through country which looks like newsreel footage somewhere in Vietnam or Anzio or Paschendaele.

The animal has destroyed 75 buildings, mostly houses, and damaged another 48 as well as taking 15 vehicles. By the end of the savaging, 100,000 hectares have been eaten by the fire — a quarter of a million acres. No one knows why there weren't a lot of people killed.

I start to fall asleep under the shower and it's a struggle to last till I get into bed. When I wake up, 14 hours later, my thumb hurts and my ear throbs but it's nearly cool, the sky's overcast and it's drizzling. It's the start of Christmas week.

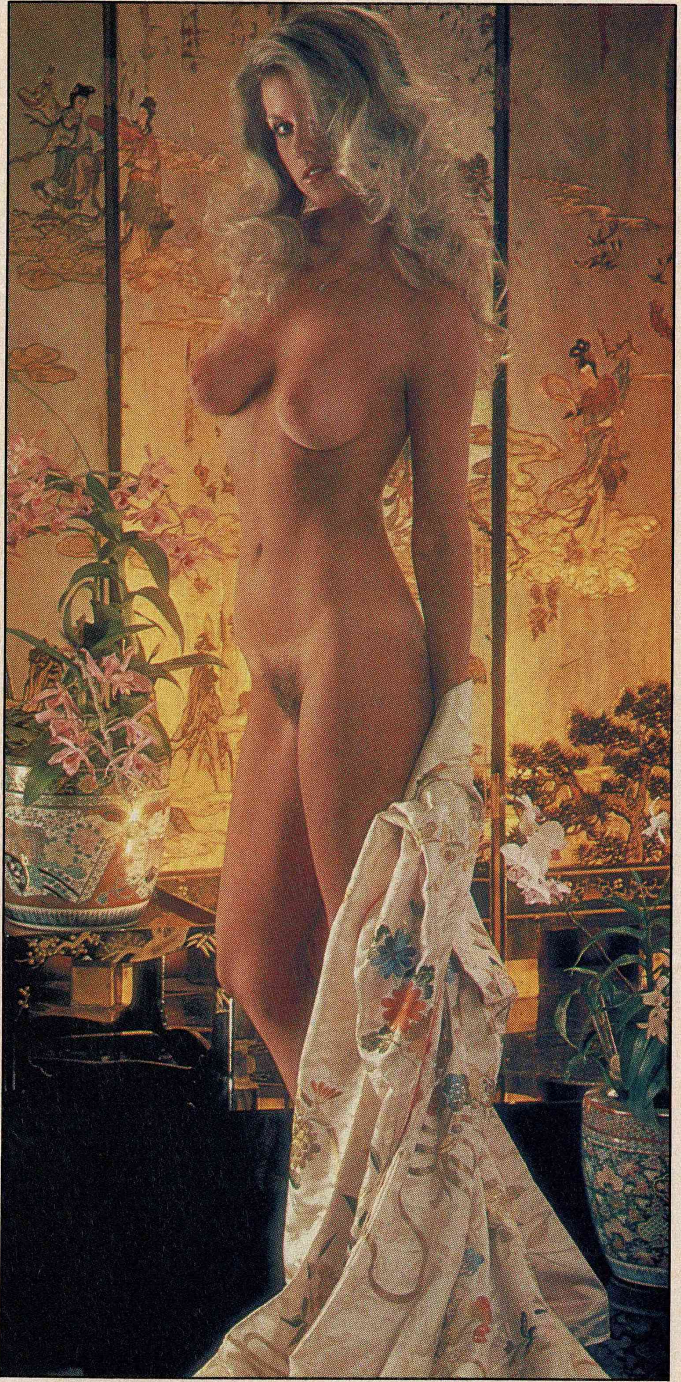
WALKING ON AIR

we're high on cloud nine since we finally landed ex-air hostess terri welles

GOOD-LOOKING girls don't have it easy. It's not so much that people try to take advantage of them but more that they're constantly being underestimated. Anyone who is foolish enough to underestimate Terri Welles had better duck. The lady is a fighter.

Take the time she was pulled over for speeding just after having gone on to the expressway near her home. She was charged with doing 130km/h in a 110km/h zone. Terri didn't believe she'd been driving long enough for her speed to be accurately measured, so she checked the distance. The day her case came up, the patrolman who'd booked her testified he'd clocked her over two kilometres, but Terri

Photography by Richard Fegley



"My ideal man would have wit and drive, intelligence and ambition — and be my best friend."

produced a few homemade maps that proved it was only a bit more than one kilometre. Case dismissed. Had it not been in a courtroom, Terri would have gotten a standing ovation. A move like that takes self-confidence, poise and intelligence. Terri just happens to have all three in abundance. Cynics may scoff at the idea that a girl who has looks like Terri could lack confidence, but she was once insecure and bored. It was only when she obeyed the voice inside her repeating "do something, do something" that she summoned up her courage and applied for a position as an airline hostess. Which she got, thank goodness, because that's

"I have never had a one-night stand. I think sex is just too important to be treated lightly."

"I adore being surrounded with Oriental things — especially soft, silken cloth that is exciting to the touch."

how we discovered her — walking on air inside a plane way up there in those friendly skies . . .

We asked Terri to appear as our Playmate this month, and here are the results. What the camera is unable to record is the amazing effect she has on all who meet her. Blessed with a verve and easy good humor that are absolutely infectious, this bright, vivacious lady is cut from a very special mould. There's only one Terri Welles.

> *"Until I'm really ready, I won't try acting. I just don't want my name to go around as a joke."*

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Terri Welles

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Terri Welles

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 8st 8lbs SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: Nov 21 '56 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Monica, California

GOALS: To always be true to myself and be there when those closest to me need me.

TURN-ONS: The beginnings of a new relationship, Christmas, anything French, 450 SLs, music, the future.

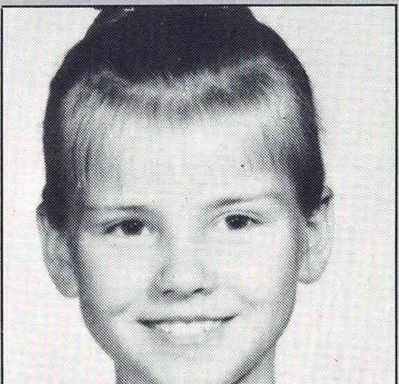
TURN-OFFS: Renewing my driver's license, tax time, junk mail running on empty.

FAVORITE ACTORS: David Carridine, Clint Eastwood, Martin Sheen, Roy Scheider, Robert DeNiro

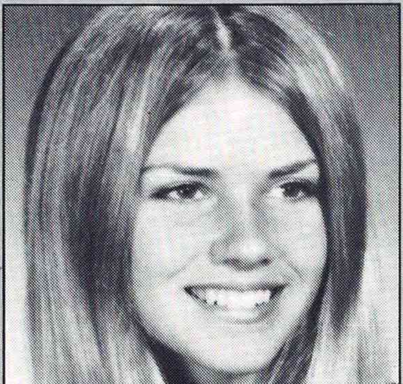
FAVORITE MOVIES: All That Jazz, Fame, The Deer Hunter Marathon Man, Yanks.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Eagles, Billy Joel, BOZ Scaggs, Bob Seger, Rod Stewart, Jackson Browne, Linda Rondstadt, Stephen Bishop.

age 2
How could I laugh with that haircut?



age 7.
Your basic 2nd grade school pic!



age 16
Sweet 16 and never been ——!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I'm afraid that William's wolf cub days are just about over," the man told his wife. "While I was explaining about the birds and the bees this evening, he interrupted to say that all he wanted to do was screw his cub leader."

Mr Waldron is finally beginning to make real progress in dealing with his dysfunction," the sex surrogate reported to the therapist, "but for a while there, it was touch and come."

We have been told about the old rabbi who has performed so many circumcisions that he's popularly known as Max the Knife.

After her date had parked the car and engaged in a series of exciting overtures, the teenage temptress whispered fiercely, "If I let you put it in, would it touch bottom?"

"No, it wouldn't," panted the boy. "They say in sex education that that's impossible."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the girl. "I promised Mum I wouldn't let you go all the way!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual lubricant* as greasy id stuff.

When, in the inexperienced days of my youth," the middle-aged man recounted to the psychiatrist, "my lovely young fiancee stroked my hair, my organ stood up! But now," he continued, "whenever the old bag strokes my organ, my hair stands on end!"

A millionaire barrister retired and went into cattle raising, but encountered great difficulty getting his prize bull to have anything to do with cows.

"But I fixed all that," he said to a friend who was visiting him one day.

"What did you do?"

"I doused his food with a special drug that the vet gave me, and now I can't get him off the cows unless I pull him off."

"Wow! That's certainly effective! What kind of medication was it?"

"I don't know, but it tasted like peppermint."

Sherlock Holmes and Watson were staying in a hotel in Paris. Sherlock was cleaning his pistol when it accidentally went off and sent a bullet through the ceiling. Watson went up to investigate and returned telling Sherlock that the ball had gone straight through a bed and a girl's buttock, finally lodging in a man's thigh.

"Ha! An Englishman!" exclaimed Sherlock.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. If it had been a local, the bullet would have got him straight between the eyes."

A waggish young lady named Wright
Spoons rum in her cat every night,
And at home, rumors state,
She's a great one to date,
With her pussy entrancingly tight!

Then there was the not-too-bright bride who became confused at her wedding and answered: "I did."

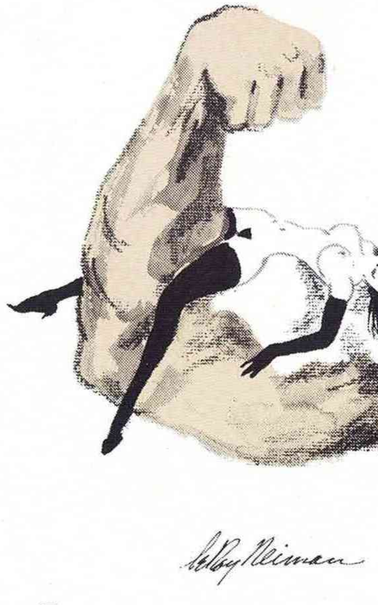
The club members were finishing a round of golf, and one of them seemed to be taking a rather long time playing off the 18th tee. "What's the matter?" asked his partner.

"My wife came along with me today. She's watching me now from the clubhouse, and I want to make this last shot a good one."

"Good lord, man," said the other. "You haven't got a hope of hitting her from here!"

A man, aged 92, asked his doctor if it was possible to have his sex drive lowered. "Don't be ridiculous," said the doctor, "at your age, it's all in your mind."

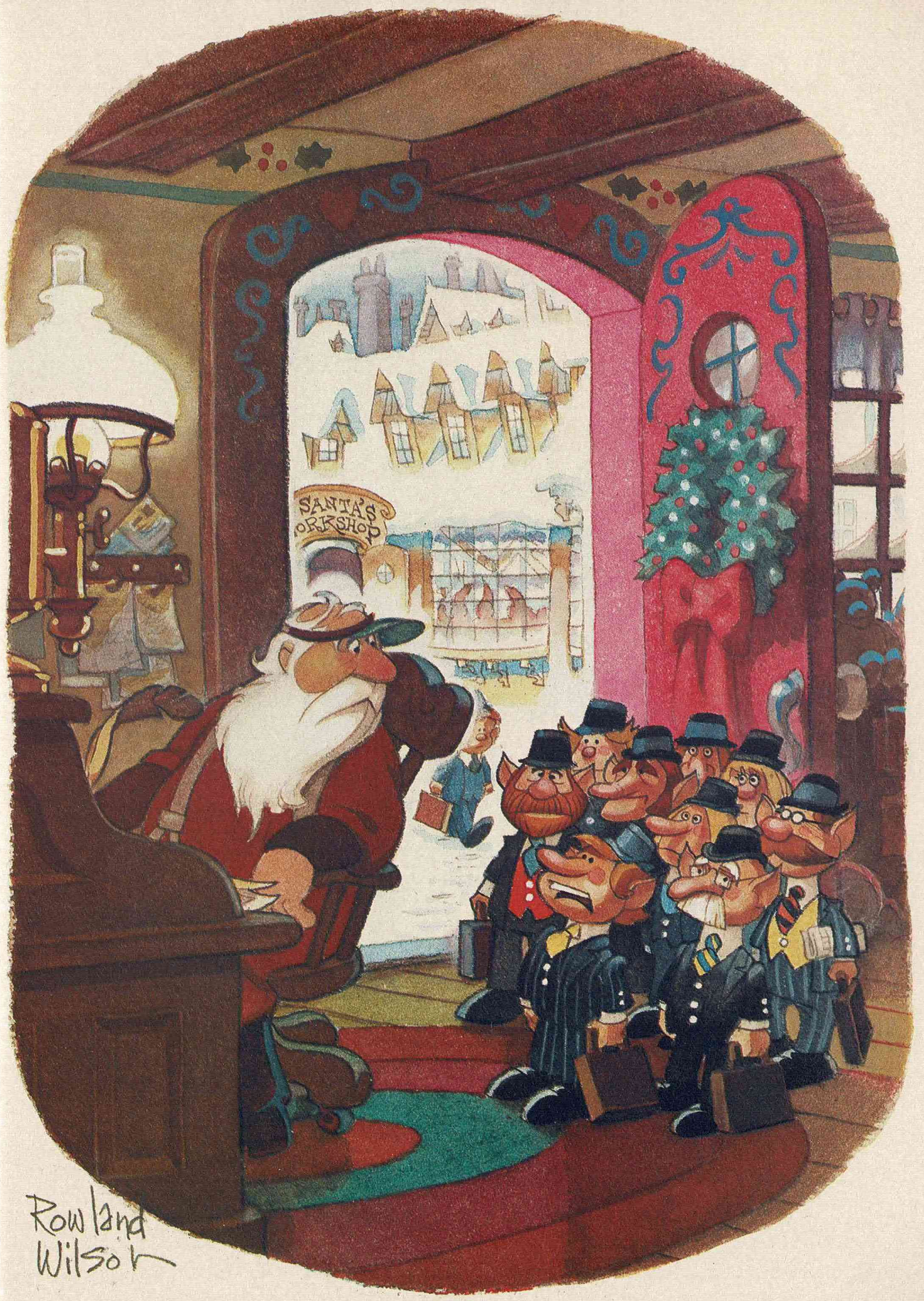
"Yes, I know," sighed the old bloke, "that's why I want you to lower it."



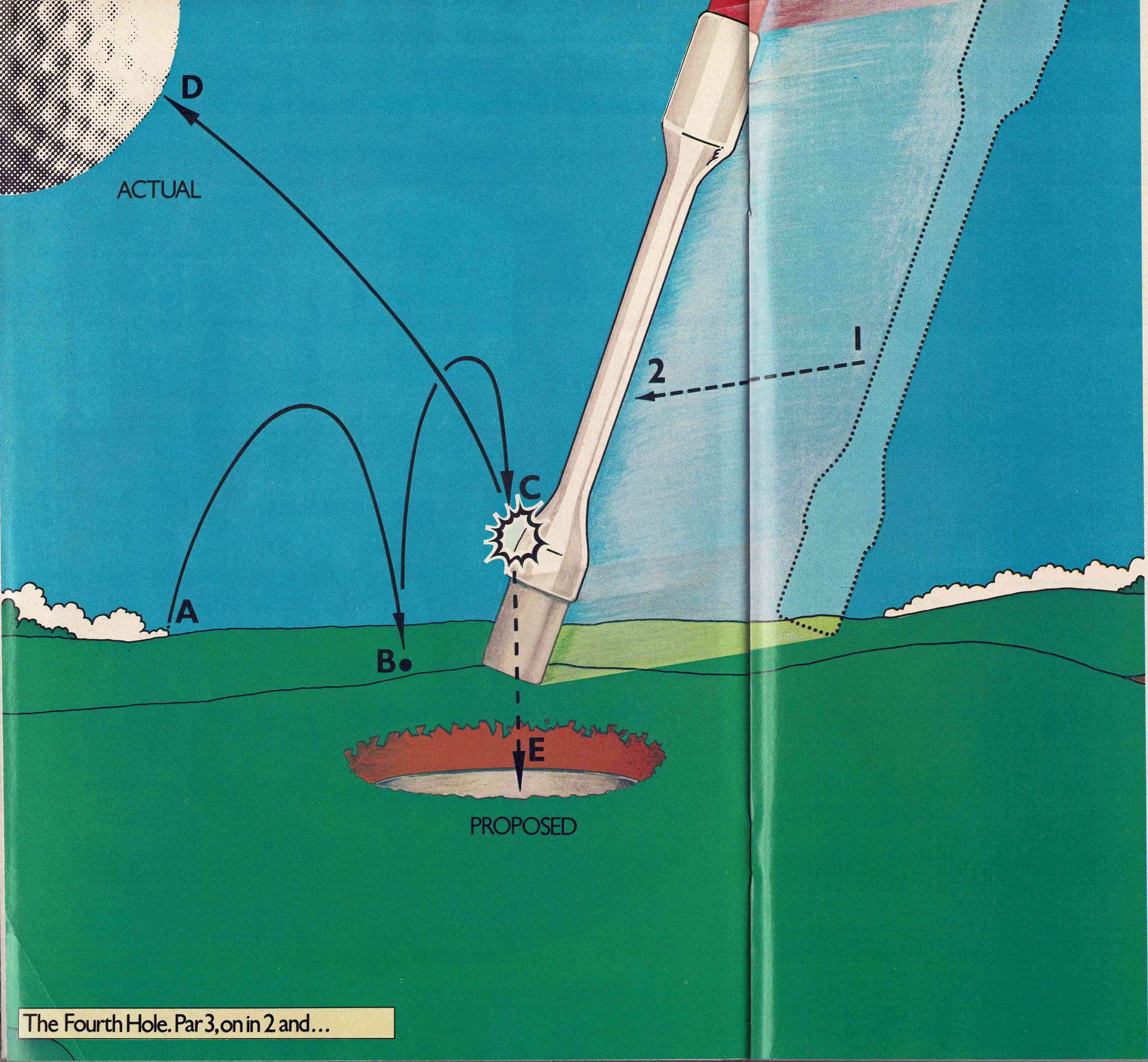
A new, young air hostess was summoned to the office of the head of the airline's training program.

"I've been told about the episode on your first flight," said her supervisor. "Look, Miss Arundel, from now on when a male passenger tells you he feels faint, I'll expect you to push his head down between his *own* legs!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"We've had enough of wage earning. We're all going out and becoming small businessmen."



The Fourth Hole. Par 3, on in 2 and...

PROFESSIONAL FOUL

In these days of cheating and gamesmanship, sport has become a misnomer for the game of winning

sport by Neil Jameson

JOCK was a cheat. And not a very subtle one.

"As soon as your man leaves the ground, get your thumb and ram it up his arse," was Jock's formula for spoiling a football mark.

He might have called it gamesmanship or a professional foul. But that would have been an injustice to all his victims. The fact was that Jock was simply cheating.

For all those guys who've been goosed, gouged or near disembowelled by the Jocks and their thumbs, it should be noted that he is an all-too-real character in David Williamson's inside-footy play, *The Club*. And Jock's ploy, as crude as it seems, is due recognition of sport's accepted ugliness. As surely as the super-plays of world politics depend on espionage and such agencies as the KGB and the CIA to hedge the bets, sport similarly reserves a shadowy corner for its department of dirty tricks. Goodwill, sportsmanship and *camaraderie* are mere tinsel items to adorn the shop window of big sport and disguise a cheat-like-crazy ethic.

Gamesmanship is an integral part of the fun and games, and it comes in multi-hued variety. From Jock's thumb-in-bum routine to the more subtle and more sinister supply of stimulants and steroids, the trend has fostered its own competitive edge which gives defenders of the traditional sporting ethic not the slightest chance of isolating the rot.

•

In terms of consequence and finesse, cheating really hit its straps at the Moscow Olympics. And, not surprisingly, sportsmen had been working on their techniques long before the bent judges, politically-motivated officials and suspected drug users conspired to make an even sadder joke of the Olympic farce. Moscow presented a timely reminder that the earliest competitive sport was founded on training techniques for hunting and warfare. And the same rules applied. The evidence suggests the ancient Greeks doped themselves with some very strange concoctions in the quest for super-human performance. Instead of

Illustration by Steve Malpass

anabolic steroids, coaches prescribed herbal brews to wash down massive quantities of goat meat, a food item that was believed to deliver an "extra something". Ironically, there might had been some value in their apparent folly. Modern sport psychologists suggest that the mental "assist" provided by consuming some wonder drugs stems from the athlete's belief that he has genuinely given himself an advantage.

Yes, as sad as it seems, cheating is not a modern phenomenon.

That burly, bearded batsman Dr W. G. Grace was equally short on scruples in 1882 when he crept in from point during the Oval Test to run out Australia's Samuel Percy Jones. The Australian had strolled down the pitch to pat down an uneven patch when Dr Grace dislodged the bails. Frederick "The Demon" Spofforth was pretty stewed by it all and stormed into the English dressing rooms between innings to accuse Grace of cheating. What followed was a passage of controlled retribution which went without parallel till Churchill ordered the bombing of Dresden late in World War Two. Spofforth wrecked England with 7-44 and cricket has never been the same. In this year's Centenary Test at Lords, TV commentators took time to discuss cricket's illegalities — like deliberately damaging the ball's seam, polishing the ball with hair oil and the ploy of scuffing the pitch surface to make life easier for spin bowlers. When the NSW Cricket Association gave a bunch of Sydney first graders an enforced holiday a few seasons ago, it was the sign for cricket's bad-mouth boys to button up their lips. The message? No more sledging, or else. "Sledging", as one cricketer puts it, "is the technique of pouring so much verbal shit and abuse on a batsman that he finally blows his cool and gets himself out. It ain't nice, and some say it certainly ain't cricket."

Sledging slots neatly into that category of gamesmanship known as verbal intimidation, not to be confused with physical intimidation, also known as biff. Referees and players are privy to the techniques adopted by footballers to out-psych and out-strike each other. It's a blend of the subtle and the sensational, and it starts with the eye test. Line up your opponent with your heavily knowing macho stare and attempt to eye-ball him into mental submission. If that fails, make your first tackle of the match the perfect marrow-mincer. Wham. If he hasn't shit himself by then you've got a problem.

When Australia met Wales at the Sydney Cricket Ground in the Second Test of the 1978 tour, Steve Finnane had a problem. But he solved it in the fifth minute by throwing a punch which was felt all the way back in Cardiff. It is arguably the most infamous short right ever thrown outside a ring. Welsh forward Graham Price bored in at a scrum and fists started flying. Finnane, a former schoolboy boxing champion, relates the tale in his book, *The Game They Play In Heaven.* Simply: "I stepped into him and threw a short right." The blow smashed Price's jaw and, when the photos of a bloodied Welshman making his exit swamped the Welsh papers, the hostilities were certain to endure for months. Finnane was conditionally repentant: "I only wish it had done no more than I intended it to do — to show Price and the other Welshmen that Australians would not bow to standover tactics."

It's much harder to cheat in some sports than others. Take swimming. Short of fiddling the lane draws and playing around with the starting rules, there's very little gamesmanship fun to be had. Australian Olympic coach Bill Sweetenham is often bemused by the way some swimmers and coaches dabble with the rules.

"He broke before the gun and, when the starter had everybody back on the blocks, the same guy stepped down and fetched a towel to dry his block."

"I always tell my swimmers that anybody who tries to out-psych them must be afraid of their ability," he says. "They can try anything they like, but there is no substitute for thorough training." Sweetenham was fascinated by the starting strategy of a member of Australia's Moscow Olympic team during a recent local championship meet. "He broke before the gun and, when the starter had everybody back on the blocks ready to go, the same guy stepped down at the last moment and fetched a towel to dry off his block. In another race, he tried something similar. Instead of fetching a towel, he removed a ring from his finger."

The competitive demands of modern sport have made cheating just another part of the armory — like a new training technique — thereby removing any conscience pangs. The only sin is that of getting caught. Says hot-shoe saloon car driver Alan Grice: "I'm quite prepared to take advantage of the rules, but I have never, and will never, cheat. The risks are too high. I've got an obligation to my major sponsor and also to the mechanics and staff in my employ. Cheating gets you a three-month suspension, and we certainly can't afford that."

"But, ironically, it is motor sport's sponsorship money which provides some of the lubricant for a bit of rule bending. According to Grice there have been occasions when authorities have waived the rules to avoid disenchanting a major sponsor. Grice says that the factory teams — Ford and Holden — have been the major beneficiaries of rule bending.

"I've seen them caught red-handed, and get off," he claims. "One of them was nabbed with an illegal manifold at an Oran Park championship race. He got away with it.

"Allan Moffatt had a fully locked-up diff at Sandown. They told him he was a naughty boy and then let him go and change it. Almost anybody else wouldn't have been allowed to race."

Doctored lap times and dangerous driving are two of the crazier stunts permitted by many of the promoters to encourage the sponsorship dollar. After one race, Grice claimed that Charlie O'Brien had shunted him six times from behind. "In a television interview O'Brien claimed that wasn't right. He said it was eight times.

"He was obviously chasing what the promoter might call exciting racing," concludes Grice.

Because Alan Grice is now one of motor racing's elite, he suspects there have been times when he's benefited from rules warped to accommodate his needs. That doesn't make it right, he says. It just makes it that much harder for the guy trying to break into championship racing.

•

Drugs. Wicked drugs. Sport's habitual cheating needs have spawned an athletics challenge on rock and roll's monopoly on the drug lifestyle. Reality is for those who can't handle drugs. That inverted adage might be the most relevant bit of graffiti to make any locker room wall between Moscow and Melbourne. It's a sorry trip to learn that narcotics made the team a long time before the modern-day Olympics popularised pill-popping. No photo could have done justice to the shock/horror registered by the officials who strolled in on a dressing-room floor littered with syringes. Los Angeles 1984? Winter Olympics 1952. With the Mexico Olympics behind him, one US power thrower was prepared to say: "I knew any number of guys whose butts were so shot through with scar tissue and puncture holes that it was hard to see where to put the next shot."

If you think dope scandals are something confined to horse racing and rock stars, think again. Cycling scored its first dope casualty in 1886 when stimulants and exhaustion caused the death of an Englishman named Linton during the Paris-Bordeaux cycle race. Cycling's endurance aspect soaked up the casualties with the death of a Dane at the 1960 Rome Olympics and Briton Tommy Simpson, who ended his life on the slopes of Mount Ventoux during the 1967 Tour de France. During the mid-'70s cocaine, heroin, ether and caffeine were on some European cycling teams' secret pharmaceutical lists.

Proliferation. Cycling was just a small snort out of sport's massive dope deal. The artificial-assist syndrome has become too strung out for the sport narcs to have any hope. The International Olympic Committee medical commission is on the look-out but the Iron Curtain financing and non-detection schemes are proof that the narcs just haven't got a chance. Ironically, the net is bound to come down on those sportsmen who don't have the evasion guidance provided by their governments. This factor, paired with the potentially disastrous side effects, has prompted the sports medicine fraternity to classify both narcotics and anabolic steroids as the most sinister side of athletic extremism. It was not till 1967 that the IOC set its medical commission in pursuit of the dopers. It realised that keeping tabs on the drugs that were physically dangerous was more important than identifying the cheats. But did they really know what they were chasing?

The Russian press didn't report the case of the athlete whose testicles ballooned before bursting. *Phwoof.* Or the sportswomen left stranded in sexual limbo by the hormone-altering effect of steriods.

Sports politics make nonsense of the narcs' efforts. Four Russians and one Bulgarian, including Russia's world record-holder in the women's pentathlon, Nadia Tkacenke, were disqualified and banned for life for failing anabolic steroid tests during the 1978 European championships in Prague. The Russians took a punt on the Czechs running their own tests, but the West Germans turned up with sophisticated equipment. Two years later, the majority of the "lifers" were reinstated in time to compete in the Moscow Olympics.

•

Sailing's spectacular rorts are submerged in the sport's murky past or confined to the committee rooms of the New York Yacht Club during the America's Cup square-off. But the wind-driven stampede of the 18 foot skiff league blows up maximum competition to the square metre, and it shows in the style of racing. Retribution for a mid-race collision comes when the sheet hand reaches aboard the guilty party's boat and detaches the spinnaker pole, sending skiff and crew backwards into the soup. Intimidation spawns collisions and tattered tempers. A fist through the deck exacts sweet revenge on another offending boat. From the dirt bike filth of motocross comes this gem: when clear of stewards and abreast of most feared rival, stretch out leg and kick opponent's gear lever — hard. This should engage wrong gear and, if opponent manages to stay on the track, he will almost certainly lose several lengths.

To the body contact sports: biting and spitting offer the dual benefit of being hard to detect and occasionally prompting a retaliatory action which could get the victim penalised or sent off. The old poke-in-the-eye is a devilishly clever ploy used but rarely detected on soccer fields. In a man-to-man marking situation (when all eyes are on the ball) jab a finger very quickly into your opponent's eye. *Spwat.* If he doesn't punch and get marched off, he'll be out of action for more than a few minutes.

"The old poke-in-the-eye is rarely detected on soccer fields. If he doesn't punch and get sent off, he'll be out of action for a few minutes."

Boxing beats the hell out of other games for the title of the most bent sport of the lot. It's undergone a few major cosmetic jobs since the turn of the century when Bill Turner schemed to knock out the referee during an Australian heavyweight fight with Bill Walsh. As Turner waltzed around looking for his opportunity to clobber referee Ernie Fullalove so that it would look unintentional, his plan became obvious to everybody. Half a chance offered itself in the ninth round so Turner lunged in and bounced a bomb off Ernie's head. Apparently unmoved, the ref ushered Walsh to his corner then turned to flatten Turner with a crunching right to the face. Fullalove then completed the course of summary justice by declaring the fight won by Walsh — on a knockout.

A cheating accusation primed one of the liveliest incidents in the career of Norman Von Nida, Australia's smartest golfer of the '30s, '40s and '50s. In a tournament at Harlingen in Texas, the bantamweight Von Nida accused the bulkier Henry Ransom of falsifying his score card. Ransom responded by clocking the Von on the chin, but Norman bounced back and clamped a throttle hold on his man. When tempers had cooled, officials found that Ransom's count wasn't exactly true.

The less than startling news that pulling the leg of an opposing rider has been a popular cheating method among jockeys helped to cut down a 10-year suspension that was imposed on Mel Schumacher. The Shoe was immediately hit with a life penalty when film of the 1961 AJC Derby showed that, in getting Blue Era first past the post, he had impeded the second horse by pulling the leg of its rider, Tommy Hill. Mel got 10 years on appeal but climbed back in the saddle after five and a half when his claim for reinstatement included the premise that the leg-pull stunt had been used many times before but had gone undetected because of the absence of race film.

A gambling fixation coupled with a great reliance on honesty has made golf, that most royal and ancient of games, the fertile ground for cheats. The rule book hits the rough as cheating lands on the fairway when cash and pride go on the line in the name of social golf. Fr'instance: the stake was $1000 a hole and punting pride was greatly at risk when business associates Messrs Boots and All found themselves in the most critical stages of the round. Boots drove his tee shot sweetly down the centre of the 17th, and he feigned sympathy when All then sliced his disastrously into the rough. Much tromping of undergrowth by both parties failed to produce the ball. Boots played on and completed the hole with a successful birdie putt. Then, from back in the rough, All screamed, "I've found it," and a solid thwack preceded the ball's arrival on the green where it finished less than a metre from the hole.

"Fine shot, old boy," gushed Boots. Then, in a voice barely audible to even his caddie: "Bloody cheat."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"I've got his bloody ball right here in my pocket."

And that's a true story.

Illustration by Frantz Kantor

Mini Interview SANTA CLAUS

prepare to see your cosy ideas about old yo ho ho fly right out the window

Tracking down a legend is never easy, so you can imagine our surprise when deputy editor, ***Andrew Cowell*** *told us that he had. To be more precise, he had fallen over him outside a long-closed TAB in inner Sydney. Mr Claus was cunningly camouflaged in among the flotsam and, he claimed, was just lying down to avoid signing autographs. After a short nap he consented to talk to* PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any kind of formal education?

CLAUS: Not as such. Father was always on the move. Just me at home with nine million toys and nothing to do. It was well before TV, although father had a lot of erotic woodcuts which fixed the problem of idle hands.

PLAYBOY: How did you fit in with the rest of the family?

CLAUS: My family . . . Well, of course, I inherited the job, as you know, from my father, the eleventh Claus. He expired during the unpleasantness of the Inquisitions. He was captured going down the chimney of Cardinal Richelieu. He was tortured for being a heretic, for peddling pagan effigies. They wanted to know where he got his small stuffed teddies from.

PLAYBOY: Did he break under torture?

CLAUS: Of course, absolutely. I mean . . . well, he'd break over two drinks. They burned him anyway. A lovely sort of iridescent orange smoke, I'm told. The family lawyers called me — Krafter and Wanky — and everything was left to me under the articles of succession. Have you got anything to drink?

PLAYBOY: Will whisky do? Presumably the title passes to the eldest son.

CLAUS: Yes. At the time I was in fact the third son, but having got wind of Dad being barbecued I had made certain provisions for myself.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to explain?

CLAUS: Well, my two elder brothers succumbed to marbles up their noses. Terrible, terrible tragedy, and the provisions that I had made, of course, were that should anything of this nature happen that I be ready, although a bit reluctant, to assume the mantle — this sort of rather attractive red ermine-trimmed mantle.

PLAYBOY: You kept your father's advisers presumably.

CLAUS: Not many actually . . .

PLAYBOY: Did they go the same way as your brothers?

CLAUS: Oh no, no. But we did have a terrible rash of accidents at that stage. We were operating at the North Pole then and many of the old boys succumbed to frostbite and bears.

PLAYBOY: Torn to pieces by bears?

CLAUS: That sort of thing, terrible problems. Father was awfully security conscious and the door combination of course died with him. So these people were sent out by myself, innocently, to collect firewood and snacks and of course were unable to get back in.

PLAYBOY: How did the rest of your family cope?

CLAUS: Well, I had two younger brothers at the time. One of them set off to discover whether the world was flat and found it was. A terribly unhappy end. The other one was, dare I say it, more idealistic than I was at that time. Fourteen he was. Became Prime Minister of Scotland about the time of the succession. We have his head over the mantelpiece.

PLAYBOY: Did you always like dressing yourself up?

CLAUS: Loved it, loved it yes. The feel of silk on the belly. Hand-made beards from the soft down of teenage Eskimo girls . . . and of course the boots.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any pecuniary interests in Christmas?

CLAUS: Well over these past 100 years or so, of course, with the falling off of religious practices we have been obliged to subsidise our activities by perfectly honest means. We found, for example, that many of our gnomes had served very decent apprenticeships in the manufacture of VWs and consequently it was an easy step to manufacturing small arms. So we have this rather tidy business in machine pistols. But since they're only available to children we don't feel we've let down the side.

PLAYBOY: And you don't feel there's a conflict of interests there in small children getting their hands on guns such as M16s?

CLAUS: Well, I'm happy to say that in many parts of the world nowadays it's terribly important for children under the age of eight to be well armed.

PLAYBOY: Here, pass your glass. You do cover a hell of a lot of ground on December 24, don't you?

CLAUS: Well it's by no means easy but I do now — with the spread of population and the extra responsibilities — carry masseuses with me. We do have a certain amount of subcontracting also.

PLAYBOY: It's been rumored that you have done the odd side deal with the attractive single parent mother who is a little short of cash.

CLAUS: Well, as much as I disapprove of the Welfare State, it must be recognised that nobody has all their needs fulfilled and I often find that Christmas and a few good memories in the morning are all that a lot of people can expect.

PLAYBOY: How does Santa Claus really get his rocks off?

CLAUS: In the off peak season I do like to spend some time with my family or, if my family's not available, with anyone else's family.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the ultimate turn-on for a lady you're trying to impress?

CLAUS: Well that's very easy; over the years some things haven't changed at all. Good old fashioned thrills still get you in. I mean a jolly good dinner, a few drinks and then a bit of a run in the sled. Not too many young women nowadays know the thrill of reindeers' arses facing them as they huddle under the polar bear skin blanket, 10 trained masseuses functioning, all less than one metre tall.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope with those embarrassing amorous scenes on drunken Christmas Eves?

CLAUS: May I say that they certainly get at it — season of giving! Basically if there is a spare orifice available I join in, toss back a glass of punch and off I go.

PLAYBOY: Do you bribe Australian customs the same as everybody else?

CLAUS: I think bribe's too strong a word. I mean, like anybody else they appreciate gifts. And they will accept, for example, cane furniture, terribly common cane furniture, and as I've left I've noticed them dismantling it, that sort of restless search to understand how things work.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been tempted to smuggle contraband?

CLAUS: I don't find it necessary to smuggle contraband myself. I deal principally in the contraband of joy, ha ha. Smuggling also plays hell with the marketplace.

PLAYBOY: Is that the full story. I have a feeling you're hedging?

CLAUS: I am indeed hedging. No I'm not, I'm lying. We have in fact taken one or two persons across borders of certain countries where necessary and we have brought back person-like sacks from other directions. But I reserve the right to open in flight whatever I carry. By the way, hedging on the bottle, are we?

PLAYBOY: Do you also consume your contraband on the spot?

CLAUS: Yes indeed, unless it's in such quantities that I feel that others should share it with me.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any dealing with Nugan Hand Bank.

CLAUS: That was very tragic, I'm terribly sorry that you asked that question. I've known the Nugan boys since they were simple vegetable marketers, and of course their partner, Mr Hand. Mr Hand and his five daughters. Old joke, sorry. A very distinguished war hero. They were very good to me. Often in some years we found that we were actually in the black as it were and they generously offered to mind the money for me. They said they were going to put it towards council work which I thought was very necessary and of course I never saw the money again. I was going to ask them but . . . as I say tragic, very tragic. For a man to shoot himself in the back with a bow and arrow is no mean feat, he must have been driven, driven.

PLAYBOY: Your name was actually on the list that was found in his car. Does that embarrass you?

CLAUS: Not at all, because that list was in fact not a list of his customers but a list of people he was hoping to see in the Senate. I was dabbling with the idea of involving myself in Australian politics, because this is the country of the future. After all, if the Queensland Premier's wife, Flo, who enjoys much the same popularity as I do, can get a free ride, I thought there was no reason why I myself should not enjoy a similar sinecure.

PLAYBOY: Your connection with ASIO. Would you like to explain that?

CLAUS: Well I'm sorry to disappoint you young man, I know you're only trying to find scandal, but my connection with ASIO is entirely sentimental. They are in fact the last people in the Southern Hemisphere to believe in Santa Claus. They also believe in the tooth fairy and a number of other minor deities.

PLAYBOY: Here, have another drink. And while on the subject we have actually calculated that, by that stage of your trip, you have consumed approximately 5000 litres of port, and about 15 tonnes of Christmas pudding or cake. What effect does this have on your bowels?

CLAUS: You may of course be aware of the Aurora Borealis which is a certain species of incandescence in the sky over the Northern Hemisphere as it used to be. Well, we all know of course that airlines jettison their waste in flight and, of course, this is one of the things that I adhere to, under the aviation act. Most of it burns up before it enters the atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: What happened on your ill-fated 1978 trip to New Zealand?

CLAUS: That was actually a terrible set of circumstances. That was the year of *Star Wars*, the original *Star Wars*, and there was a world-wide fad. I ended my run with an old sled laden with robots with very little language and not much intelligence. However, they did sort of stagger about saying: "Another tenure, another tenure", and we got to New Zealand and, of course, nobody was there, they'd all gone, place was completely barren. So, rather than dump them down the chimneys in defiance of the 'flu we dumped them in the paddocks where I now understand they constitute the majority of the population.

PLAYBOY: Is the vibrator a big growth area of the '80s?

CLAUS: No, no. The vibrator was the big growth area of the '70s. We now find that the reciprocal dildo as a part of the coming together of people under different circumstances is rather popular. One of them on the front, one of them on the back, everyone links up. It's rather the same effect as the old Lego sets.

> *"What we do is ship Australian footballers to Thailand and ship the girls out, mostly dropping them off in Vaucluse and Toorak."*

PLAYBOY: Now that a third of the population is Chinese, how are you going to crack that market?

CLAUS: Terribly easy to crack the Chinese. In the first place anything small, bright and moving will attract them. John Travolta earrings for example; terribly popular.

PLAYBOY: But Chinese don't actually believe in Santa Claus. Have you done PR trips there?

CLAUS: The Chinese are a pragmatic people. You must understand this. They may not believe in Santa Claus but they do believe in somebody who has operated as I have done for so many years as a socialist collective. Or so they've been told. Tiny tractors with funny noses on them are the mainstay of my Chinese trip.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a lot of requests in Australia for teenage Thai girls?

CLAUS: Not as much as I do in Thailand, strangely enough. Growth market basically. What we do is ship in Australian footballers to Thailand on the ingoing run and we ship the girls out, mostly dropping them off around Vaucluse and Toorak.

PLAYBOY: Do you think I could have one for Christmas?

CLAUS: I think so. Only two forms to fill in. One detailing your complete freedom from any known disease and the other spelling out your income.

PLAYBOY: A blunt answer to a fairly blunt question. Are you personally a wealthy man?

CLAUS: A blunt answer to that, yes.

PLAYBOY: What did Disney pay for the movie rights to Dancer, Prancer, Donner, Blitzen and Rudolph?

CLAUS: Well, I've always regarded Disney as a bit of a visionary really. All he wanted for the enormous amounts of money — vulgar to talk about really — was the use of the reindeer (and I agreed to this) and he wanted a video machine. I got them back for Easter, and they were completely shagged out. We had to put on four new reindeer at that stage.

PLAYBOY: Not the original reindeer? Is there a turnover in reindeer?

CLAUS: Very high turnover, yes. High tension lines are another worry . . .

PLAYBOY: How the hell do you find one with a shiny red nose every few years.

CLAUS: Port. By the way, that's a nice drop you've got there.

PLAYBOY: Here, here's a refill. Now, what's your rake-off, to put it bluntly, from the Santa training schools.

CLAUS: Oh dear. The Santa training schools, yes. The one in New York of course, was actually very charitable. During the time that the late Mr Rockefeller — a fine man, also interested in reindeer — was the governor of the State we instituted a rehabilitation centre for many of his worst criminals, and Santa training school courses were the best ones of all. All chronic bed wetters, those chaps. And child molesters, murderers, that sort of thing, and, well, we never had any complaints.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the standards of all those dirty, child molesting old men?

CLAUS: I am, yes. I think as long as you have a smile you can get away with anything.

PLAYBOY: It's not really an intensive course, is it?

CLAUS: Not really an intensive course, no. Basically getting used to rubber trousers, a desire to love children sitting on your knee looking you deep in the eyes, pretending you're, if not their parents, at least an uncle and most children are, I think, accustomed to the ways of uncles.

PLAYBOY: It would appear that these trainees are charged about $1000, and all they get for that is being dried out and the opportunity to rent a suit.

CLAUS: No, that's not true. We tattoo "ho" on one hand and "ho" on the other, and if they can follow that they're basically all right.

PLAYBOY: The elves and pixies working for you have been described as slave labor. Can you justify the use of them?

CLAUS: What's the problem? The young people nowadays should be grateful for any kind of job they can get and we do teach them a trade. There aren't too many trades for people under the height of one metre.

PLAYBOY: I put it to you that probably 40 percent of the population are elves and pixies . . .

CLAUS: Don't you talk to me about exploitation young man! Look what Tolkien did to them. They got right above themselves with that bloody Tolkien. They thought that all they had to do was prance about looking mystical and what happened. Take them out of their own culture and they go back on the port, muscat, rolling in gutters, barely noticed, swept away.

PLAYBOY: Why did you let PLAYBOY interview you when you knocked back *60 Minutes?*

CLAUS: Terrible! Frenzied fools in moustaches bumbling through the workshops, babbling on about elf slavery and the decline of the West . . .

PLAYBOY: Mr Claus you're rambling. I want to know politically where you stand. You don't like taxes, you don't like unions, you like the scotch. There is somewhere in there a smattering of fascism. Your nephew works for the Chilean armed forces, of which presumably you approved all the way.

CLAUS: He worked his way all the way through the ranks.

PLAYBOY: That's probably misleading. I would put it bluntly that you're basically a capitalist.

CLAUS: I think that's probably very fair. It's very good of you to say so.

PLAYBOY: Fine. As the chairman of a large empire you presumably have set up a superannuation fund. I was wondering where that money is actually invested.

CLAUS: At the moment we're investing in Australian newspapers.

PLAYBOY: For what reason?

CLAUS: Mr Murdoch, as I understand, is wanting to get out of them and buy into the Moonies movement and he wants somebody with the same kind of single-minded purpose and the dedication to mankind that he's had, and our corporation's got it and, what's more, we've got the money.

PLAYBOY: Are you actually Jewish?

CLAUS: Up to a point, yes.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're Jewish mentally rather than in any other respect?

CLAUS: I think if you shake any family tree that Santa Claus will fall out of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Christmas has run its dash?

CLAUS: Oh, I don't think so. As long as people keep on living and breathing, as long as children continue to be rather unpleasant, egotistical mini-adults who insist on being able to get something free once a year then it will all continue.

PLAYBOY: Does your empire have any inclinations to expand?

CLAUS: We'd rather like to take over Father's Day, but this will all depend on whether the wife gets out of the sanatorium in time.

PLAYBOY: Being a bachelor of 400 years standing since your wife went away, how do you cope with malicious rumors of your gay activities? Does it worry you and does it worry the pixies and elves?

CLAUS: The pixies and elves get on terribly well together, but I can entirely repudiate the gay rumors. They stem entirely from the fact that one of the few groups of people who really believe in Santa Claus any more is the Turkish Navy, which is also one of the last remaining institutions to use chimneys.

> *"Whenever two or more are gathered together one of them is up the other. Which means they pay no attention to the children . . ."*

PLAYBOY: You dress in black leather boots, you have a big leather belt, you beat your chest a lot, admittedly going "ho ho ho". Is this a deliberate S and M front?

CLAUS: Not at all. My relaxation comes totally from massage. I'm too old and too fat to be strung from the ceiling and flayed with bamboo.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of all the Christmas specials on TV?

CLAUS: I'd rather spend an hour in a cold bath with Barry Manilow.

PLAYBOY: Have polar bears ever given you problems? Obviously, now that your head office has been transferred to the South Pole, it wouldn't apply.

CLAUS: No, no trouble with bears, the only trouble we've got is with Australian sociologists down there nine months of the year. We usually manage to fob them off.

PLAYBOY: How?

CLAUS: Elves and pixies. There is, I must say, a frankly commercial element to this. I mean, one is down there for nine months of the year — grow a beard and the sheets get stiff and the elves, I think, are more than willing for a respite from soldering up Darth Vaders. How's that bottle?

PLAYBOY: Allow me to open another. And brace yourself now for a tough question. It has been reported that you were, in fact, the manufacturer of Agent Orange.

CLAUS: This was, of course, a tragic mistake. I thought at the time that if only they managed to strip away some of the underlying undergrowth, fir trees would be exposed for everyone to see. What I'd not realised was that in South-east Asia there were no fir trees, and it ended up killing off all of the prevailing greenery and most of the people. The cutback in customers was considerable.

PLAYBOY: If you could have your way, what would you be giving people for Christmas this year?

CLAUS: Money mostly.

PLAYBOY: Your Money?

CLAUS: Not mine, no, no. I'd prefer it to come from other sources.

PLAYBOY: I mean that's a very socialist principle, redistribution of wealth.

CLAUS: Not really because, if one redistributes wealth on this basis, they've all got plenty to spend next Christmas. So it all really comes back.

PLAYBOY: Let me ask you this straight. How many directorships do you hold?

CLAUS: Hang on. How many boards do I sit on myself. There are several hundred, of course, and the rest I leave up to my known "children". If I could in the latter part of this bottle, sorry this talk, confide in you something — one of my sons has done terribly well for himself in Australia. He's taken upon himself the name Dick Smith and he has I think done everything that I could expect of him. He doesn't sell anything you don't have to replace.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the fact that Christmas is a family affair and yet it's also a horny season?

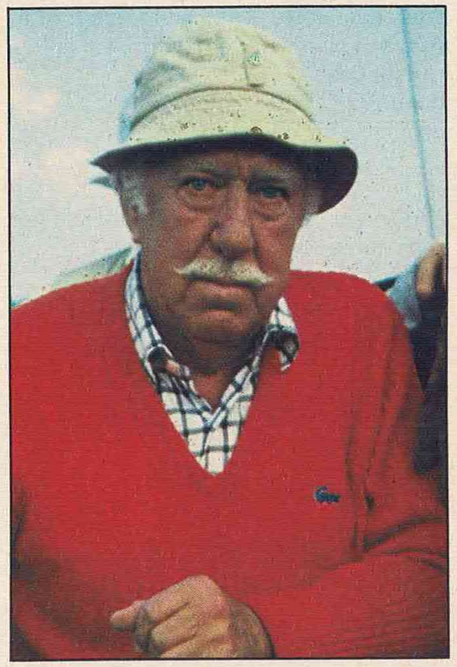
CLAUS: The traditional Christmas goes on. Wherever two or more are gathered together one of them is up the other. Which means they pay no attention to the children. Which means the children have plenty of time to break their toys, which means of course that next year is going to be a good one.

PLAYBOY: Mr Claus, what would you actually like for Christmas?

CLAUS: For myself? I think another 600 years of the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Tell me, do you have a drink problem?

CLAUS: No — most kind of you to ask, but I haven't finished this one yet.



THE ULTIMATE HIGH

soaring above the french countryside in a brightly colored helium-filled balloon is one trip guaranteed to send you into seventh heaven

story and photographs by David McNicoll

WHEN I mentioned that I planned to go ballooning across France, half of my friends wanted to have me certified and the other half wanted to come along with me.

A few weeks later, as the wicker gondola shuddered under my feet for a few seconds before lifting me noiselessly, without parachute, up into the wide blue sky, I thought that the group of friends who wanted me in the nut house were the closer to the mark.

But when the initial palpitation in the pit of my stomach died away, I found myself experiencing a sensation I would hate to have missed — and one I can recommend not only to those young enough to be accumulating new experiences, but also to those old enough to imagine there are no new sensations left.

The Great Balloon Adventure, as it's called, is run by a short, hyperactive American named Buddy Bombard. Most of the time he wears a yachting cap (perhaps to remind himself of the days he crewed in America's Cup challenges), a blue blazer, and a tie with balloons splattered across it. Although Bombard has been many things — yachtie, canoeist, ski-bum, adventurer, solo sailor — it is ballooning which represents the absorbing major interest in his life.

I read about Bombard and his balloons at an Air France lunch in late 1979 and promptly made one of my 1980 resolutions to visit Buddy in France and go aloft in one of his balloons. It was astonishingly easy to arrange. The Bombard Society headquarters are in San Francisco, where my reservation was made and my cheque sent. By the next mail, I received a certificate making me a member of the Society and reserving my position in the balloons on Trip Number Five of the season.

The Great Balloon Adventure is conducted with considerable style. There is no suggestion of roughing it as one might on one of the Himalayan trek adventures. Quite the opposite. Buddy Bombard's clients are cosseted not merely by the soft breezes wafting them across the French countryside, but also by *cordon bleu* food, superb wines, and accommodation in some of the finest four-star hotels in rural France. Time was when I enjoyed camping out and cooking chops over a bent kerosene tin; today, I prefer things the Bombard way.

Appropriately enough for an enterprise geared to the finest, the Bombard adventure originates at the Hotel Crillon in central Paris. On the appointed morning, I was up and packed early, waiting with my bags in the lobby and wondering whether any of the other people paying their hotel bills were fellow-balloonists. Several of them were.

At 8.30, the Bombard bus drew up. It was encouraging to note that the loading of the bus was under the supervision of an extremely attractive young lady. I find my metabolism steadier when females are part of the party; I had had awful forebodings that the ballooning might be an all-male week.

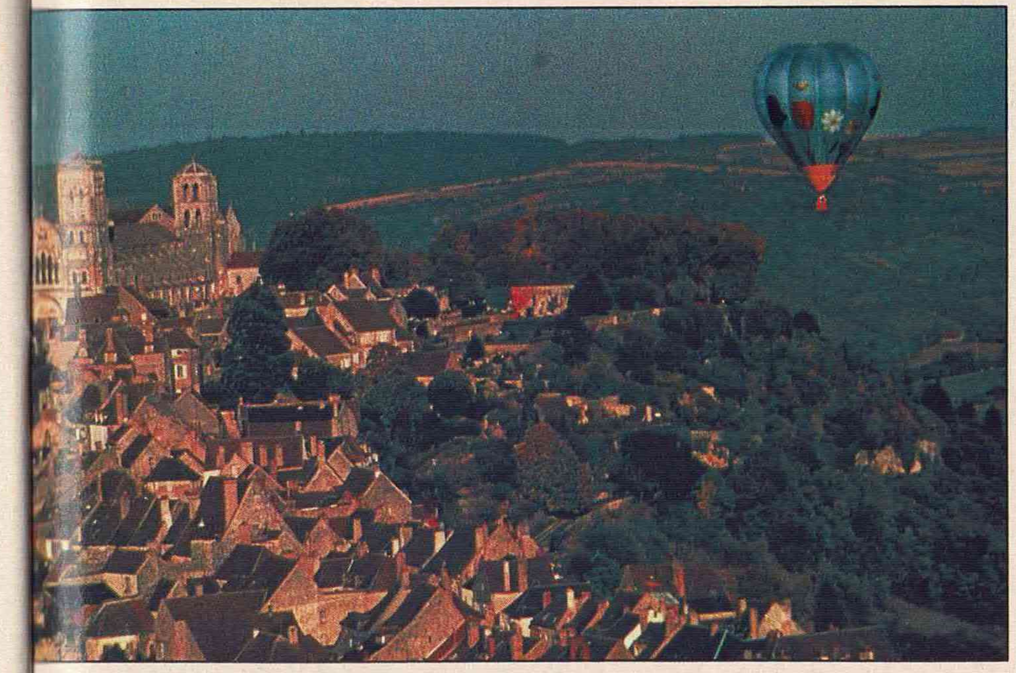
Her name was Libby Dunton, and she was one of the senior Bombard hostesses. Not only an experienced balloonist who is qualifying to become a pilot, Libby is also a wine buff, studying the mysteries of the grape at a French university college. Libby is attractive, articulate, good-humored and long-suffering: a winning quadrella on a trip such as ours.

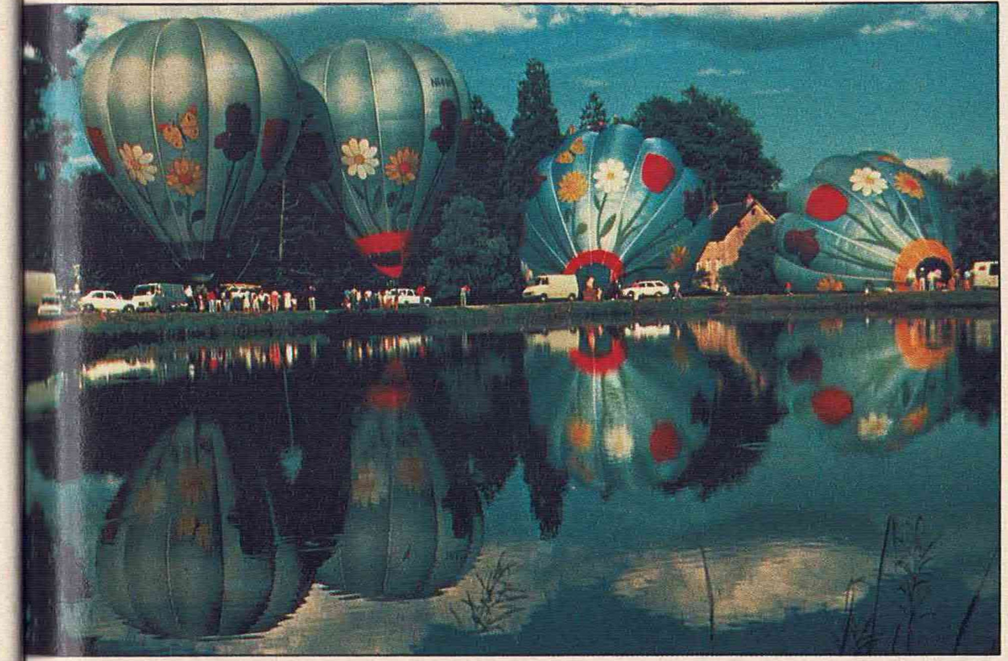
The balloon caper takes seven days, and there are 18 passengers in each contingent. Three balloons, three passengers (plus pilot) in each balloon — which means that half of the adventurers fly while the other half "chase". Then the chasers change places with the flyers. In this way everyone gets his fair share of air travel. And, strangely enough, the chasing is extremely good fun and calls on all sorts of skills such as map-reading, communicating with balloons over crackling two-way radios, and quizzing the natives in bad "pillow French" with lines like *"Avez vous vu un ballon passing cet way recently?"*

On the bus trip to Beaune, Libby filled us in with the program for the week. By the time we reached the Hotel de La Poste, we felt we were experts of Phileas Fogg class, able to parry questions about propane, and helium, and pressures. At the hotel, Bombard himself was waiting to meet us, as well as the smooth host of the hotel, Marc Chevillot. Handshakes all around, glasses of fine champagne rampant, hospitality dripping on all sides as we entered the dining room.

The Hotel de La Poste is famous for its food, and after four days of *terrine de sole, truite au beurre blanc, aiguillette de canard* and so on, we were all prepared to award it the crossed forks, the tureen with palm, and whatever other honors we could bestow. In a word, the nosh was unbelievable. Fortunately, we did not have to go aloft immediately after our introductory meal. We hit the sack for three hours, and were gently woken by muted knocks in the late afternoon and told to prepare for the skies.

The station wagons were waiting outside the hotel, each bearing a different colored sticker: green, blue, orange. These, we found, were also the colors painted on the undersides of the different balloons. Our balloon partners had been drawn by Bombard, and we each were allotted our color. Climbing into the station wagons, we roared away from Beaune into the countryside toward the "chateau" (actually the stables of what had been a chateau) where the Bombard balloon crews were waiting — a group of youngsters (French, Dutch, German, American, Cuban) responsible for the maintenance of the balloons. Then we met the pilots: Rick Behr, Michel Bergounioux and Mike Lincicome — all young (well, Michel is young at heart) and all very experienced, with hundreds of hours of balloon flying on their service records.





More surprises: more attractive women. Cami Whitman, petite and lissom, and Janey Thompson, blonde and pretty and strong. One of the interesting features of the Bombard ballooning was the way everyone, clients included, buckled into the task of getting the bags inflated and upright. Generally, it takes about 15 minutes: a few minutes with the fans blowing, then the propane burners shooting tongues of blue-orange flame into the opening fabric until the balloons bellow and sag, bellow again, fill and flop, then all at once fill out and become upright. Next, the spare cylinders are loaded into the gondolas and secured, the tie ropes secured to the back of a truck, the pilot hops aboard, and everything is in readiness for take-off.

The sensation of ballooning is quite extraordinary. Ask any 10 people who have done it and they'll give you 10 different answers. I'm on record as saying it reminded me of two things: swimming breaststroke in a dead calm sea; and childhood dreams in which, like a glider, you soar up and down with effortless ease.

Once you are up, any jitters leave you. You float as the breeze dictates. Generally, the breeze is light — that's why ballooning is best in the evening, with no gusts and no thermals. The breeze can change direction six times within an hour as you float over the countryside; it can send you along faster at 150 metres than at 300. But it's what controls your direction and speed; the pilot merely controls up and down movement.

The pilot's skill is quite remarkable. I flew with each of Bombard's men and they were all expert, although some were perhaps more daring than others. They stand upright in the gondola, their hands above them, one on each of the propane burner controls. When they press one of these levers, the burners give off a roar, reheating the airmass in the balloon. Easily heard on the ground, the sound is calculated to set livestock running and to bring the village inhabitants out of their houses in the soft Burgundy evenings, waving and shouting "*Bon soir*" as the balloon passes over.

The pilots control altitude with a finesse which is quite incredible. If you see an animal running into the forest ahead of you, the pilot can bring the balloon down to the level of the top branches, sweeping along for many kilometres and brushing the branches, allowing you to lean over to pluck some leaves. They can come down into village squares, then soar over church spires; climb the sides of the Montagne des Trois Croix, and pass silently and reverently only a few metres above that remarkable memorial to the French war dead. They can bring you down close over the beautiful Chateau Rochepot, and let you look at the vineyards scattered around Beaune on the outskirts of villages such as Volnay, Pommard, Mersault and Auxey Duresse — all names sacred to lovers of good wine.

In the evenings, our journeys were generally between 15 and 30 kilometres and took between an hour and an hour and a half. I think that I enjoyed the ballooning more when we moved our headquarters to Vezelay, north-west of Beaune, more than I did over the Burgundy country. There were fewer vineyards, more hills and forests, more beautiful streams and lush paddocks where the yellow daisies formed a background for the cream-colored Charollais cattle.

My two most enjoyable trips were those when my gondola companions were women. Libby Dunton was in our gondola one evening when a wind shift carried our balloon gently across Chagny, over Rully, and across the vineyards of the Domaine de Villaine, owned by Aubert de Villaine.

Libby could hardly contain her excitement. Aubert's wife, Pamela, is American, and a great friend of Libby. As we approached their village, the pilot gave some great whooshes on the propane burner. The villagers poured from their houses. "There they are," cried Libby, and there indeed were both Aubert and Pamela de Villaine, waving up at us from their fine house.

Where to land, so that the excited Libby could see Pamela? There were vineyards everywhere — and it's very expensive to land in a vineyard and damage the vines. On a hillside on the far side of the village there was a cemetery, and, next to it, we spotted a small patch of pasture land, probably left for the hearses to turn in after their trip up the hill.

We came down spot-on in the little pasture. The gondola gave us its customary shake, lifted and went on a few metres, shook itself again, lifted, drifted on three metres more, then settled. The de Villaines' car came roaring up the hill, and soon the scene was a jumble of old friends embracing, villagers clapping, children feeling the gondola, and all the excited chatter we had become accustomed to whenever one of the gaily decorated balloons made a landing.

My second interesting landing was flying with Virginia Smith, wife of Lee Smith, of Fort Worth, Texas. This was out of Vezelay, on a clear bright day, with a considerably-more-than-average breeze which had picked up after our take-off. We hoped it would drop, but it became obvious that this wasn't likely. I believed the pilot — Michel, the Frenchman — had become a little worried, and had decided to make a landing as soon as he could.

There, ahead of us, was a lush field, full of ankle-high grass, buttercups, clover, and a small herd of Charollais cattle. "Here we go," warned Michel. "It's going to be a giggly landing." (This is the euphemistic term used to describe a landing where the gondola goes on to its side, and the passengers fall on top of each other.)

It was giggly, all right. Virginia Smith landed on top of me, and her husband Lee came down alongside her. Up went the gondola, and down we came again. This time it stopped, with the gondola still on its side. We scrambled out, skilfully avoiding the very moist cowpats lurking among the clover. But hardly were we out before a large Charollais bull broke away from a seemingly innocent herd of cows and made for us.

Virginia Smith had a thing about bulls. She let out a yell, which we were all inclined to imitate, as the bull approached. But Michel had a quick solution. He pointed the propane burner toward the bull and sent a roaring blast in its direction. The bull stopped dead in its tracks, then turned and ran off with a bellow. I couldn't blame it. The burners look and sound like that arrangement which gave James Bond trouble in *Dr No.* Michel gave them a periodic blast or two until our "chase" car and truck arrived, and we folded the balloon and made for home.

"Chasing", while it does not have the thrill of ballooning, is quite a pleasant way to pass the time — and a very clever way to keep the non-flying section of the clients happy while the other half is aloft.

It is an activity involving some ability at map reading, sharp eyes to spot balloons floating across hills, and a placatory approach to the French farmers whenever it's necessary to enter their fields to meet a landing balloon. Not that the farmers are ever churlish — quite the opposite. They get a great local acclaim out of the fact that the balloons are operating in their districts. They never tire of watching them. Wives rush from kitchens, children from watching the television, and all gaze up at the balloons, shouting in excitement. When the balloons finally descend, the children grab their bikes and start pedalling furiously toward the landing places. Cars travelling the roads stop and their drivers wave — often turning around to follow the balloons. One transfixed driver went right off the road and into a stream — but he waded out, waving happily.

At the end of the flight (later in the long, warm evening, when the wind has died), we balloonists gathered for late supper. At this stage, we would place ourselves in the hands of the redoubtable Steven Schumacher, *chef de picnic* of the Bombard adventure. Champagne (the balloon adventure is closely associated with Moet and Chandon) and the most appetising spread you ever saw — tender lamb, hams, artichokes, salads of every description, pies and tantalising cakes and pastries. And the cheeses! If you are a cheese fan, you'll find you have a choice of the best France can produce. Don't miss the époisse, a district cheese from Beaune. It is one of the best I've ever tasted.

One night, Steven had produced two scrumptious-looking pies, and I asked him to cut a wedge for me. It was delicious. I savored the flavor. Pheasant? Partridge? A bit of rabbit with the birds?

"What a superb game pie," I said to Steven. He glowed with pleasure. "Is it pheasant?" I asked.

"No, thrush," replied Steven. Ah well, when in France . . .

I haven't mentioned the people with whom I shared the balloon adventure. They were all delightful: Americans in the main, ages ranging from their 30s to near-80s. Somehow the ballooning and the gondola riding producing a great *camaraderie.* And, despite the more-than-usual intake of rich food and fine wines, all of the Bombard clients were astonishingly fit — their dexterity at jumping in and out of gondolas was amazing.

Ballooning provided me with a new sensation in life, and it's one I intend to repeat as soon as possible. There's now a balloon adventure in Kenya, so I'm told. Floating noiselessly over the game parks, only metres above the heads of the elephants and the zebras. Now, *that* would be a real thrill. Maybe next year.

LOVERS

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"I hope you don't mind that your present's not wrapped."

DESIRE

by james r. petersen

. . . i am a veteran of the sexual revolution, or perhaps more accurately one of its correspondents. i collect war stories. the walls of my library are filled with books on the various aspects of human sexuality. I started my collection when I was a Boy Scout. My motto, then and now, was Be Prepared. I read everything there was to read about sex, in case it ever happened to me.

I have read *Joy of Sex, Human Sexual Inadequacy, Human Sexual Response, The Kinsey Report, The Hite Report, The Herpes Book, It's Your Body, Our Bodies, Ourselves, etc.* And nowhere in any of these volumes was there a paragraph on why we like the things we like, why we want the things we want, why we do the things we do. We know how it's done in Micronesia, Polynesia, in Melbourne, and in Kings Cross, but we don't know why. What is this thing called lust?

"You can't photograph desire. You can't put it on tape. You can't measure it in any way. It is a very slippery concept." That was the response of a sex researcher I called. A month later, I was willing to believe him. I had talked with social psychologists,

biologists, friends and lovers. I had added another shelf of books to my library. I had discovered that we are just *beginning* to look at the roots of sexual excitement, at what turns us on — and why. The research is as intriguing as it is incomplete. Is desire the result of the male hormone testosterone? Is immediate, undying love an altered state of consciousness, a by-product or a kissing cousin of the amphetamine that the body releases in the brain? Is lust the result of learning, or is horniness inherited? Can the fascinating variety of sexual behavior be traced to fantasy, the secret garden of erotic daydreams? Is the desire that drives a rapist to commit his crime the same that causes the rest of us to cruise for action? Perhaps it's all of the above. As one of my contacts observed, "It's amazing just what can be crammed into one erection, isn't it?"

HORMONES

Sociobiology is a theoretical discipline that attempts to analyse social behavior in terms of the genetic imperatives of natural selection. In the sociobiological scheme of things, I try to get into your jeans because my genes want to get into your genes. In lower life forms, mating behavior is automatic, the result of genetically inherited signals and responses. At first glance, it seems that the biochemical puppet strings have been severed in humans. We are the only species to separate sex and reproduction. We have to invent reasons to reproduce and reasons to have sex. Pleasure is our rationale.

Sociobiologists believe that the trigger for desire is testosterone, the so-called male sex hormone. Actually, testosterone is present in both sexes. So is estrogen, the female hormone.

During adolescence, the surge of sex hormones ignites the development of the secondary sex characteristics which separate the men from the boys, and — hallelujah — the women from the girls. In the female, progesterone is what causes the hips to flare and the breasts to swell — it produces the hourglass shape of the mature woman. Females develop internal genitalia and the ability to lubricate — which is an indication of receptivity according to some, and arousal according to others. On the other side of the fence, the tide of testosterone gives the boy his beard, lowers his voice, broadens his shoulders, puts hair on his chest and starts to take it off his head, precipitates sexual fantasies, constant erections, nocturnal emissions, the whole shooting match.

It is obvious that testosterone is a likely suspect in rampaging teenage sexuality — at least for boys. Kinsey found that most males reach their peak of orgasmic frequency within a year or two of pubertal onset. The boys who catch the wave of hormones at an earlier age than their peers become more involved in more types of sexual activity, have increased frequency rates in each type of activity, and subsequently remain at higher rates of total orgasmic outlet. It's the old story — first come, first served. In contrast, women, who have only one-tenth as much testosterone, are relatively unaffected by their hormones and do not reach their sexual peak until their mid-20s and 30s. They discover masturbation at a later age and are less inclined to talk about it when they do.

Rapists who seem to be unable to control their desire have been interpreted by some researchers as puppets of extreme levels of hormonal influence. However, a recent study of rapists revealed that their levels were normal. Another research team thought there might be some connection between the amount of damage inflicted on a rape victim and the level of testosterone in the rapist. There was no correlation. If a little does a lot, more doesn't seem to help. John Wincz, a university researcher, found that if a normal male takes a shot of testosterone he can get an erection quicker — but he'll lose it quicker, too. Big deal. Anke Erhardt, a US psychologist who specialises in gender differences, warns against making too much of testosterone. "We like to say that testosterone is the fuel of desire," she says. "It puts petrol in the tank. It adds octane. But the basic vehicle is already there."

> *"Testosterone is the fuel of desire. It puts petrol in the tank. It adds octane. But the basic vehicle is already there."*

The onset of the sex hormones in puberty is dramatic. Most of us experience our first infatuation about age 13 and our first real love around age 17. But after we reach adulthood, there doesn't seem to be any clear connection. As long as we are not running on empty, the level of sex hormone doesn't seem to account for the variety of desire. Says Erhardt, "It is an open system. We now know that hormones do affect behavior, but behavior also affects the level of hormones. Soldiers facing battle have low levels of testosterone. Fear reduces testosterone. But after a battle, levels return to normal.

"Even in lower primates, you can castrate an adult male, but he will still be able to function with his preferred partner — at least a bit. Choice is as important as hormone level."

CHEMICALS

A pair of American psychiatrists, Donald F. Klein and Michael R. Leibowitz, believe they've found the secret of desire. They speculate that passionate love, the sudden surge of attraction we feel for one another, is the result of some amphetamine-like substance in the brain. When we fall in love (or lust), the brain produces phenethylamine — a molecule that is only one carbon atom away from amphetamine. When we fall out of love, the brain shuts down the speed pump, and we experience all of the symptoms of withdrawal.

Indeed, the similarity between lovesickness and "crashing" was what suggested the theory to Klein in the first place.

He was treating a group of women who were classic sensation seekers, who took more than their usual amount of amphetamines. When they fell in love, they felt a zap that many compared to the rush from amphetamines. When they experienced a setback in love, they became depressed, irritable. They overslept and over-ate — in short, exhibited the symptoms of someone crashing from an amphetamine habit. They did not respond to tricyclic anti-depressants, but they did seem to respond to the chemicals that slow down the breakdown of phenethylamine. Interestingly, the women often consumed large quantities of chocolate, a substance rich in phenethylamine. But don't get the idea that chocolate is an aphrodisiac. Says Leibowitz: "We had two people on the staff eat 500g of chocolate; all they got was a headache."

An article called *Adrenalin Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,* by Elaine Hatfield and Ellen Berschied, found that any state of intense arousal can be interpreted as the stirrings of desire — even if the arousal is the result of an irrelevant experience. In one experiment after another, they discovered that if a man was afraid, jealous, euphoric, angry, terrified or excited, he was inclined to interpret those symptoms as romantic — if given the "appropriate" cue.

For example, a man who crossed a 300 metre crevasse on a narrow, swinging bridge was more likely to express interest in an attractive lab

"Twenty-eighth floor. . . and a very merry Christmas madam."

assistant than was someone who had crossed a safe concrete bridge. A person who had been told that he would receive electric shocks expressed more interest in an attractive lab assistant than did someone who faced a normal task. A student who had been insulted was more attracted to a woman than was a male who had been flattered. They say that El Cid wooed the proud heart of Diana Ximene by shooting one after another of her pet pigeons. It's not our idea of foreplay, but if it works — hey.

Elaine Hatfield told me that the experiments had been duplicated with female subjects and that women were just as inclined to seize a spur-of-the-moment romantic opportunity and go for it. "I believe it is a significant change," says Hatfield. "Risk-taking is no longer a male perk. Women are not afraid of adrenalin. They are not coy. I don't think a woman who has had a dozen sexual partners will be condemned by her partner."

Now that women have an equal potential for pleasure, and an equal permission, one would expect to see fewer differences between the sexes. But there are still plenty. Men and women may be equally motivated to have sex, but men still initiate most encounters. Hatfield and a team of researchers asked a group of students and newlyweds what they wanted from sex. Both men and women seemed to be equally concerned with acceptance, affection, caring (though women were more anxious for expressions of love during sex). It was thought that women would be more interested in intimacy or closeness. The researchers found that the sexes were equal — indeed, on some items, men seemed to express a greater longing for intimacy than did women.

Hatfield speculates that the nature of relationships will change. "It used to be that most men entered into a relationship wanting sex and ended up caring for the relationship. Women wanted the relationship but ended up caring for sex. Now it appears that men are more open to intimacy. And intimacy is not the same as sexual satisfaction. It includes the heights of ecstasy, but also the dark side of hostility, depression. A casual partner can only please or discomfort you. The longer you stay with someone, the more he knows about you. The more important his approval, the more devastating his rejection. The threat that it might end is a constant source of arousal.

"The way couples judge their first relationships depends on a fantasy, what they've been told about relationships. First affairs are always unreal projections. Later, the lovers become more receptive to experience. You can almost measure the success of a relationship with a formula — it is directly dependent on the number of good experiences, the sequence of positive reinforcement. Fantasy is usually replaced by a reality that is full of surprises. You begin to judge a relationship by past events."

Men and women are beginning to drift toward each other, but I suspect that the socialisation process, if that's what it is, begins early to revert. If you put a barrier between boy and girl playmates at age three, the girl will sit there, crying. The boy will try to find a way around the barrier. He initiates the behavior.

Perhaps in the two years that girls are waiting for boys to go through puberty, they sit and compare notes, decide on the quotes, the standards for success. Their erotic fantasies encompass real estate, children, the *status quo.* They develop the confidence of a customs official. When their relationship falls apart, women are resigned. They still maintain their standards. The man almost never knows why it went wrong. He is likely to feel more depressed, more lonely and less happy after a break-up. He is three times as likely to commit suicide after a bad affair as a woman.

> *"We do seem to have an erotic type. Yet the intensity of the affair comes not from the similarities but from the differences."*

PHYSICAL ATTRACTION

Hatfield and Berschied spent years studying attraction. "We find," says Hatfield, "that physical beauty is crucial. Given a choice, we would all like to date the most beautiful partner available. But if faced with a real date, that choice is held in rein by our sense of self-esteem, what we have to offer. Sexual relations seem to be based on a marketing model. People end up with partners who are similar in physical appearance, mental health, physical health and family background (including race, religion, parents' economic status, education and income). It's astonishing. When you see a sexual imbalance in a couple, the discrepancy is usually accounted for by an imbalance on one of the other scales.

"We do seem to have an erotic type. It seems that we like people who look like us — and yet the intensity of the affair comes not from the similarities, but from the differences."

There are tit men, ass men, large buttock men, tall skinny men — and there are the female equivalents. Why do we focus on one aspect of a person and not on the total person? Edward Becker suggests that the dynamics of normal attractions are similar to those of the fetishes. In an essay called *Everyman as Perfect,* Becker writes: "There is nothing *per se* about a large breast that has any more inherent sexual stimulation to the partner than a small one. Obviously, it is all in the eye of the beholder. But our culture teaches us to become committed in some way to the body of the opposite sex, and we are eager for cues that give us a passport to permissive excitation. When we learn such a cue, we invest it with rich significance. Each culture heightens the means of certain qualities of objects so that its members can easily bring into play the approved responsive group behavior."

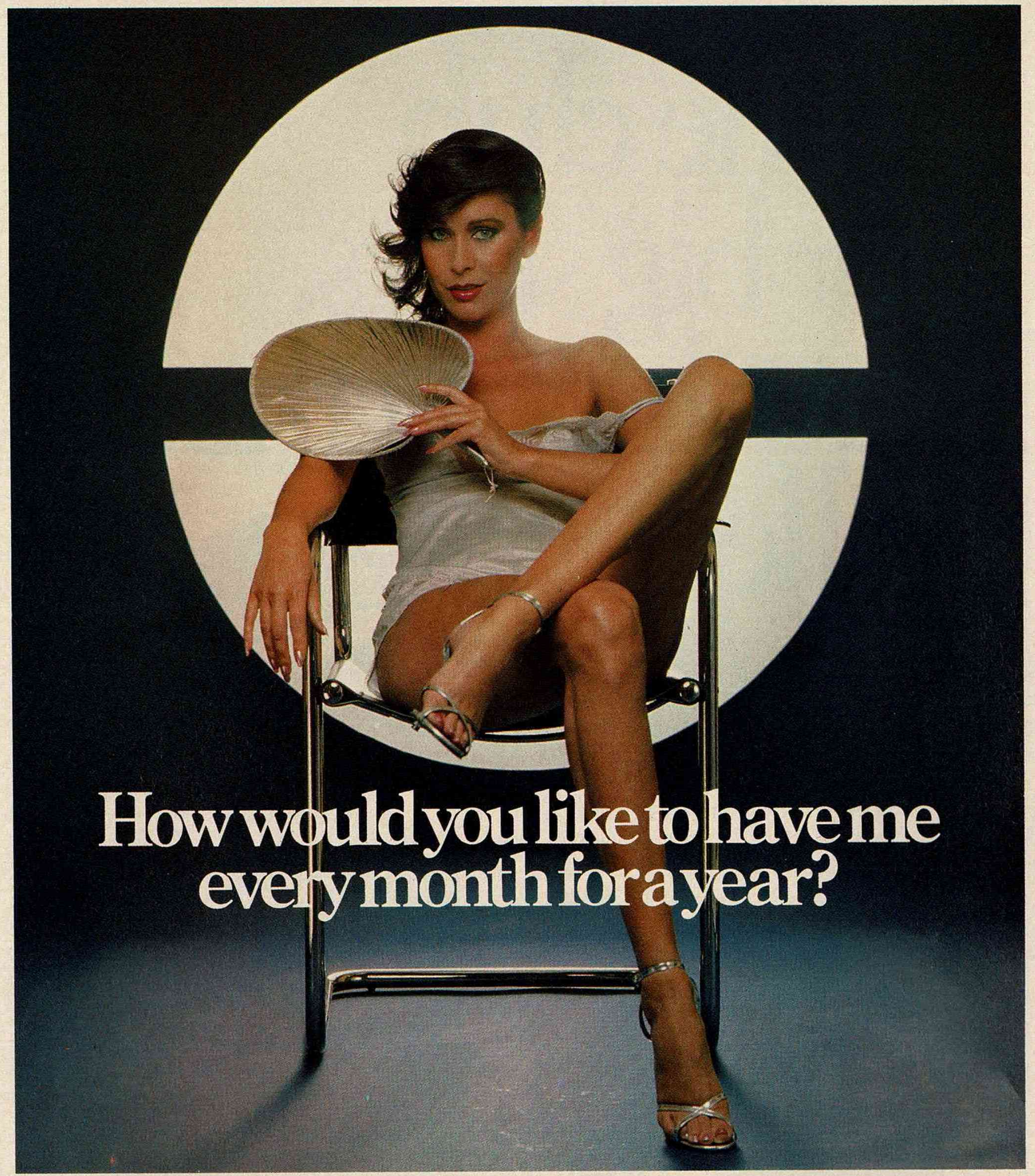
FANTASIES

The penile transducer, or strain gauge, is a semicircular stainless steel band, not unlike a bracelet, that encloses the shaft of the penis. Tiny elastic cords, resembling the bungi straps used to attach luggage to a motorcycle, complete the circuit. These bands translate fluctuations in the diameter of the penis, via a bundle of tiny wires, to a needle moving on a polygraph. The strain gauge is the scientific tool which determines the truth of the body. It provides an objective measure of sexual arousal.

If you attach a strain gauge to a volunteer, then show him an erotic movie, or better yet, play him a tape recording of an erotic fantasy which allows him to fill in the gaps with his own details, he will be able to tell you what turns him on — or how turned on he is at any given moment — some 90 percent of the time. The rise and fall of his self-report will agree with the rise and fall of the polygraph.

In contrast, if you take a female volunteer and plug her into a machine that records changes in the vaginal mucosa (lubrication is the equivalent of erection), she can accurately assess the state of her arousal only 50 percent of the time.

Gene Abel is a psychiatrist at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, which has its offices in New York City. He employs the strain gauge to investigate sexual arousal of sex offenders — both rapists and child molesters — and the idiosyncratic. He starts with the bizarre, because funding is available for the study of



How would you like to have me every month for a year?

Don't leave it to chance. Get it regularly, every month. The best collection of fact, fiction and fantasy in the country. Australian Playboy.

Fill in coupon complete with credit card details if applicable. Cheque should be made payable to: Murray Distribution Services.

Coupon should be posted to **Murray Distribution Services, Box 4088 GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001.**

Indicate your choice by placing a tick in the appropriate boxes.

☐ Gift Subscription
☐ Also send me a subscription
☐ Cheque enclosed
☐ Diners Club
☐ American Express
☐ Bankcard

Credit Card No. AMERICAN EXPRESS

Card Expiry Date ______

Signature of Cardholder ______

(Unsigned orders cannot be accepted)

MN&C/PLA/2703

Send Gift to:
Name:
Address
State Postcode

From:
Name:
Address
State Postcode

1 year's subscription **Australia** $24.00 **Other Countries** $32.40 (Airmail rates on application).

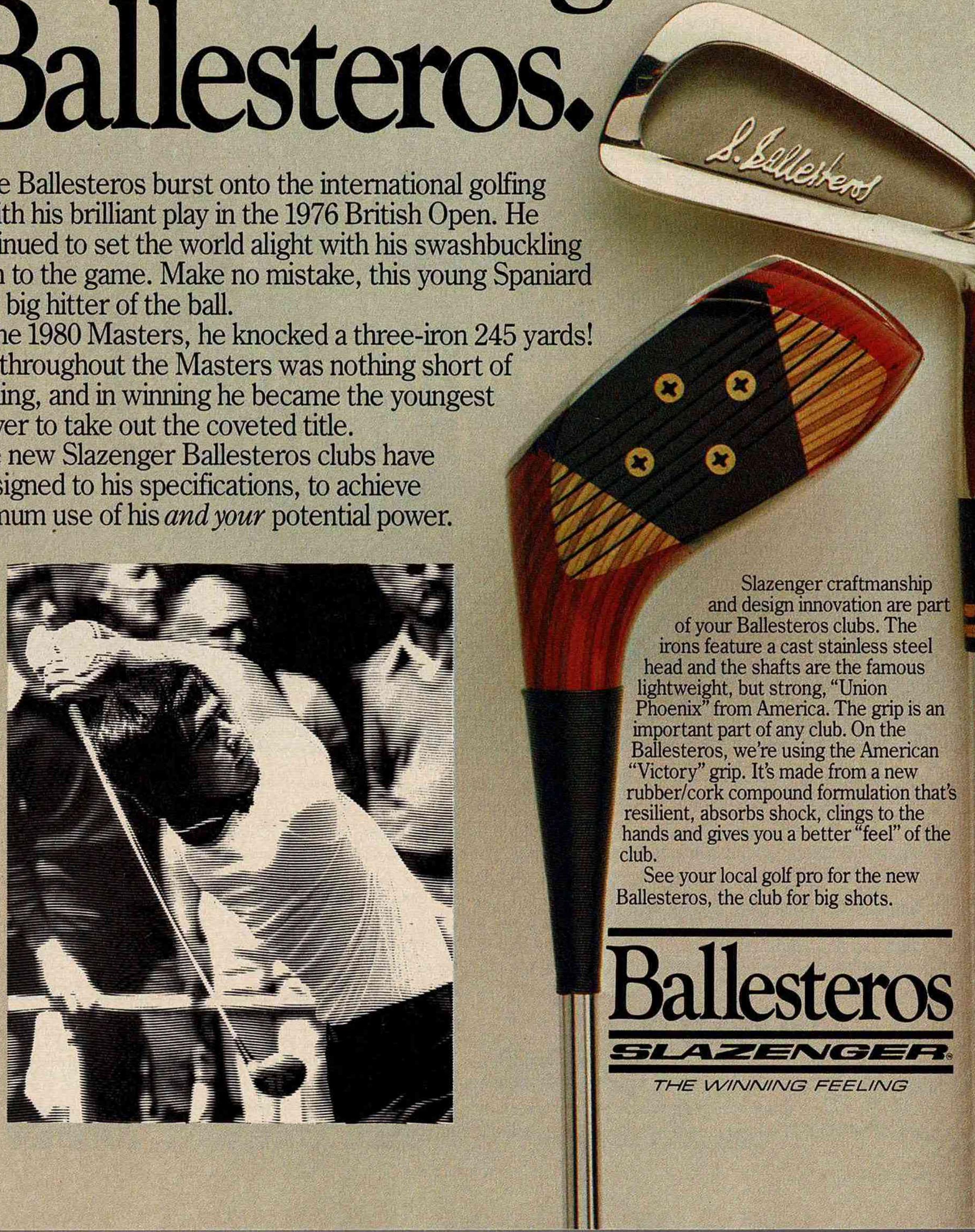
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

The club for big shots. Introducing the Ballesteros.

Seve Ballesteros burst onto the international golfing scene with his brilliant play in the 1976 British Open. He has continued to set the world alight with his swashbuckling approach to the game. Make no mistake, this young Spaniard is a truly big hitter of the ball.

In the 1980 Masters, he knocked a three-iron 245 yards! His play throughout the Masters was nothing short of outstanding, and in winning he became the youngest player ever to take out the coveted title.

The new Slazenger Ballesteros clubs have been designed to his specifications, to achieve the optimum use of his *and your* potential power.



Slazenger craftmanship and design innovation are part of your Ballesteros clubs. The irons feature a cast stainless steel head and the shafts are the famous lightweight, but strong, "Union Phoenix" from America. The grip is an important part of any club. On the Ballesteros, we're using the American "Victory" grip. It's made from a new rubber/cork compound formulation that's resilient, absorbs shock, clings to the hands and gives you a better "feel" of the club.

See your local golf pro for the new Ballesteros, the club for big shots.

Ballesteros
SLAZENGER
THE WINNING FEELING

JWT894.P.099

the bizarre. "We study people with unacceptable erotic fantasies because that's what society is interested in."

According to Abel, the stranger the turn-on, the less likely you are to have a match between the subject's self-report and the truth of the body as measured by the strain gauge. "People can't always identify what it is that's erotic to them."

One young man came to Abel troubled by an annoying fantasy. He claimed that he could become aroused only by the sight of white or brown patent leather, open-toed sandals. The kid was afraid he would get caught molesting a woman in a shoe store. Abel hooked him up to the strain gauge and presented him with a fantasy involving white open-toed patent leather sandals. The story generated minimal arousal — the polygraph recorded a mere 20 percent erection. Puzzled, Abel next presented the patient with a fantasy in which the white pair of open-toed sandals were attached to the feet of a female. Bingo. The polygraph recorded a 75 percent erection. Eventually Abel presented him with a fantasy that attached the feet to a responsive woman, who kicked off her sandals, let down her hair and acted eager. The patient achieved his peak erection.

When I first heard about Abel and the strain gauge, I thought I might volunteer to be tested, to spend an afternoon in his office, looking at pictures and listening to tapes, in order to find out once and for all what I was looking for in my sex life.

I believed that, since I was turned on by anything alive, identifiably female and of legal age, I could stand to narrow that down a bit. With my luck, I would find I was turned on by the machine. I recalled one of the remarks of Oscar Wilde: "There are only two tragedies in life. The first is not getting what you want. The second is getting what you want."

Faced with these alternatives, I contacted Abel and asked if he had ever shown a group of standard fantasies to a "normal" population. He said he had not, that sex research was not TV programming. He was more interested in the subtle components of desire, attempting to isolate the cues that accelerate arousal and to edit out extraneous mechanisms.

In one study, Abel presented two groups — rapists and non-rapists — with three scenarios. The first tape described mutually-consenting intercourse between a male and a female who initiates sex: "She really cares about you . . . she says, 'Let's make love' . . . she's unzipping your pants. She's really getting into it . . ." Both the rapists and non-rapists tested responded to this fantasy. So, for that matter, did I.

The second tape, describing a rape, reads like a police-blotter account of assault, including constant threats, injury and fear for her life. The group of non-rapists literally dropped out, the strain gauge recording minimal arousal. In contrast, the rapists were very aroused, recording between 50 and 69 percent of a full erection.

The third tape described a pure physical assault, with no sex. The non-rapists did not respond to this assault scenario, but the rapists did. In fact, says Abel, the relationship between their arousal to aggression and their arousal to rape was "disgustingly lawful". The rapists' erection to pure violence was 40 percent of their erection to rape.

What if you are one of those men who become aroused by such an inappropriate cue? Is there anything that can be done? Abel believes there is. He claims that each of us carries around some potent fantasy. "The thoughts we recall and use a lot become tied in or associated with orgasm and generate more arousal. Those things we don't remember fade, so we have a constantly altering and evolving arousal pattern, depending upon our idiosyncratic retrieval pattern. Our past leads us into the future, to make us try to make the world match our fantasy."

> *"Freud gave fantasy a bad name. Nowadays, we know that everyone has fantasies, and that the normal can be pretty weird."*

Abel treats rapists with something called the masturbatory satiation technique. He has the patient reach orgasm to a scenario of mutual intercourse. Then, while the erection fades he has the patient repeat aloud, over and over, the offensive fantasy until it becomes boring. Eventually, the rape fantasy, or child-molestation fantasy, whatever, loses its power, and is replaced with some fantasy more flexible, resilient and legally available. The message is, if you want to change the quality of your sexual excitement, you have to change the quality of your sexual fantasies. Freud gave fantasy a bad name by suggesting that only neurotics played inside the secret garden of erotic daydreams. Nowadays, we know that everyone has fantasies, and that the normal can be pretty weird.

John Money, a sex researcher at Johns Hopkins Medical School, in Baltimore, Maryland, in the States, believes that desire is the byproduct of a core fantasy — that we reach adulthood equipped with an erotic map that dictates the perfect love affair, the perfect lover, the perfect erotic sexual experience. "The profile of one's erotic turn-on imagery is as personally idiosyncratic as one's signature, one's face or one's fingerprints," says Money.

When we reach adolescence, the map reveals itself in our erotic fantasies. The young boy already knows if he prefers Miss May to Miss October. So he begins the hunt.

Money believes that the erotic map is the result of a hard-fought struggle against a repressive society. It's a wonder, he says, that any of us turns out remotely normal, and in his book *Love and Lovesickness* he points out that if you take a young monkey away from its mother and its playmates, then reintroduce them at a later age, the monkey will attempt to mate, but its moves will be ludicrous and inaccurate. A young male monkey will try to mount the female sideways — or, in other cases, he will try to make love to her foot. It has been suggested that the sexual isolation imposed on young females may contribute to inorgasmia in later years. In other words, if we interrupt the natural cycle, we end up with adults who don't know enough to do it right.

"If we grew up in a permissive society," advises Money, "everyone would become healthy heterosexuals. I don't have to tell you that we prohibit, prevent and punish children for sexual rehearsal play, especially if it is heterosexual rehearsal play."

But, what we have instead is the minefield, the obstacle course of growing up absurd and asexual. "Part of the natural mating dance gets displaced, put on centre stage," says Money. "In the natural course of events, for example, primates show their sex organs to each other. In our society, that kind of overt behavior is punished. So it turns into the supercharged obsession. In order to get an erection, you have to rush down to the bus stop or the shopping centre and flash your genitalia at some unsuspecting female in order to see the shock on her face, and maybe hear her screams. And then you run home. These men seldom ejaculate on the spot. They keep the arousal and run home to do it with their wives."

According to Money, we are not born with our basic sexual imagery;

we learn from our parents and peers. We acquire our sexuality the way we acquire our native language. We are not born speaking English or French, but we soon acquire the words and the grammar, enough to make ourselves understood. None of us is created heterosexual, but something in the mind lies waiting for the appropriate cues. We acquire our sexual imagery in the same years we acquire our language, between the ages of two and 20. "I could call it our native imagery, our native fantasy," says Money, "but we don't have a word for it, and there's a perfectly good reason — because we believe in the innocence and asexualism of childhood. We are constantly searching for original sin, or premature wickedness."

The monkey has visual models; it can watch adults do it. We have the taboo of privacy, the taboo of age, the taboo of gender. Parents don't discuss the nature of intimacy, do not include their children in sexual behavior, so children grow up with the most deprived sense of what sex is about. Excitement is something unacceptable, to be hidden, something not to be discussed in mixed company. The basic mating position that results from this societal isolation booth is as ludicrous as that of the monkey trying to copulate sideways. Masters and Johnson found that 85 percent of the couples in their lab engaged in the Great American Mating Dance: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breast, a dive for the genitalia and, finally, mounting in the missionary position. The same old thing, what we could just about expect to discover on our own, and nothing more.

Money believes that males are more susceptible to "improper" cues because of their anatomy. Most of the 30 or so paraphilias (aberrations) that are recognised by psychiatry are male practices. "It is easy for a male to become fixed on some anomaly of the visual world," says Money. "The ease of identifying male core fantasies, permissive cues, may be the reason homosexual behavior is so ritualised. They have codes and signals for their mutual fantasy. If you wear a key on the right, it means you like to be beaten; if you wear it on the left, it means you like to beat. There is an immediate match-up of the fantasy."

Since sex is the same as a native language, I asked Money if we could measure desire the same way we measure intelligence — by how well a child learns to master the sexual vocabulary. Is there an erotic IQ — an "EQ"? Is there such a thing as an erotic genius?

"I don't think the erotic genius would be the person with the largest vocabulary, who was turned on to all 30 of the recognised sexual aberrations," he said. "I would say that the erotic genius is the person most able to satisfy his erotic map — to find his way to the right person, the right place, the right position."

The Big Lie of the past few decades has been that all orgasms are created equal, that every boy and girl can grow up to become polymorphously perverse, that we have made the world safe for sensuality. We've been told that pleasure was a self-evident truth, a somewhat absent-minded guide through life, the body's way of telling us that we were on the right track. If it felt good, do it — that was the only permission we needed to reach the full potential of our bodies.

Masters and Johnson suggested that lovemaking was a skill that could be learned and that all orgasms were identical, the result of a certain sequence of physiological events. Men and women, they said, have similar response patterns to "effective sexual stimulation." Learn the basics, perform a few simple exercises and you're back in the game.

> *"Questions about desire are more interesting than statistics. Our pursuit of pleasure tells us more than we had ever imagined."*

Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately — all orgasms are *not* identical. And while the sexes have similar response patterns, they seem to be radically different in terms of desire. The notion that sex is the same for all of us was challenged by therapist Virginia Adams: "Apparently, the culture has cured simpler problems by making sex information easier to obtain and easing up on old taboos; it is all right now to enjoy sex. But, paradoxically, a lot of people aren't much interested in it, even though they are capable of functioning sexually and wish they had an appetite for it. The problem most often presented today is lack of desire."

The potential for orgasm is not enough to cure sexual inertia or apathy, nor does it explain why sex is better with some people than with others or better on some nights than on others. Questions about desire are more interesting than statistics on performance in bed. Our pursuit of pleasure tells us more about ourselves than we had ever imagined.

I realise that my willingness to plug myself into the strain gauge, the stainless steel band that would reveal to me the truth about my body, was simply a means of testing the wisdom I was beginning to extract from my past sexual experiences. I know the cues that accelerate my arousal. The fantasies that a lab assistant could produce from me would be typical, the stuff of soap operas.

I can see that I'm attracted to a certain erotic type, a gracious lady, wise-ass chick. Women who are strong, independent, muscle-toned, more likely to be blonde, who have the grace of someone in touch with her body, whose nerve endings are not hidden, whose eyes are intelligent. Like a friend of mine tells me: "The only requirement is keeping up." I am more responsive to collarbones and sacral dimples than tits and ass. I have a favorite piece of pornography, chapter seven of *Jungle Fever,* by Van Heller. I discovered it when a potential lover said *her* favorite piece of pornography was something she'd read as a kid by Van Heller. If we ever get together, we could be dangerous.

I probably have a favorite position, but then, I've had good teachers. I can recall afternoons tangled in satin sheets on a waterbed, unsure of whose genitalia were whose or what was being done by whom. As long as no one left with more than the one set, fine. I remember an affair in an hotel room, with a new lover, a time when sex seemed to have invited us there to deliver its own lecture. I was endlessly aroused, far beyond any script I had come up with, into improvisation — to the point that, when I left, I looked at her and said: "*That's* what I mean."

The lover who now occupies my thoughts is one who can read the movements behind the movements. Who can perceive the image when I place her arms over her head, to suggest bondage, and later have her suggest the opposite, hanging me from a chin-up bar and . . . never mind. Who is not afraid to initiate her own fantasies — even if it's sudden possession in a car parked at the airport, revisiting teenage lust while a voice intones: "This white zone is for loading and unloading only." *This* is the source of sexual excitement. Trying to find a partner who fits, or comes even close.

The third tragedy in life, between getting what you want or not getting what you want, is not being willing to try. As Han Solo says: "Don't ever tell me the odds."

NEW TO AUSTRALIA

Grant's 8 worth the wait.

Good things are worth waiting for. So it is with Grant's 8. Over 100 years of experience has gone into the making of this fine deluxe Scotch Whisky.

Grant's 8 is a product of one of Scotland's oldest independent, family-run distilling companies — skilfully blended and carefully matured for eight years. Only Grant's 8 eight-year-old Scotch Whisky has the smooth quality, the true mellow taste that comes from a tradition of Highland distilling.

Grant's 8 eight-year-old Scotch Whisky. Now the waiting is over, it's well worth the extra.

You can be sure of Grant's.

100% Scotch Whisky, imported from Scotland.

AB717/80
GRNT0052

Grant's
De Luxe Scotch Whisky
MATURED FOR 8 EIGHT YEARS
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Grant's
De Luxe Scotch Whisky
MATURED FOR 8 EIGHT YEARS
WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
INDEPENDENT FAMILY DISTILLERS
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN AUSTRALIA
Distilled and Matured in Scotland

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

SAGITTARIUS

COMBINING AS he does the wisdom and cunning of man and the endurance and potency of the horse, the Sagittarian needs only to play his arrows right to home in on a succession of lovelies in the coming year. Because those born under the sign of the archer need an audience to turn on, the party whirl promises to include a plentiful supply of crumpet, but beware the competition.

Neptune will be lurking in your star sign for the next month or two and might cast a shadow on your trysting corner and, because the old sea horse has a predilection for ruling the brain waves, you will be a candidate for gloom and depression. You will be at your most vulnerable during this period so beware the little schemer willing to gamble her all for a permanent place in your life. With Neptune bearing down on you, you will also be tempted to belt the bottle. John Barleycorn might chase away the blues, but you are going to feel like hell the next morning after the frustrated bird has flown.

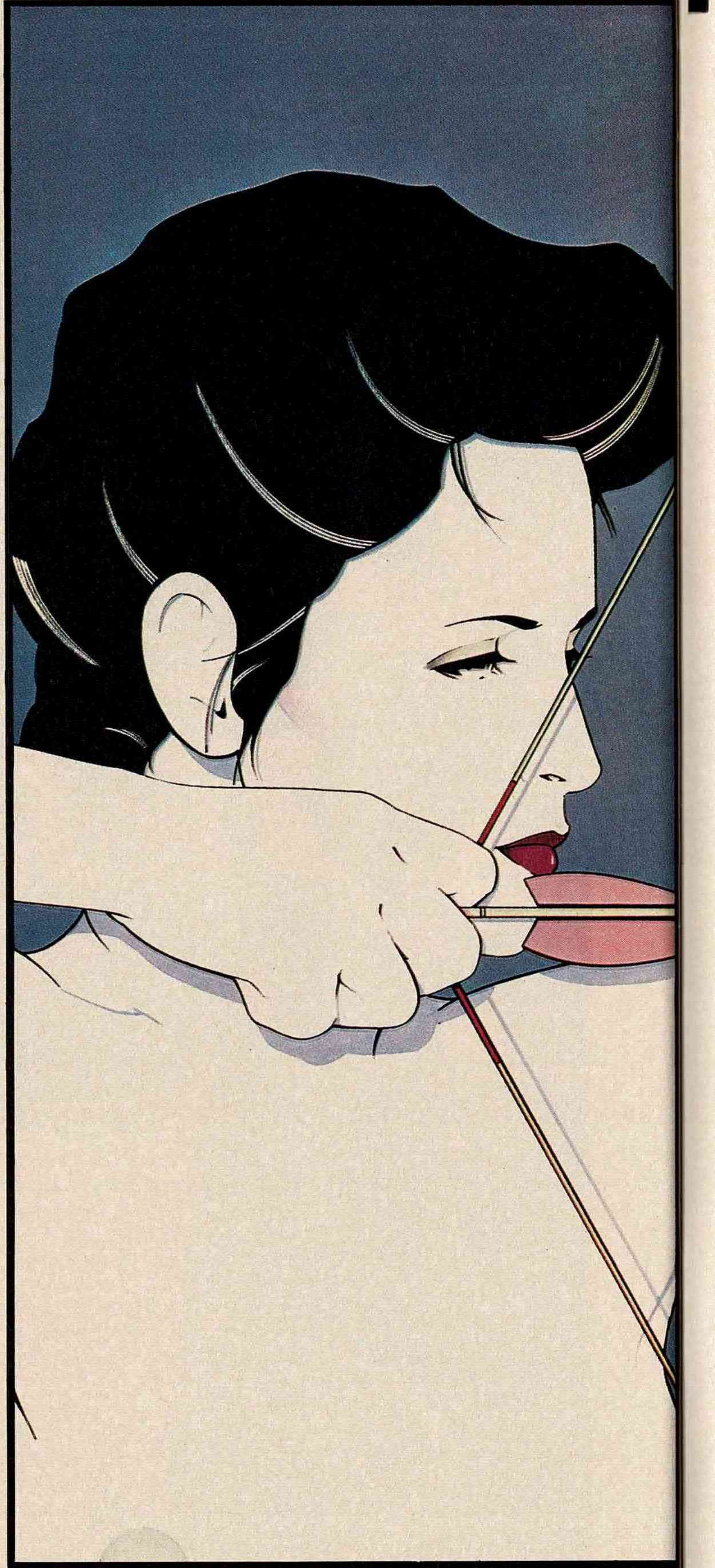
Neptune, however, will be off your back by February when Uranus will have moved into your ken bringing with it the promise of sweetness and light. But let the hand-brake off slowly — there will still be the odd hazard to negotiate in your downhill run into the valley of pleasure. Be specially wary of the Little Miss Hots who enters the scene on the arm of another and promises to end the night adorning your body and bed. The chances are she gets her jollies fanning the jealous rages of her live-in lover and, with your sex life on the up-and-up, you'll need your family jewels intact.

Although Neptune and its temptresses will be back singing their siren song late in the year, Saturn and Jupiter will begin to take over your sexual destiny during April. It is the perfect blend for Sagittarians. Saturn will give you the patience to take a long hard look before you leap into the playroom, while lucky old Jupiter will load the dice in your favor.

Business will draw you far and wide from your home patch during this period, and the ladies of London, Launceston and Lusaka will be just as susceptible to your charms as the swingers in your own set. Nor do you have to fret over compatible Zodiac signs. They're all fair game, but the fairest of all might just be a tender virgin who will decide that an archer will be the man to prick her cherry.

The astral portents are that, around September-October, a maiden will come aknocking on your door pleading for her first lesson in love. Treat her gently and you will unleash a Vesuvius of passion.

The Sagittarian, then, is in for a sensational year of sexual encounters providing he concentrates on the positive aspects of his star sign.



THIS MONTH

most will reap a bumper yuletide sexual harvest, but the poor virgin will remain that way

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

PISCES

Sadly, there will be few opportunities for exercising the eel this month. The retirement from the regular Yuletide roe-raking will be largely imposed by yourself because, for reasons best known to yourself, you refuse to be snared into the usual round of Christmas parties. You may encounter a sole-mate with suckerfish tendencies, but beware her sharp teeth. Your best move might be to get out your little black book and look up some of your past catches.

GEMINI

As the new moon rises about half an hour after midnight on the eighth, you are likely to be raising something of your own in a sexual marathon with the female you met the preceding weekend. Do not be disappointed if this romance is short-lived — another mate will be just around the corner. This month you can do no wrong. It's possible that the odd voracious crab will sidle into your life — be careful that it's not the type that necessitates medical treatment.

VIRGO

Virgo, poor Virgo. Your sexual fortunes are on the wane again this month, with Mars and Saturn doing their damnedest to keep you in a sad state of unblemished chastity. Your only option is to go for not-so-fair maidens, trying not to look at the mantel-piece while you poke the fire. There are definite opportunities at a party on the second weekend of the month but, once again, you'll have to face settling for a boiler instead of a fresh young chicken.

CAPRICORN

Although they sometimes run wild, goats are generally docile animals, happy to graze on almost anything. But Mars the activator will lead you into fresh pastures without having to initiate anything yourself, opening up whole new feral vistas. For once, your reticence will work to your advantage, proving an irresistible challenge to women who want to get their goat. Be careful you don't tie a tangled knot with your tongue which proves difficult to undo.

ARIES

The ram will go on a sexual ram-page this month as volatile Mars crosses the heavens, raising his libido to fever-pitch and giving new meaning to the expression "wolf in sheep's clothing". It's likely you'll have a chance to discover whether the blonde virgin you've been lusting after does have a golden fleece, but watch out for predatory lionesses. On New Year's Eve latch on to someone who shares your sign and, together, you'll do some sheep-dipping.

CANCER

Now is the time for you to come out of your shell and stop all that side-stepping for once and for all. There are scores of lovelies just itching to examine your feelers, but you've always tended to be a hermit instead of a blue swimmer. So get your act together and try sinking your pincers into a beautiful piece of flesh. Some money troubles may slow down the off-shore motel activity but there are other places, as you will quickly discover, to your delight.

LIBRA

For the past few weeks you've had several weighty considerations upon your mind, revolving around the planned seduction of a number of spunky young women in your life. Stop pondering and *act*. The time is ripe as the women you've been dreaming about. Try a Leo for starters — she won't need much taming. Parties late in the month will bring you into contact with females who like their mates to be quick off the mark — so get straight down to it.

AQUARIUS

Like a conscientious gardener, the water bearer is always prepared to spread his liquid fertiliser, and there will be no shortage of recipients this month. Most of the flowers you attend to will be waiting, petals open. Old Jupiter will prevent any permanent attachments coming your way, but by Jupiter, you'll have a good time! The latter part of December brings a few very special encounters, and at least one will be with your opposite sign, Leo.

TAURUS

You can afford to pick the choicest pieces of tenderloin during the coming weeks, although you could be led into a *Death In the Afternoon* situation by a dewy-eyed heifer who is already shackled to a mate. The weekend of December 20-21 presents particular dangers of this type for the near-sighted bull. On Christmas Day you may be embarrassed by a present from someone who has been admiring you from afar but isn't on your own gift list.

LEO

Your fondness for pussy-pounding will be indulged this month. The lion will have a truly wild time. Just make sure that a cat burglar doesn't sneak into your home when you're out playing and steal your regular partner. You could find Arians or even virgins taking pride of place at the many festive parties you'll attend, although there's a distinct chance you'll sink your arrow into a Sagittarian. New Year's Eve should be a roaring sexual success.

SCORPIO

There is a danger of the scorpion's tail starting to droop and his sting losing its potency this month through constant over-imbibing. You may be a tough-skinned creature, but there's a limit to how many skinsfull you can take before the booze takes its toll. Avoid constant rounds of parties, and since the Scorpion is happiest in arid, sandy places, find a deserted spot where you and your mate can clasp claws and sing a duet of the desert song.

THE FARCE BEHIND CHRIS BEARDE

article by Denis Whitburn

famous for his laugh-in madness, writer/producer bearde has returned home to australia with plans to hatch more crazy schemes

THE WAY Chris Bearde tells it, if Andy Warhol, the American artist, had 24 hours to live he would want to set fire to himself to music on Bearde's creation, *The Gong Show.*

"The avant garde people love *The Gong Show,*" he says. "They saw it as part of the art form of television." It's a view in complete harmony with Bearde's own. "I have always been encouraged by Warhol and author Truman Capote in some things I've done and wanted to do on television. They've done television with me where they haven't wanted to do it with others."

At first you ask yourself: he can't be serious. *The Gong Show* — seen by many as the pits of television, the final dying breath of the medium gasping for something . . . anything! But if he *is* putting us on, then he's been getting away with it for the best part of 25 years . . .

•

We are in the dining room of Bernard King's Balmain, Sydney, residence. Chris Bearde ignores the champagne, the salmon, the avocado entree, the corned beef and egg potato side dish while he holds forth to a clique of television heavies, extolling the virtues of The Box, The Tube. (Hey! There's Bruce Gyngell, former boss of the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal, and David Jones, its new chief . . . Jimmy Hannan, the TV compere, looks like he's just stepped out of the set of Saturday Date . . . and the NSW Minister for Education, Paul Landa). And a host of other TV execs. Gyngell is recalling an incident between Bearde and himself when he was producer and host of a quiz show, *Name That Tune,* on Channel 9 in '56. Stuck for a contestant, the cry went out, "Get Bearde!" then an East Sydney Art School student pitching ideas to TCN 9 — just 16 and bursting to get into TV.

Bearde had to come up with the title of the mystery tune — Stardust — and when host and crew realised their young hot-shot was drawing a blank, they began to prompt him off camera by climbing up a ladder, jabbing frantically to the sky. Realisation dawned on Bearde's face.

"Skylite!"

A resounding gong! to Bearde. "I still got $30 out of it. That was Bruce's way of saying 'Thank you for being so keen and trying to start things up'."

And that is what he is about, this overgrown, shaggy-haired, Winnie The Pooh-man . . . a starter-upper of things — mostly to do with this "art form", television. Creating moving images inside this "little frame", his efforts are verging more and more on the surrealistic. Stoked on California hype, he is back on home soil looking to export the Australian television product to America.

"I can walk into any television station with a can of film under my arm," he convinces the assembled circle of TV heavies, "and I know there's a half-hour slot going . . . and Lew Grade is asking $60,000 a show for the program he's trying to sell and another packager over here is asking $50,000 . . . and I can sell my show for $20,000 . . ." His hands move out expressively. Need he say more!

Then there is the "talent bank" idea he has been pitching to the Government. A publicly funded body out of which would be supported the Olivia Newton-Johns, the Bee Gees of tomorrow. Without pausing to take a breath, which he does a lot of, he slides into his well-oiled sell.

"We're talking about getting a big hall where these kids can come and audition . . . the ones who are good are chosen by myself and a bunch of other real talented Australian people who have had many years of experience . . ."

•

Hold it, Chris, I think we're in for a commercial break . . . What's this coming through the door? Lights . . . a familiar face . . . camera . . . action! Oh, no, crikey, can you believe all this . . . Roger Climpson is leaning across to a phased expatriate . . . "Chris Bearde . . . This is your *life.*"

And *this* is the final movement in a cadence of public awareness, bringing home the message that Chris Bearde — famous Aussie, part of the *Laugh In* madness (no, he did not create *Laugh In*), co-writer and producer of *The Andy Williams* and *Sonny & Cher* shows, creator of *The Gong Show,* writer/producer for Bob Hope, Elvis Presley specials — is dead serious in his intent to *sell* Australian talent to the world.

"I'm not in this as a hobby," Bearde says. "I'm in this to make money for myself . . . for anybody who wants to come along with me . . . whether it be the private sector, the Australian Government — both of which I have been speaking to, to *positive,* incredulous response. I'm coming up against highly intelligent and highly motivated Australian politicians who are thinking about the future of this country. There's an idealism here all of a sudden."

For "idealism", read "dollars"; a willingness to invest in ideas, and in Bearde's "art form". Look at it this way: Chuck Barris (Bearde's partner in, and host of, *The Gong Show*) who

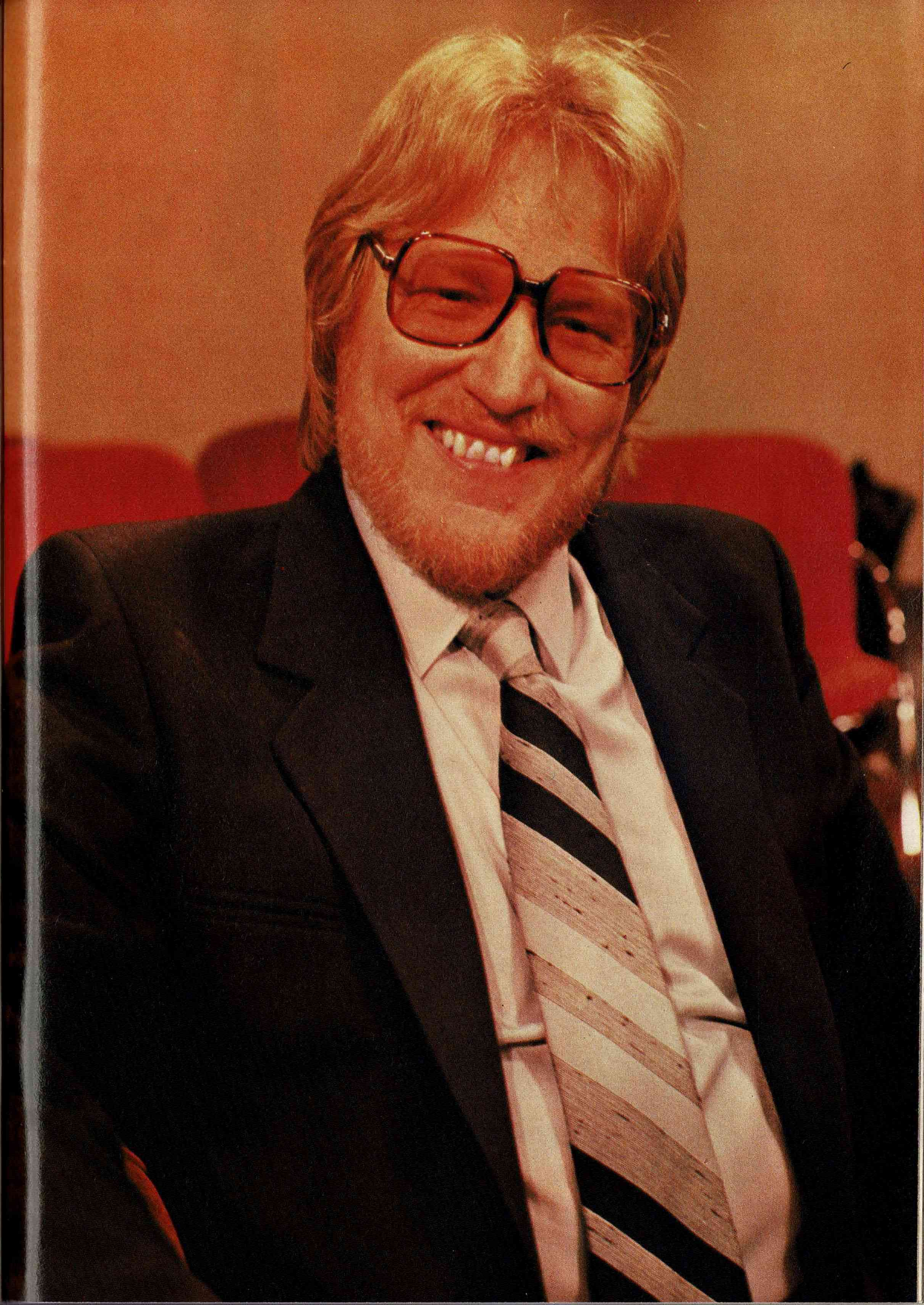


Photo supplied by This is Your Life

Small wonder.

Small wonder that a Café Crème is one of the world's most popular small cigars.

Small wonder that a Café Crème is the small cigar people ask for when a cigarette just doesn't give them enough. Try a pack and you'll understand why.

HENRI WINTERMANS.
CAFÉ CRÈME. The nicest cigars in the world.

is something of a master when it comes to packaging TV schlock, has tallied up a personal worth of around $20 million from his program output over the past four years. Bearde has dabbled in these waters — twice with Barris — and is eager to take a bigger plunge, with shows to be packaged out of Australia.

"For the first time, I've noticed an *absolute* attacking approach toward asking me, 'Will you work here?' My answer is, 'Hey! If I look over my shoulder and see that I'm being supported here, why not?' It's one of those exciting things you need in your life when you've reached a certain point, where you think: 'Now, what do I do next?' "

That question somehow typifies Bearde's merry-go-round life which started when he and his family migrated from Britain in 1949.

After leaving Mosman High in Sydney at the age of 15 (he failed his intermediate but was made captain of the rugby team) he started with the George Patterson advertising agency as a trainee commercial artist. At night he worked as an usher at the Capitol cinema, alongside future concert promoter Pat Condon (whose name is linked with Dylan, Neil Diamond, Bob Hope, Boz Scaggs, the Beach Boys). Bearde's zany sense of humor soon came to the fore. He used to get bored with his ushering job, take off his uniform coat and yell something at the screen . . . then he'd go down with the torch and blame somebody in the audience!

His first professional turn on stage came at the old Tivoli, on the lower rung of a bill headlined by British dumb-blonde Sabrina. Today, Sabrina and Chris Bearde, the stand-up comic, are remembered with the same disinterest. As a panel operator on radio 2UW, he twisted the arm of breakfast announcer Bert Robinson, and the two did a daily stint devised by Bearde — *The Adventures of Mum.* Listeners were regaled with: "Hello son, how are you. Have you had your jam sandwiches?" Then there were the pitches to TCN 9.

Perseverance paid off. "I did an audition for ATN 7 (with two others) for a shot at a kids' show. I knew I'd get the part because they didn't want to give it to an Irish tenor or a gay person. I sang, tap-danced and said I liked kids." There must have been a grain of truth in what he said. He has since sired six of his own, two by his second wife, Mia, a former *Time-Life* photographer. At ATN, he was assistant to Captain Fortune on the Saturday morning children's party, did some announcing and news broadcasts, all for next to no money. "So I had to go home in the train. I was a *star* going home in the train."

The break from transit oblivion came with the arrival in Australia of the American television packaging agency MCA. During a production meeting with ATN management, the producer, a Canadian, Peter MacFarlane, asked to meet the station's writers. Writers??? This is a television station — not a university. Bearde and Alan Kitson were the closest the station came to having writers.

"We had to meet with Jim Oswin, the station's manager, and all these black suited Americans (the black garb being the MCA uniform)." Fobbed off as the station's writers, Bearde and Kitson fell into the role, ensconced in a small back room and paid an extra few dollars a week to write a national variety show, *Revue '61.* "We didn't know any better, so we were exploited."

The "out of work host" chosen to front the series, the first Australian national variety show which was approached on a scale equal to the lavish US productions, was English actor Digby Wolfe. His career in old Blighty was going nowhere. He was brought to Australia by Jack Neery, then manager of Bobby Limb. Wolfe's sanguine blond looks were packaged in evening attire. He was the warm, relaxed host guiding his audiences through a carefully formulated entertainment devoid of the harsh, unsophisticated ways endemic of other local productions.

> *"Bearde was determined to prove that his show was as popular as he thought it was. He asked everyone watching to flush their toilets."*

The one contradiction to the straight variety show was the "black out" comedy sketches — zany pieces of often silent nonsense. Punchlines without lead in. Zingers . . . such as running gags concerning lifts that moved sideways. Bearde, ever the comic, appeared in many guises, bringing to Australian television, a full decade before Paul Hogan, the first "ocker", Mervyn Simpson. But it was the "black out" that, for the first time, gave Australia a completely transportable style of humor — which was to carry Bearde along with it.

With the demise of *Revue,* Bearde felt he was at the absolute peak of what he could do in Australia. Offered three times the money, he accepted a job with MacFarlane in Canada, leaving Australia with one absolute conviction. He could *make it.* "I had to have that, or I wouldn't have left."

Never satisfied with the mundane, the safe program so dear to the hearts of television management, Bearde opted for a cross between *The Mavis Bramston Show* and David Frost's, *That Was The Week That Was,* with *Nightcap,* an open-ended late night show knocking the politics and the moral issues of Canada.

Bearde was determined to prove that his show was as popular as he thought it was. One night he asked everybody who was watching to flush their toilets. Next day the Water Board came out with figures to show water consumption had peaked right at the time *Nightcap* was on — so Beearde proved his point.

Meanwhile, Digby Wolfe, disillusioned with Australia's peculiar way of treating entertainers, had moved to Los Angeles where he fell in with TV producer George Schaltter who eventually took on the job of building a show around two network contracted comedians, Dan Rowan and Dick Martin. Wolfe had carried much of the *Revue* material with him.

Sitting in Toronto one evening watching a *Laugh In* special, Bearde was struck by the familiarity of certain sketches and routines. "I thought, 'My God, somebody who I know must be involved with this.' I waited for the closing credits . . . and saw Digby's name." Contacting his agent in New York, he said: "Hey, I think this is a show I could work for because some of the material Digby and I wrote (I was very gracious) is in it." Wolfe eventually called and, next thing, Bearde and family were flown to Los Angeles first class.

There were 13 writers on *Laugh In.* Bearde was considered an ideal writer for Arte Johnson, the pixieish actor who fast became a focus for the crazies attuned to his bespectacled German soldier peering from behind some palm leaves with the "Very interesting . . . but stupid" comment on the proceedings. Together, they devised the little old (dirty) man on the park bench and the tilting bicycle.

As the 1960s drew to a close, the expatriate Australian writer and his associate from *Revue,* Wolfe, were sharing — along with the rest of the *Laugh In* writers — an Emmy award for best TV comedy writing.

Faced with two choice offers — as head writer on *Laugh In's* third season or writer/producer of *The Andy Williams Show* — he opted for the latter. "It was a big step to go in the States, from writing to producing. I leapt way above all the other writers . . . everybody forcasting dire disaster and 'Chris's on an ego trip'."

Four or five weeks into the series the audience ratings started to sway in Williams' favor. "That's when I became, with Alan Blye, an absolute, total, wiz kid." Williams loved the integration of golden oldies with current rock acts and his own middle-of-the-road style. "He wanted to change for a long time, but he had never found people willing enough to go along with him and make it happen." Williams appreciated Bearde's unconventional approach enough to remark: "I don't imagine any of Chris's other friends have ever said that he's crazy — but he is!" In fact none of Bearde's friends would say otherwise.

A summer series with Ray Stevens and a television special with Elvis Presley led to the next Bearde/Blye series winner. Fred Silverman, the man singularly held responsible for the black hole into which American television has sunk, decided that he wanted to do a late night talk show with a couple of left-overs of early '60s pop, Sonny and Cher. Bearde and Blye talked him into doing a weekly variety series. Research said that Sonny was short; Cher had pimples; he was an amateur; she had a big nose. It would never work.

"The first show came on air and got a 45 share (big numbers in TV lingo; i.e. put aside the razor, reach for the champagne). The research was thrown out of the window. We were away with one of the most successful variety shows of all time."

But Bearde's unorthodox methods bemused more than a few TV executives. The then president of CBS, Bob Wood, recalls being urged by some TV executives to get over to Los Angeles . . ."there's a madman loose in the studio." On his next trip there he called in to see what all the commotion was about. He remembers meeting a "red headed and bearded crazy man. It was unbelievable. I thought we were running an asylum. And then I saw the show on air and my advice to those people was to leave that crazy man alone — he's a genius."

The show was again a clever combination of nostalgia (in Sonny & Cher themselves), current music (Elton John, etc), fast-paced humor . . . and the all-so-common bickering between husband and wife in front of millions. The bickering, unfortunately, was off-stage too. Bearde says it was "the most successful series to die because two people wanted to get a divorce".

Not yet 40, Bearde, having split with Blye, had earned enough kudos to satisfy the grand old master himself, Bob Hope, that they should get together on a couple of shows.

"A very strange relationship," is how Bearde remembers it, "between this one old, right-wing superstar comic . . . and me! Nobody in the business could work that one out." It was a relationship that extended back to Australia in 1978 with Bearde producing a 90-minute TV special of Hope's tour. Remembered from that production is Hope's startled reaction when faced with Kamahl wearing a kaftan: "He's not going to wear a dress on my show. . . is he?"

Hope made a special recorded appearance on *This Is Your Life* to tell Chris Bearde: "I'm glad they finally grabbed you. I knew someone would get you . . . either a doctor or a lawyer or a mental hospital. You're wonderful and I appreciate all your great talents." Hope said he would make a point of watching Bearde on *This Is Your Life.* "I want to see if you fell out of a tree or something . . ."

Another fruitful association came with Chuck Barris. "He put up the money. I put up the brains and whatever skills I had and we did a series with Bobby Vinton." A middle-of-the-road singer with just one million-selling single, Roses Are Red, back in 1962, Vinton was not the most obvious person around on whom to build a series, but the Canadian-produced show, playing on Vinton's Polish roots and Polak jokes, made Bearde "a pot of money" while reinforcing his belief in ownership and syndication as the key to much larger pots to be filled. ("Not only is he a talented man," says Vinton, "but he's a very shrewd businessman. And when you possess both of those qualities you've got something)."

Barris, satisfied with his share of the "pot", backed Bearde's next idea, a pilot for *The Gong Show,* an idea to take the "new faces" concept into the realm of *Mad* magazine. He had brought the idea to America from Australia on one of his working trips "back home" to produce *The B C Omedy Hour* with Barry Crocker, or an antipodean *Laugh In* with Nine Network personalities. "All of those dumb shows that they did here for real . . . I figured that was a great gimmick, all these people sitting there (among them, Bernard King) criticising the shit out of everybody. But it had to be zanier, with more pace."

The Gong Show pilot was done in San Francisco for very little money, Bearde having roped in his friends, paying limousine expenses and $50 for their time.

The show was slotted as a daytime program with a former *Laugh In* member, Garry Owens (the radio announcer holding one ear, reading from a script), hosting. Barris did not go for Owens and, in an act of supreme nepotism, he replaced Owens with . . . himself.

"Chuck became an instant star — an overnight smash in the States and the show just took off . . . went wild. Three or four years and about $12 million later we had an absolute phenomenal success. It absolutely saturated America," Bearde says.

"I never think of anything I do as a failure," says Bearde. "I think of it as being a misguided effort at the time. I did a show called *The Cheap Show,* which I think, personally, is the funniest show ever to be put on the face of television. We didn't give away any prizes at all . . . only old tyres."

He muses, "Let's see, what else did I fail at? That's a very Australian thing to ask . . .?

Which brings us back to the home turf, his reason for making this, his fifth, trip back to where he started in TV as a young and enthusiastic kid. "Now, I'm an old enthusiastic kid.

"With the new acceptance of Australian production overseas, it would be great to stick it up their noses over there," he says. "I would love to have an Australian 'mafia' situation happening where we can go in like Murdoch has with newspapers, Stigwood in motion pictures, to do that with television. I don't have the money they have to throw into the country, but I have the energy."

And ideas. A late-night talk show with Arte Johnson, maybe; a variety show fronted by Bernard King; rock specials; children's shows; a possible film with Paul Hogan.

All is not easy street though. He may have to contend with an attitude prevalent among those who "stayed", who bore the frustrations that came with building an Australian television and film industry — who have seen their efforts pay off. "They're very wary," Bearde admits. "They have a fear of losing control."

To forestall any misconception we may have, Bearde describes himself as a "benign revolutionary. I'm not looking to do anything but to put positive things into the market place."

But Bearde is still the expatriate, living on the seafront in Malibu. To get to his office on Santa Monica Boulevarde he drives along the Pacific Coast Highway. "I think: 'Australia's on the other side there and, if it all turns to ratshit, I can just sail away . . .'

"It gives me a little security, I suppose," he reflects. And pauses to take a breath.

Gentlemen, throw away your jockstraps.

At last, there's a brief for sports men that picks up where the jockstrap leaves off.

It's called Undersports.

Holeproof has specifically designed it for the sportsman to provide a comfort pouch that feels like nothing else you've worn.

If you play sport and want more comfort, you'll throw away your jockstrap and pick up some Undersports.

Holeproof Undersports.

CAUTIONARY TALES OF A CHRISTMAS PARTY VICTIM

it's the one time of year when democracy goes on a rampage . . . and speech isn't the only thing to find freedom, writes Tony Maguire

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

THE STAFF Christmas party. There is a "nudge nudge, wink wink" attached to this social phenomenon which promises over-indulgence, the banishment of inhibitions and the liquefied realisation of everything you wanted to do to (or with) your colleagues during the year.

Well, it *should* be like that. If your office gathering consists merely of work talk over a few turkey sandwiches and glasses of shandy, the information in this article may help liven up the occasion immensely. But if your fling is the conventional debauch, we've got tips on how to make it *more* debauched . . . plus how to score a New Year salary increase and other benefits.

It's 3.30 pm and the party began half an hour ago. Already people are starting to shout, smash glasses and suffer uncontrollable laughing fits. Yet you remain seated at your desk down the corridor drinking copious quantities of stomach-lining milk.

At 3:45 you take a final swig from the milk carton and head for the party bearing gifts, including a biography of your hero, George Washington, for the expenses auditor (remember that cherry tree?), flowers for the women you lust after, and *naturellement,* something for your boss.

Before making the presentation to your boss, impress him by explaining how your late arrival was due to an urgent and now completed assignment. As he drunkenly pats your back and commends you for your keenness, hand him a bottle of fine malt whisky, or whatever else his favorite tipple happens to be. But if he has cruelly refused to grant you the New Year raise that you were hanging out for give him a free voucher for a kinky massage parlor. The idea is that, when he does visit the establishment, you covertly photograph him going in the front door, over which there is a sign declaring *Miss Bridget — Masseur and Strict Disciplinarian.* The day after his massage, you march into your boss's office, show him a copy of the picture, and then blackmail him into promoting you.

Of course, many bosses are females these days and, if that is the case, different tactics must be adopted — i.e. chatting her up and meandering to her office where you crack a $150-a-month raise, with fringe benefits.

But watch out for women executives who try to exploit *you* sexually. Your boss could possibly be an incredibly ugly or ancient female bearing a resemblance to Golda Meir or Buck Brown's cartoon Granny. Brushing one of her sagging breasts casually against your hip as you stand together drinking (I *said* they sagged didn't I?), she whispers seductively with a castanet-like clack of dentures: "Let's go to my office and play around, honey." This is an extremely delicate situation, best handled by the old Errol Flynn ploy. Explain how you were born with a terrible deformity — a 22 centimetre penis which more than doubled in size over the years now ending just below your knee and necessitating strapping to your leg. Because it would be suicide for any woman to take in this huge member, you have been condemned to a life of celibacy, except for occasional visits to your grandfather's cattle station. (On second thoughts, forget that bit about the cattle station — you don't want anyone thinking that there's anything *strange* about you).

After fulfilling your commitments to your boss, you will have a chance to study the various stock types invariably found at Christmas parties. There's the drunken, glazed office junior, staggering around the room like a refugee from *Night of the Zombies* and becoming a human pinball as he lurches into and rebounds off people. Eventually he comes to rest under a table or in the toilet, clutching the bowl as if it were a long-lost brother.

Another common Christmas party character is the maudlin drunk who whinges about the cost of the mini Space Invaders set his children are getting for Christmas, even though he is going to get his money's worth by monopolising the toy. Then there's the hypochondriac who regales you with complex, clinical details of his irregular bowel movements.

Even more tedious is the Human Time Bomb — the person who has been festering grudges against just about everyone in the office all year and becomes aggressive after his first half a dozen or so drinks, levying insults profusely and indiscriminately. Confide to the Time Bomb that you just overheard the chairman and office manager discussing his future, and it looks grim. He will then proceed to have a go at the bosses, ensuring his quick departure from the company.

It is always interesting to observe the office coquette — the comely girl who flirts with all the men but never has it away with any of them. All the young bucks justify their failure by concluding that she's frigid or a lesbian. If no one succeeds in scoring with her at the party, this unjustified reputation will become permanently entrenched. At least, that's what you tell her when you have your turn at chatting her up.

The most popular person at the Christmas party is often the most outrageous and unabashed, the proverbial "life of the party". If you want to become the life of the party, cock up your leg against the Christmas tree like a dog, or latch on to a girl's leg in a similarly canine fashion. If you want to completely command everyone's attention, and get back at your boss for turning down your request for a raise and refusing to accept the free massage parlor pass, pour a bottle of brandy over yourself, strike a match and turn yourself into a human torch, screaming: "Frank Johnson (your boss) drove me to this!"

Here's a less drastic and more joyous Christmas party prank. You will notice that a number of your colleagues will be cavorting about pulling crackers, wearing the silly colored paper hats to be found inside. Get hold of a cracker and, when you go to the bathroom to point Percy at the porcelain, keep Percy hanging out after giving him the usual few shakes, and slip a Christmas cracker, open at one end, over him. Then, holding the "cracker" fairly innocuously at crutch-level, leave the gents and rejoin the party, where you seek out the prettiest secretary in the typing pool. Ask her to pull your cracker. She'll get a unique Christmas surprise when she sees what slips out. A nice festive touch is to have a little paper hat placed over Percy's head. If the girl doesn't immediately flee after becoming party to such a warped deed, you can be fairly certain that the two of you have a mutual interest.

Just two warnings about the cracker prank: 1. Be carful that you properly defuse the cracker. The former work-mate who told me about this particular party stunt *didn't.* Yes, he had everything going for him, old "Squeaky . . ." 2. Don't do it if you've already made use of the Errol Flynn ploy.

Now, unless you possess your own office, you will probably find a shortage of screwing spots. All the private offices and other obvious liaison points such as the storeroom may already be occupied. The broom cupboard might present you an opportunity for a quick knee-trembler, but things tend to get confusing in the darkness. A colleague tells how he once penetrated the damp folds of a mop and, when he opened the cupboard door to see what his partner was doing, he observed that she'd made a similar mistake with the other end of the cleaning implement.

The office tea room is also a dicey spot in which to make love because of the health hazards (most tea rooms harbor several different species of fungi and bacteria). So where to go? Well, there's always the lift, which can be put on emergency stop between floors. Or ignite papers in several garbage bins and cry "Fire! Fire!". By the time the fire brigade enters the evacuated building, you and your flushed partner will be slipping your clothes back on.

It could be that your best bet will simply be screwing on the floor underneath your desk. The only hassle with that can be explaining the resultant carpet burns to your wife after you lurch home. If she doesn't know about the office party, tell her you slipped on the foyer floor while the cleaner was polishing it. Or you were running to catch a moving bus when you tripped and lost your balance. Just managing to grab the rail, you found yourself clinging on for dear life as the vehicle dragged you along the road. (This excuse should be used only for explaining very bad carpet burns).

If your spouse is aware of the Christmas party, tell her you were dead drunk, and your colleagues dragged you out of the room.

This one will work like a dream or fail miserably: the missus is in bed asleep when you arrive, ga ga from booze, and announce: "I'm home, darling — drunk as a skunk, and randy as a defrocked monk!" Tear off your garments and jump into bed with her. No matter how much fornicating you did at the party, you must now be able to accomplish three things for this ploy to succeed: 1. Fall out of bed, dragging your wife with you. 2. Convince her to stay on the floor. 3. Summon up the energy for a burst of sex that will leave your wife in no doubt where you got the burns.

Now for some important information on the art of chundering. The unwritten code of etiquette insists that it is most uncouth to throw up anywhere but in the potted plant, rubbish bin or all over somebody universally detested if you have no hope of reaching the toilet. The worst place for a liquid laugh, apart from over the chairman's jacket, is the floor, where many a reveller has taken a slippery trip to oblivion.

However, the best way to survive your staff Christmas gathering is to stay sober and not do anything *too* outrageous. Screw yourself silly, but do it with a reasonably clear head. Not only will you have more staying power, but you will remember the experience. An unfuddled brain will also recollect most of the things people told you at the party — information which you can file away for future reference. There will be plenty of other gatherings during the festive season at which you can safely let your guard down.

You see, I decided to follow the tips in this article at my own office party yesterday. I'm writing these last few paragraphs from a park bench in the city. I've been sacked, my girlfriend threw me out of the house, the police have a warrant out for my arrest and I've got a terrible hangover. But it was a *great* party (I think).

Happy Christmas!

Listening to FM can be a very fiddly exercise.

Along with its advantages, FM has two irritating shortcomings.

One. While tuning in to Mozart you're likely to stumble across Days of our Lives. Two, FM stations never keep still.

Thanks to Sanyo's new Plus Series tuners and receivers, these are problems you no longer need to grapple with.

The T55 tuner can remember 12 pre-selected stations.

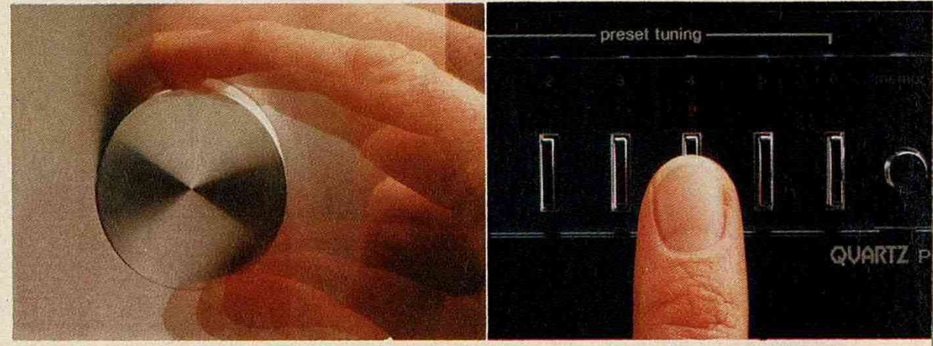
Press a button to bypass static noise and TV and CB interference.

All the Plus Series tuners and receivers follow a wandering FM station with dogged determination.

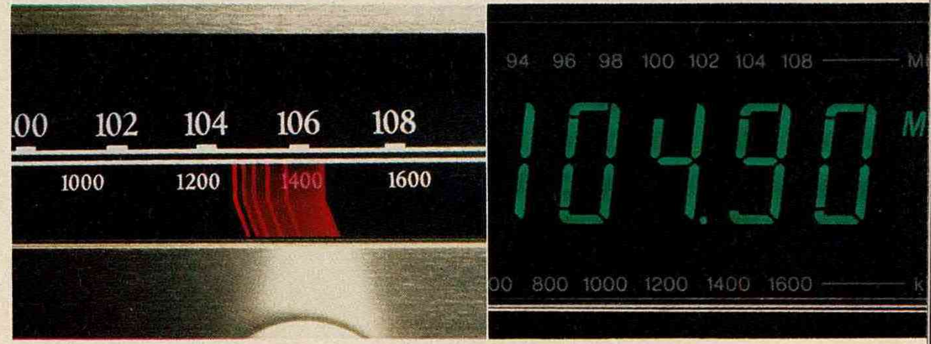
They check themselves 100,000 times a second to ensure they're on the station.

And they're all covered by a 5 year warranty.

Listen to them in Q'ld: Alsound, Q'ld Entertainment Co. Chevron Sound, NSW: Sydney Hi-Fi Centre, Park St Hi-Fi, Len Wallis Audio, Warringah Hi-Fi, Newcastle Hi-Fi, Hunter Valley Electronics and Hi-Fi, Stage Sound, Gosford. Vic: George Hawthorn Electronics, Natsound, Contemporary Sound Centre. SA: Track I Hi-Fi. WA: Douglas Hi-Fi. Tas: James Loughrans & Sons, Wills Hi-Fi Centre.



Hand-adjusted tuning or quartz-locked tuning?



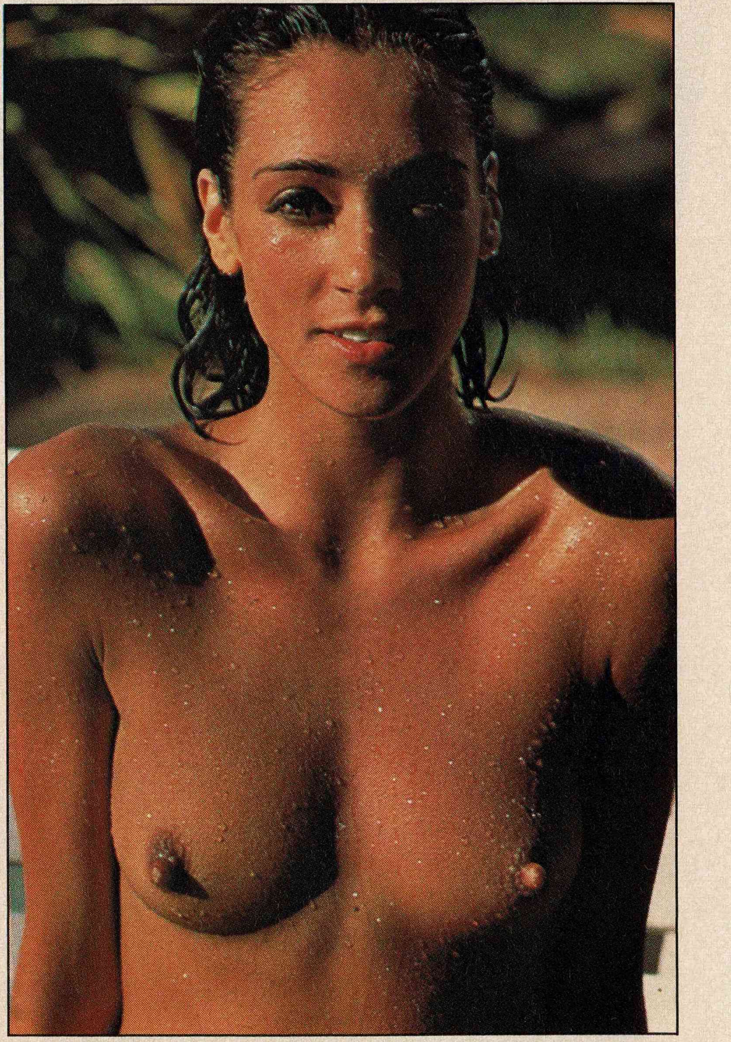
How would you rather find a station?

SANYO
PLUS SERIES

PHG3786

GIANNINA FACIO

JUNOT'S GAMBOL



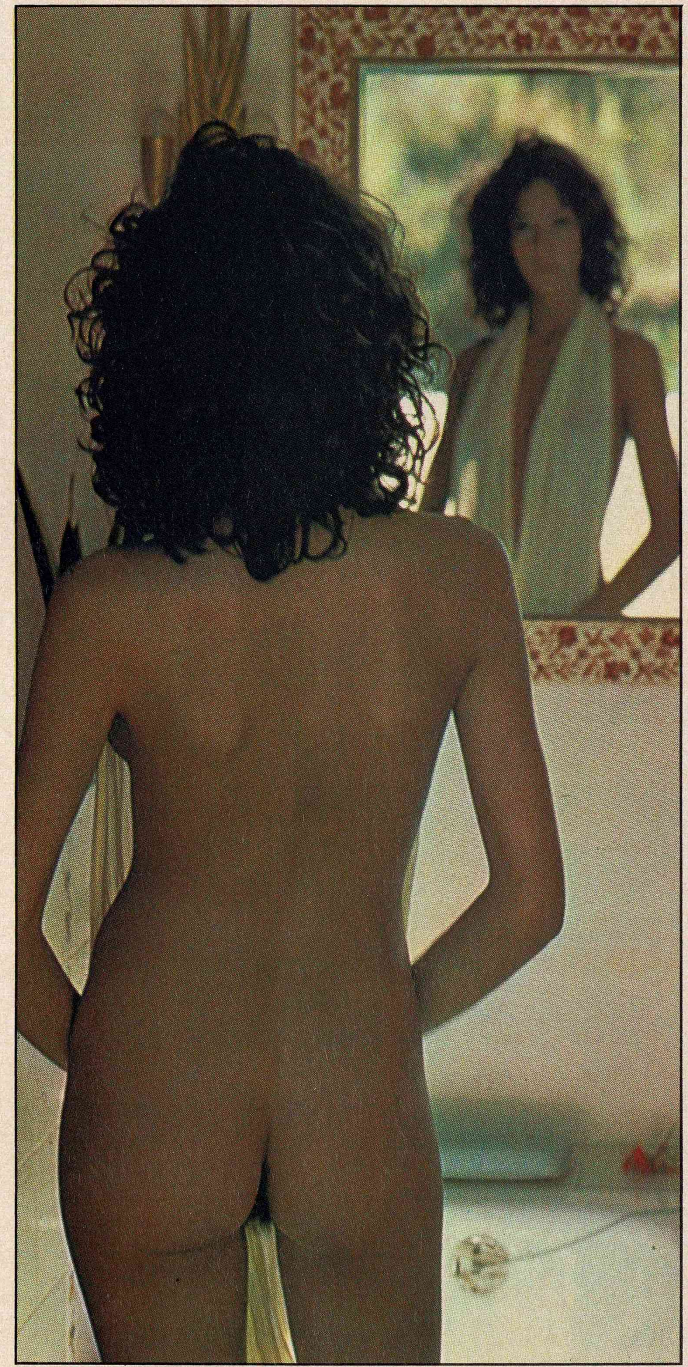
. . . or the story of what happened when a "ruthless, cold fish" businessman started getting involved in a little disco dancing.

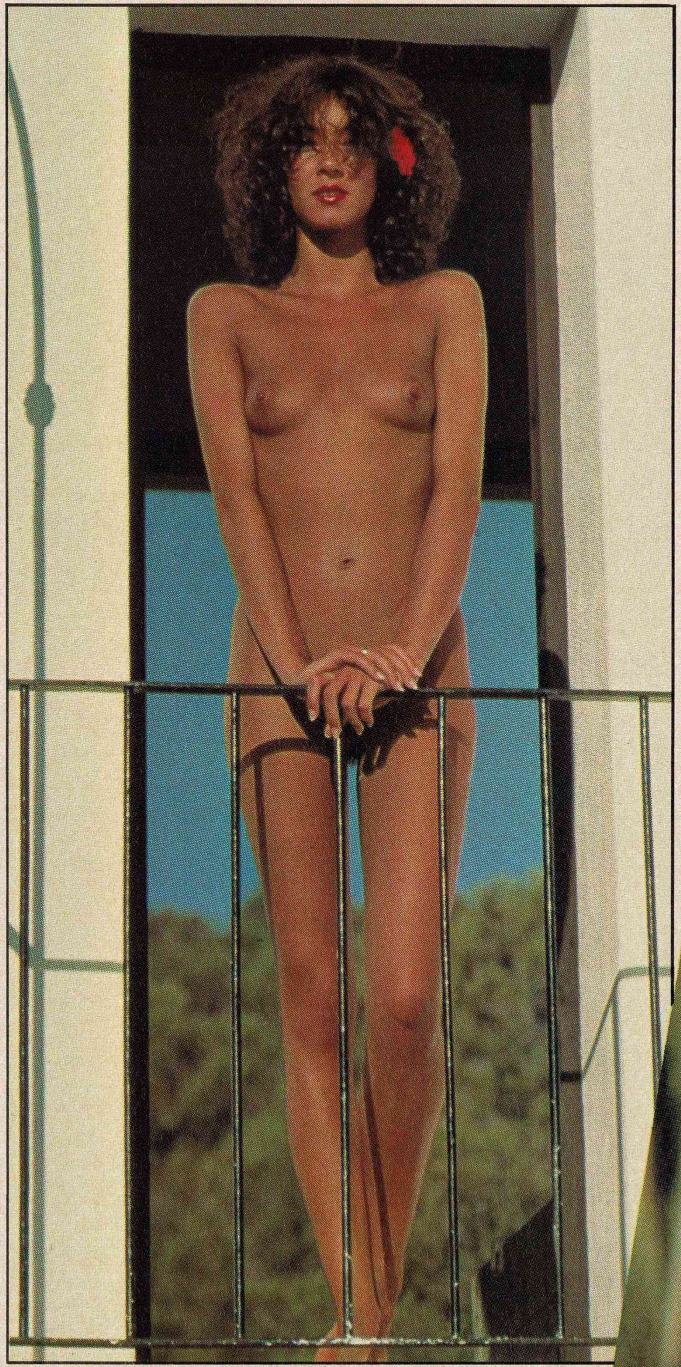
PHILIPPE JUNOT does have a talent for picking up beautiful, well-connected young girls. He met Princess Caroline de Monaco at a Paris discotheque and they married two years later, although mum and dad, Prince Ranier and Princess Grace, weren't exactly delighted with Caroline's choice of this obscure 38-year-old French businessman-cum-playboy. And not long after their marriage, Caroline herself started to get narked by Phil's wandering ways. He was "caught" at Xenon, an ultra-trendy New York disco, with international jetsetter Agnetta von Furstenberg, an old girlfriend. Caroline, it is said, started getting so paranoid about his "business jaunts" she instructed the royal travel agency that, whenever her husband booked a ticket, they should make it two. The columnists said she was sticking to him "like a flea to a dog". But that wasn't enough to

Wedding bells for Junot and Caroline (LEFT) *were drowned by disco and Giannina* (RIGHT).

Photography by Toni Riera/Gamma

When she's not sunning herself on the Turkish coast you'll find Giannina at the ultra-trendy Xenon disco, shopping in New York or partying.





When you're in Giannina's position, nobody can stop the (disco) music. "When I need money I just call home," she says. Daddy is very rich.

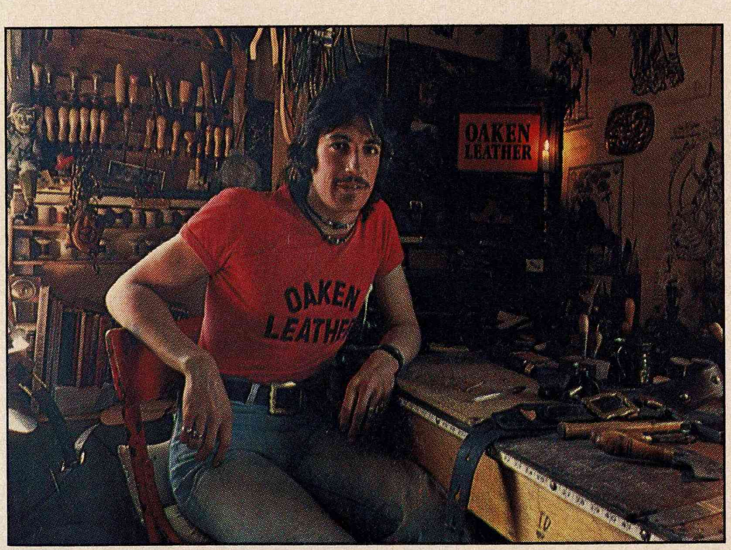
prevent Junot getting acquainted with another disco dolly, Giannina Facio, 24, the subject of this pictorial. She's the daughter of a wealthy Costa Rican lawyer and businessman, and likes to wile away her time at Xenon (daddy pays the bills). Her appearance as Junot's secretary on a yacht jaunt along the Turkish coast was the final straw in his marriage to Caroline, although Junot insisted there was no romantic attachment between him and Giannina. Now a frisky 40, Junot is a free agent once again. He wasn't about to be held down by the rigid ways of royalty, although the globetrotting playboy must be missing that generous allowance from Prince Ranier — particularly as he now has a "secretary". Certainly the last few years have helped to dispel the image Philippe was apparently worried about . . . that he was a ruthless businessman and a "cold fish". Giannina who describes herself as a "warm latin", seems to be helping.

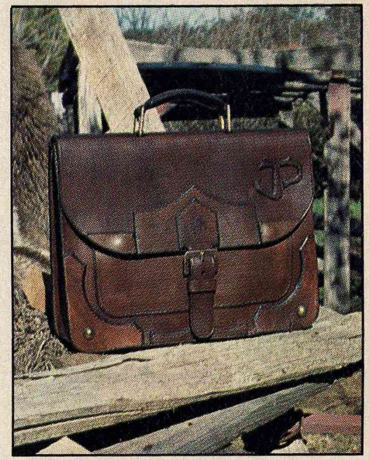
TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES
20
Special Filter
BENSON and HEDGES
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
When only the best will do.

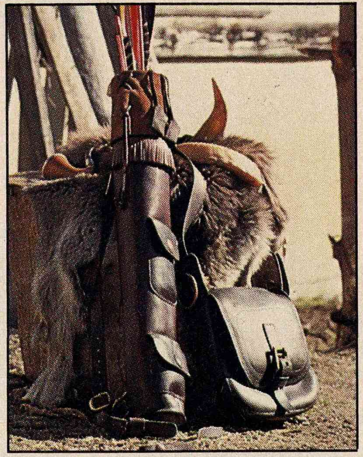
© The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd. 1980 CC515/80 016.P206C.10.80

ON·THE·SCENE
what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

HIDE 'N' CHIC

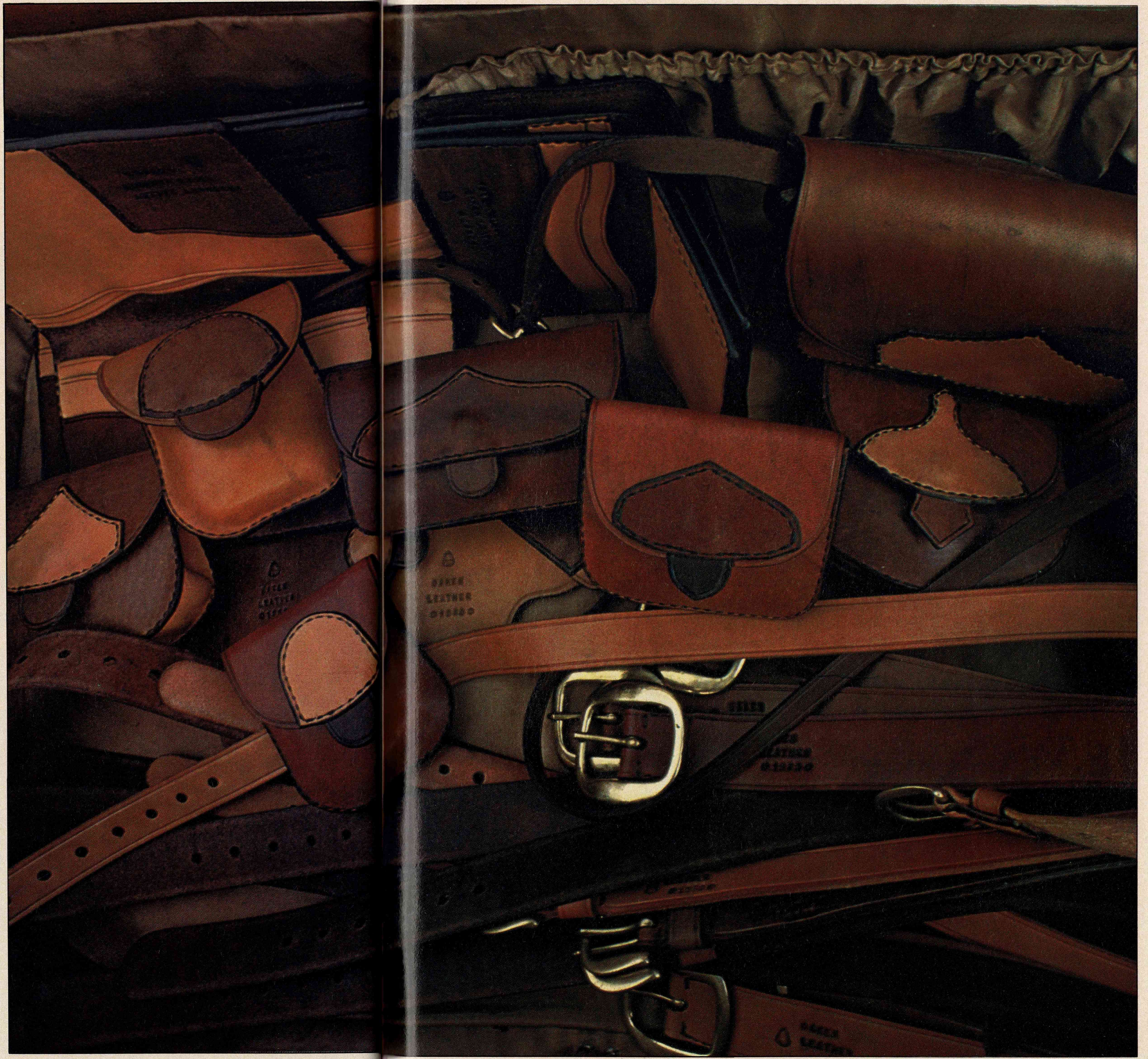






In this era of mass production and 100 percent vinyl, it's a pleasure to discover a craftsman who devotes all his energies toward keeping alive the age-old tradition of fine leather work. Such a person is Tim Healy who operates out of Canberra, trading as Oaken Leather. As the name suggests, the leather used in Healy's collection, several of which are pictured here, is as strong and durable as an oak tree — and its feel, scent and purity of line combine to make a living, sensuous item of fine and ageless quality. Originally, in Europe, all hide was tanned with the bark of the oak. This process, called natural vegetable tanning, allowed the leather skins to be stained individually and dressed in oils — thus ensuring longevity. Healy uses this traditional manner of craft, staining, dressing and saddle-stitching all of his pieces by hand — and he guarantees the work for 10 years. Oaken Leather is a practical artform as most of the work is created from original designs. Orders can be placed, and sample items seen, in Sydney at Hunt Leather, MLC Centre; The Cottage, Berrima, NSW; and The Shearing Shed, The Tannery and Civic Craft Centre, all in the ACT. Prices vary between $10 and $350, depending on the size and style of the piece desired.

Photography by Graeme Newman and Marcia Holden



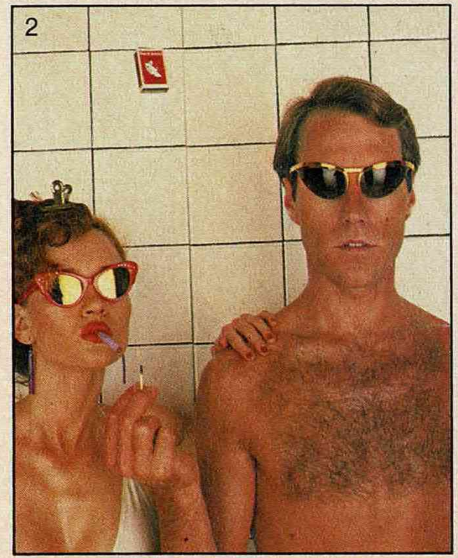
THROUGH A GLASS SMARTLY

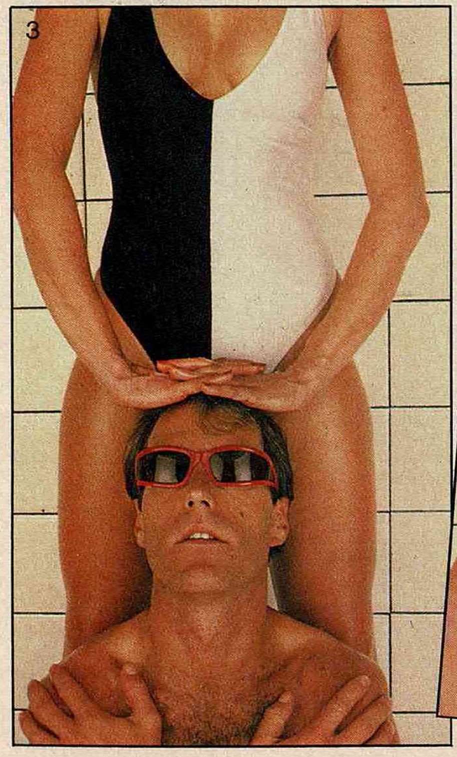
high-fashion sunglasses are an eye-catching addition to the best-dressed list

This summer, the eyes have it! Sunglasses have become an important accessory in the fashion-conscious man's wardrobe; owning three or four pairs is *de rigueur,* both for changes in your outfit *and* your image. And they add a drop of mystery to many odd encounters. All of the sunglasses shown here are from No 1 Sunglass Co of Melbourne, and are available at major outlets throughout Australia.

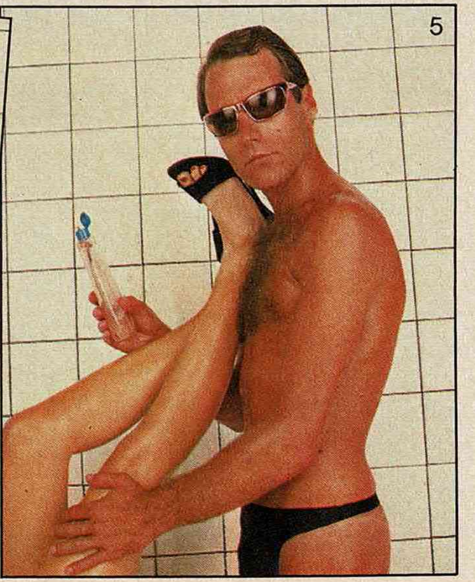
(1) Red framed tinted goggles, $30. (2) A pair of cat's eyes — his in gold, $25; hers in red diamante, $20. (3) Space age wrap-arounds, $25. (4) Blue wrap-arounds, $25; heart-shapes, $20. (5) Mauve frames, $50. Prices approximate.

1

2


3


4

5


Photography by Luis Martin

THE KAHLUA LEISURE SUIT.

$27·95*

*Plus $2.00 Postage and Packing.

Here's an opportunity for you to buy our Leisure Suit designed exclusively from soft, comfortable brown towelling with gold braid on the arms and legs.

The Kahlua Leisure Suit is also available in red towelling, with gold braid - just nominate your choice.

The Leisure Suit is perfect for exercise or jogging or just relaxing with a Kahlua and your favourite mixer (milk, cola or soda).

The track suits are identical to the ones shown at left but the Kahlua logo will appear on the left arm unless requested otherwise.

KAHLÚA

Please send me______Kahlua Suits @ $29.95 (including $2.00 postage and packing).

MENS: SM(14) ☐ M(16) ☐ L(18) ☐ XL(20) ☐

WOMENS: 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐

BROWN ☐ RED ☐

Name____________________

Address____________________

__________Postcode__________

I enclose my cheque/money order for $__________

Or pay by Bankcard,

Number: ☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

Cardholder's signature____________________

Please make cheques payable to:

Kahlua Offer P.O. Box 140
NORTH SYDNEY NSW 2060

Allow 28 days for delivery. Order early as stocks are limited. Enquiries (02) 920357

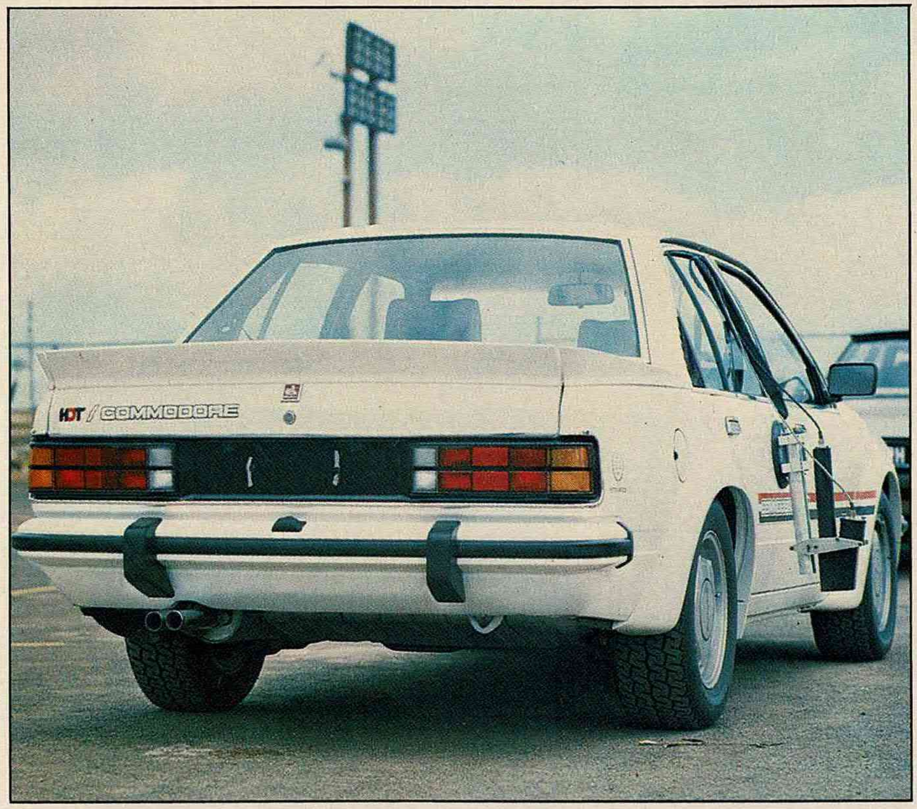
AB627/80

FULL TEST EXCLUSIVE

BROCKBUSTER

while the motoring press was speculating about peter brock's special commodore, playboy took the car on a full road and track work-out

motoring by Rob Luck



Photographs by Rob Luck

THE TUMULT and the shouting has died. Bathurst has been run and won. Now in a thousand bars and lounge chairs across the country it will be run once again. And again. And again. Only "properly" this time. The moral victors will be dragged out, dusted-off, and held up for approval. The Champions of Hard Luck, the We-Wuz-Robbed Brigade, the Long-odds Losers, the Butfers (butfer this, butfer that, we would have won) . . .

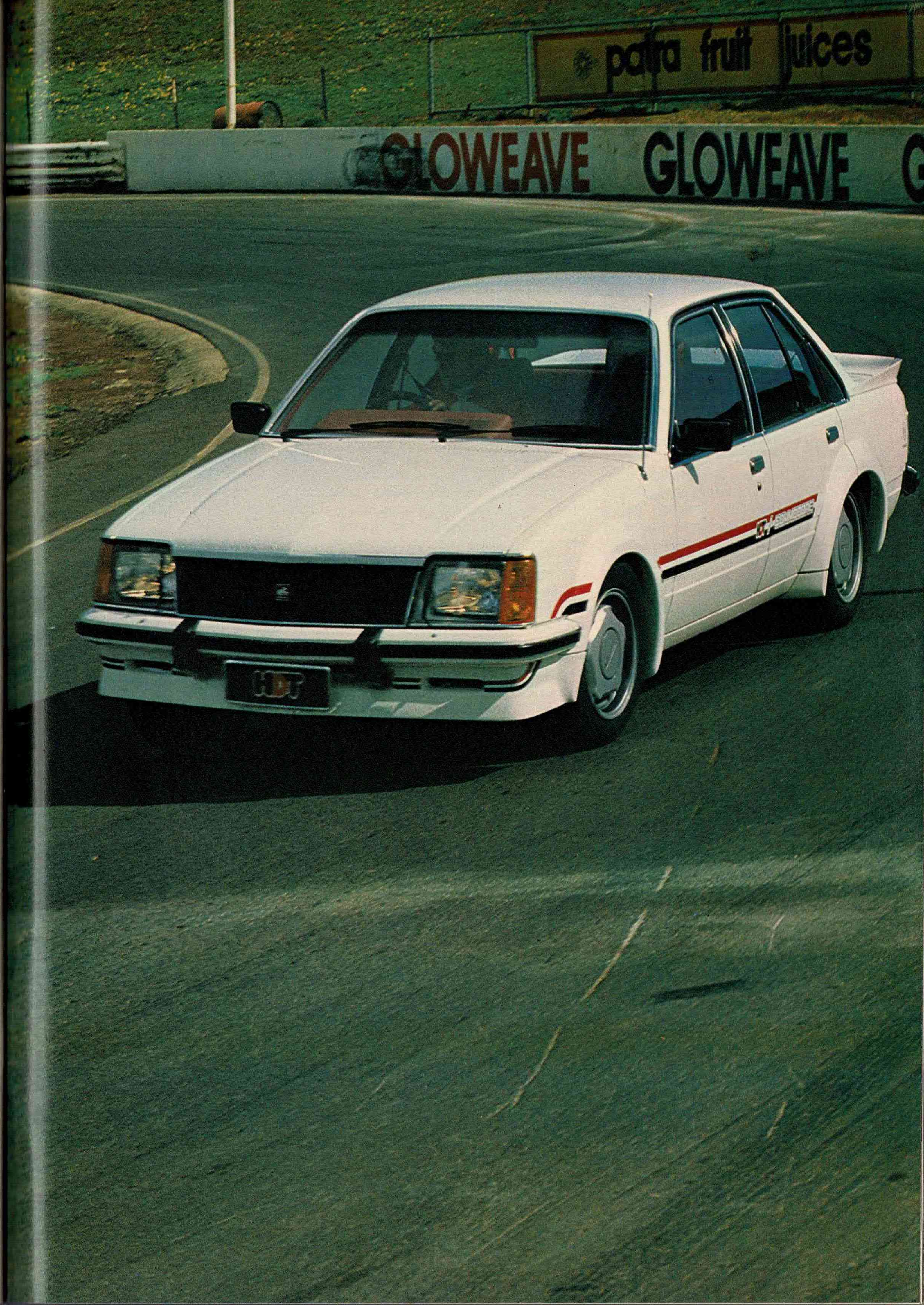
In a sense, this is a story of a car that fits that formula. It is about the "Brock Special" — perhaps the most controversial non-starter in all the controversial chapters of Bathurst Classic racing.

The Holden Dealer Team Brock Special is a real "mountain machine" — a homologation special that might have been shaped with a profile cutter using Mount Panorama as a template. The silhouette of that punishing ascent from Hell Corner to the Summit is indelibly stamped in the power curves of the motor. The fearfully fast lunge along the high ridges of McPhillamy and Reid Park, is cast in the finely balanced elements of the suspension system, and the twists of that devil's descent into Forest's Elbow is mirrored in the precision steering, boosted brakes, and optional g-resistant seating. And there is more . . . four discs with the specs to tame the terrifying terminal speeds of Conrod, gear-ratios matched to the climbs and curves of this mighty mountain, detail refinements to cushion the impact of the racing environment on the driver.

But the Brock Special did not keep its date with Destiny at The Mount. Mere mortals contrived to prohibit this. The device by which this was achieved was a "regulations warp"; the ill-defined perimeters of this year's Bathurst Regs put the Brock Special out of focus.

It is ironic that this regulatory gesture transformed the vehicle from being the last-released 1980 Bathurst Special to the first-released 1981 Special. Because this car will almost certainly provide the essential profile

TOP: The elegant Brock Commodore with the Correvit optical speed measuring equipment attached to its side.
LEFT: The imposing bows of the car.
CENTRE: The interior is standard SL/E, except for the custom steering wheel.
ABOVE: Along with the distinctive decals, the rear spoiler marks this HDT Commodore as a special vehicle.
RIGHT: Peter Brock pedals his car through a corner at Calder. This was the first time Brock himself had driven the car on a racing circuit.



of next year's Commodore competitor. If the rules aren't changed again.

Now, however, the Brock Special will render fine service to about 500 lucky road users. And secondly, by virtue of this homologation, it will go into battle on the racetracks.

Recognising this, PLAYBOY shifted smartly into first gear and arranged a complete road and track test of the first production prototype — leaving the general motoring press thrashing about in neutral in its self-generated slush-pool of sensational news-breaks.

This was no mean feat. It involved carrying a large-sized jemmy to Melbourne to prise the beast out of Messrs Brock and Harvey. It involved mobilising a team of people and a ton of equipment to transport, photograph and test the monster. And it involved bending PLAYBOY deadlines around a schedule not normally designed for rushed news stories.

And it worked. "Brockbuster Zero-minus One", the production prototype of the one-to-500 indexed initial production run, was there lurking in the shadows when we burst out of the gates at Tullamarine Airport. Beside it was Brocky, complaining good naturedly . . . all the dealers were screaming for cars . . . this unit would have been built and shipped pronto under normal circumstances . . . he wanted his own "demo" car . . . this one looked like being "it" (number 05 in the production code to reflect Brock's racing number) . . . would we please not turn the wheels to the sky, lunch the gearbox, air-condition the engine, etc, etc. Okay. Promise.

•

We head first to Brocksville to see where it's all done. There is no mistaking the place, hunched in a corner of a haunted North Melbourne back lane, pallets of engines strewn about beside the parking meters outside, cruising blue bombers trying to find a rego number on them.

Inside, a small, sanitary mini-factory, a dozen bays stuffed full of Commodore SL/Es in various stages of undress. More component pallets. Racks of super-tune parts. Flare/spoiler kits. Arms and legs sticking out from every car. Sounds of frantic action. Some sundry curses.

Harvey is in there, inside a smoked glass cubicle, directing operations like some motor racing mafioso. We run through all the special components. The milled heads with their big valves; the ported, bored-out, matched manifolds, the trick tack-ons — a brilliant cold-air box under the hood (instant extra horses), plus the go-faster bits for the body and the cushy stuff for inside (special steerer, optional Recaros, etc). The wheels (Irmscher — European race-bred, same brand as on the Opel Monza), special tyres (race-braced Uniroyals), springs, shocks (Bilsteins at the back), brake bits, even the stripes and decals.

Out at Calder, a dry westerly is fighting with a wet southerly — and winning — but the flooding pools around the track verges indicate the battle is mighty even. We pray for a few hours' grace, just time enough to run through our road and track tests in the dry.

The gentlemen from Wild-Leitz are there with the Correvit optical-speed measuring device we will use. They are armed with more equipment than you could find in a *Star Wars* junkheap. These boy-geniuses have their space-age computerised test gear linked in minutes. We find a quiet piece of private country road for the high speed stuff, and juggle the southerly headwind against the westerly tailer for even-money averages in between.

The Leitz fail-safe testing gear immediately reveals why some motor-noters started frothing "supercars" as soon as they saw the first drive reports — the speedo reads 215km/h, but the computer read-out is just 189.6km/h. Brocky makes a note to re-notch the speedo gear to curb this wild optimism.

The rest of the electronic print-out proves this is a new kind of supercar — powerful, yet refined. The thing will outrun Torana A9X figures to 60km/h (4.1 secs), hold its own to 100km/h (9.68 secs) and have its less-pollution-restricted predecessor well within reach over the quarter at 16.9 secs (A9X — 16.4). And this is on an automatic yet! But it is already losing ground by 140km/h, and it is no wailer at the top end — running out of legs and breath at 190km/h where the old howlers ran on and beyond 220km/h.

Brock says the car is geared for acceleration and for good cruising economy. It utilises the best aspect of the new GM-H economy-geared low pollution engines but it's obviously no autobahn bomber. And there is clearly a bonus for economic city driving — if buyers in the $19,000 category want that sort of thing.

The auto is a darling on the road. Leaves you free to sit back and just point and poke it. But with gear maximums of around 68 and 112km/h in the indirects, and a fairly iffy shift that must be timed at about 4300 to utilise a maximum 4700 on the surge of the torque converter, it doesn't have the flexibility of a four-shifter.

Back to Calder Raceway — time to test its temperament on the track. We don protective racewear and helmets borrowed from Race and Rally in Sydney. Brocky drives a few laps, with and without its PLAYBOY passengers, with and without flying side-slides, bulk opposite lock, armpits to the sun. Seems fine. We take over.

After a few laps Brocky can't bear to watch, and he heads for the sanctuary of the factory. Those few laps produce an easy 56 second tour with late dabs on the brakes at the two hard-stopping points, and that's comparable with the best stock A9X road-car times of yore.

The auto handles most of the circuit in second with a short shift to top on the big straight. A nice, neat wide entry to the curves gives a smooth, neutral line, but plough-ahead steering from hard, late entries can be fixed by jumping back on the noise pedal and hooking the tail back around. Boy-racer style will yield 30 degree tail-out slides that can be held around the tightest curve. Looks impressive, but costs cornering time.

The car likes to be handled with a smooth and neat hand, but is responsive to any steering style. The optional Recaro seats are a must for this sort of work, or any hard road-punting — we tended to fall out of the standard seats. And the sports steering wheel — signed by Brock and numbered — although generally an improvement, masks the instrument panel somewhat.

Otherwise, it's a bit like Brocky's driving — hard to fault.

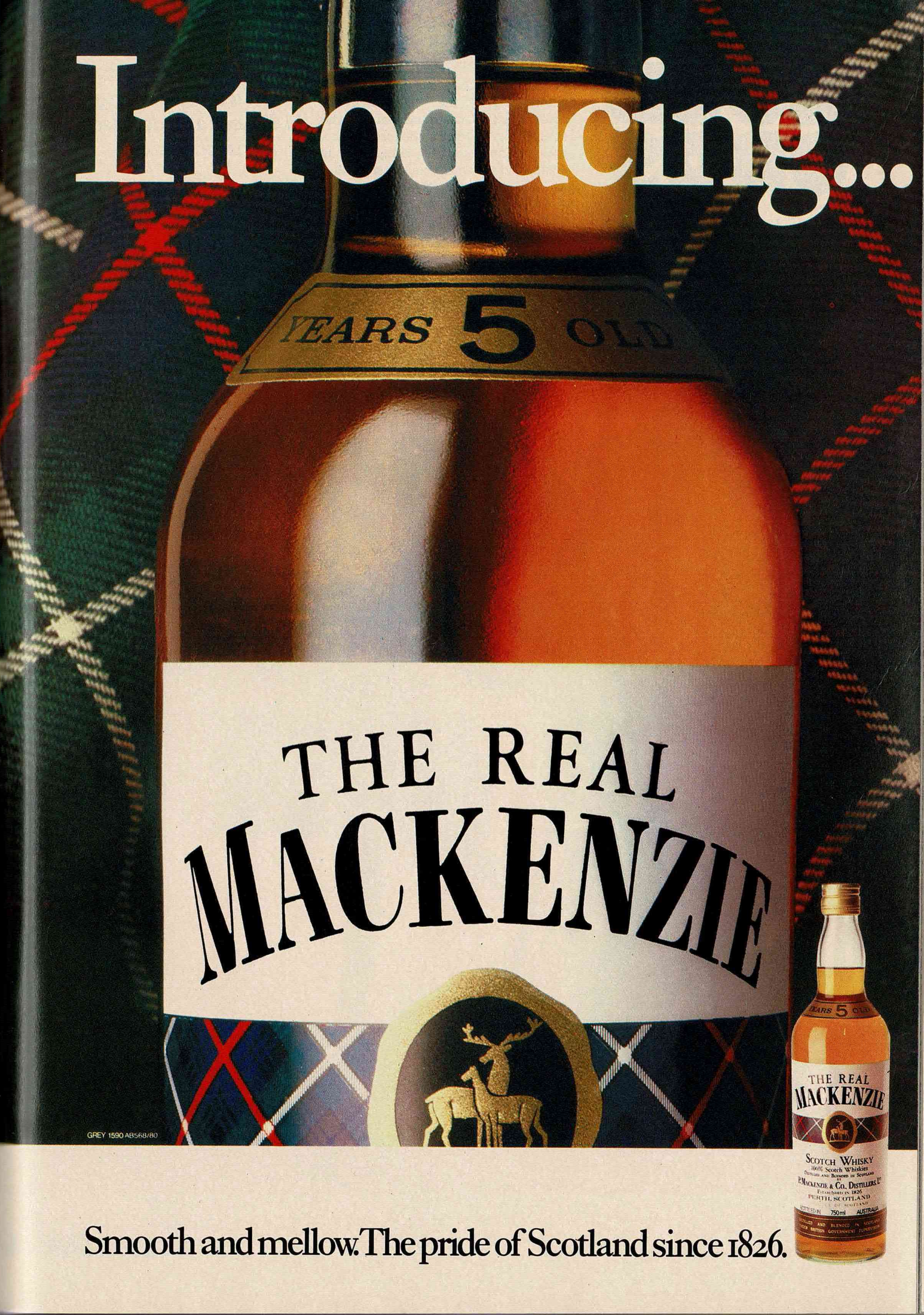
In style, it's European and refined, with its understated exterior sports equipment and functional extras instead of go-go glamorpacks. In feel, it's all Commodore with fine tuning.

The base-pack is SL/E with all the fancy trimming and matching price tags accounting for around a $14,000 nucleus of the project price . . . Of course, the production machine has all the current government specifications, including pollution gear and is available from regular Holden dealers.

Good for Brocky. Especially when you consider the logistics of the operation. GM-H, recently withdrawn from motor sport and all of the connotations that go with it, is not involved. The company simply builds suitable SL/Es, with a lot of delete items, and delivers them to HDT HQ. Marlboro and Castrol, in particular, add a lot of support, chiefly promotional. The program is supported by an enthusiastic group of dealers.

•

The car rolls out the door, headed for a dealer and a buyer. The first 500 have already put their money ahead of their mouths. If you're quick, you may get an early slot in the queue for the next batch. Be early. But be there.



GOOD ODDS

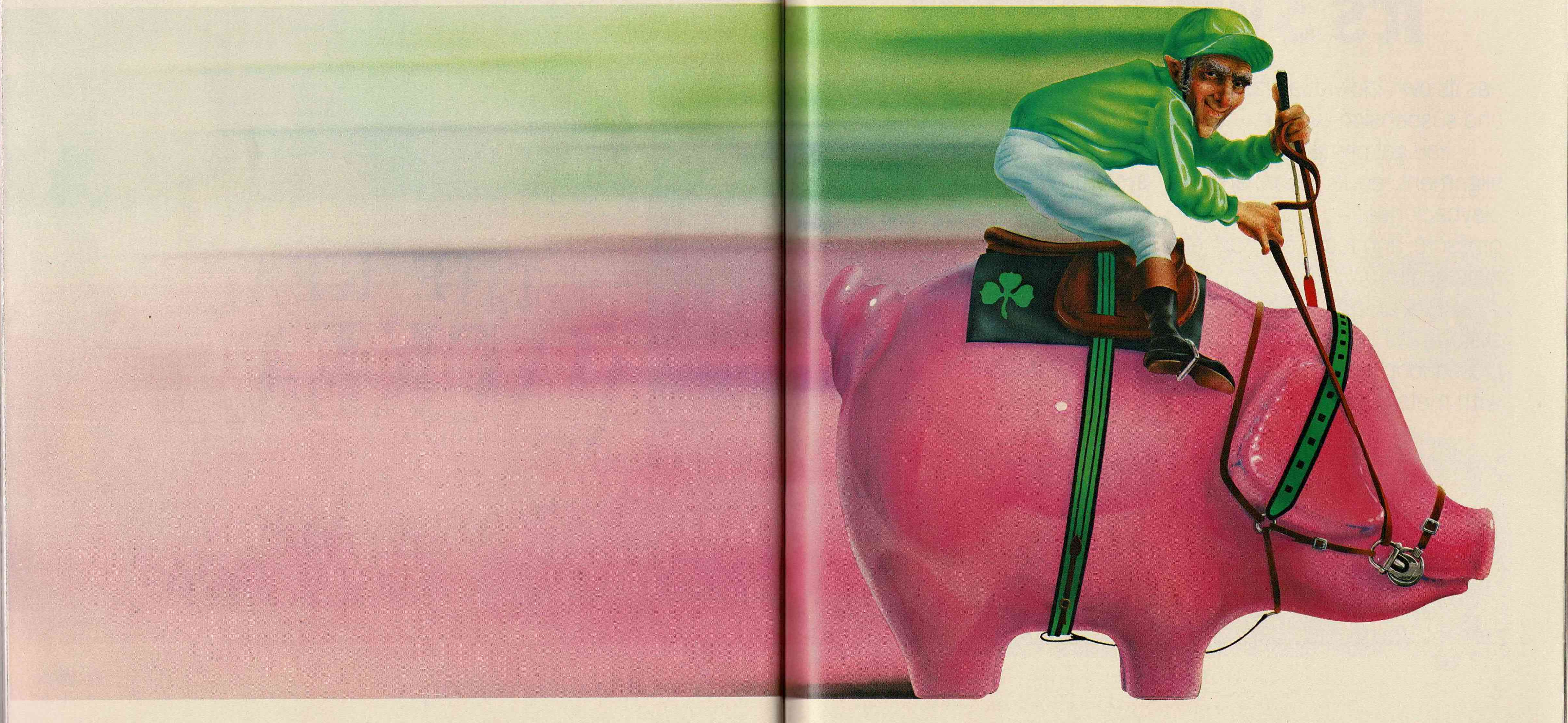
fiction by Neil Brightbard

Illustration by Mark Salwowski

all was lost till manny heard a voice rasping in his ear and decided to follow its advice . . .

MANNY HOOPERSCROFT raised his arms to the heavens and exclaimed, "Why me?" The heavens however, situated directly above the betting ring, did not come forth with a pertinent answer (the Almighty has become fed up with this question and has not bothered to volunteer a rejoinder for at least a couple of thousand years.

A good husband and father and a regular depositor through the slit in the Labrador's head was Manny. On the debit side, however, there lurked a rather less admirable trait. He was a



Sony's 3 head system. It's 3 ways better.

It's a better system, at a better price, and it's Sony. In Sony's new TC-K81 three head cassette tape deck, each head has its own individual casing and suspension system.

You get precise azimuth alignment,* equal record and playback head-to-tape pressure, and reduced magnetic leakage flux.

It's a unique three-head system, with two-motor, closed-loop dual capstan drive with metal tape compatibility.

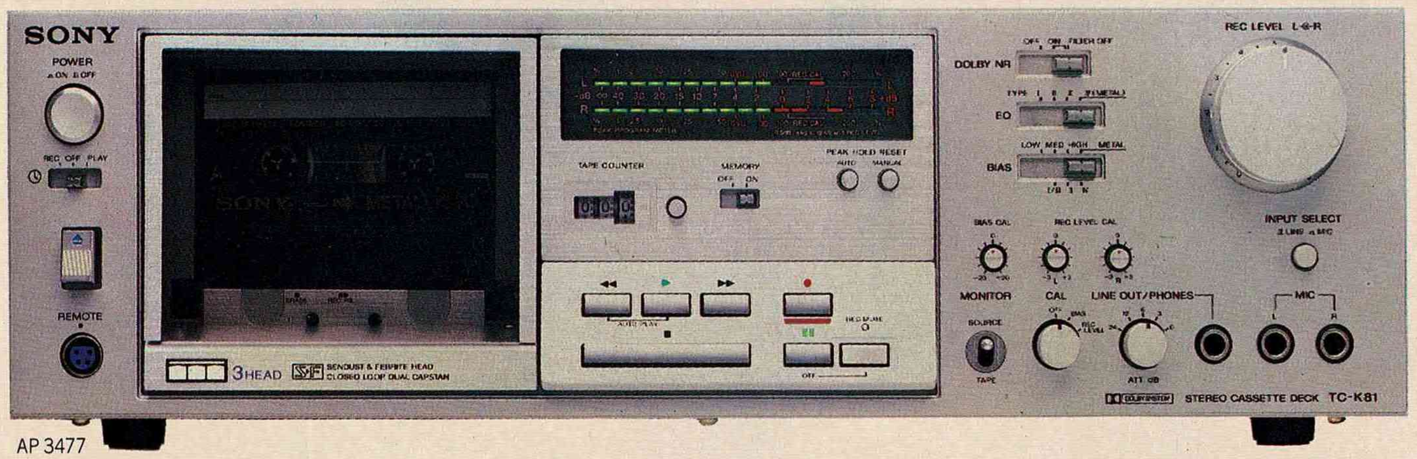
The new TC-K81 also has microcomputer control and feature-touch operation, and LED Peak Programme Meter, bias and record level calibration system, and Dolby** NR.

It's an exceptional new system, at an excellent price. And it's Sony.

So in three-head technology, we're three-ways better.

SONY®

*Factory aligned.
**Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



AP 3477

compulsive gambler, a crazy horse player to be precise.

He stood in the middle of the ring, a shattered remnant of the fellow who had earlier arrived at the course with hope springing eternal (the way it usually does for punters early in the day) and a bulging wallet. A skint shattered remnant of the former confident gambler, I might add.

Now a word on that bulging wallet. Manny had sat at the breakfast table that morning toying with his cereal, in something of a quandary. Hostages were being held here and Russians were encroaching there but that did not deter him from turning straight to the form guide in the morning daily. As he surveyed the card he felt a burning desire to go to the races. Horses seemed to jump out from the print at him, and say: "Back me, Manny. I'm a cert." From every direction it looked a most inviting program. His desire was made even more fierce by the sad fact that he had not the funds that an afternoon at the racetrack might require. The banks were closed and, had they been open, it would not have mattered as the account was in the red as usual. With a deal of resignation, he folded the newspaper and went for his after-breakfast sit. It was in this position of comfortable repose that the idea struck him. He knew where he could get the money for the races.

His ablutions completed, Manny slipped into the kitchen and took a long hard look at the pink piggy by the telephone that housed the mortgage money. His eyes flicked from the pink piggy to the racing form and from the racing form to the pink piggy and he made his decision. The pink piggy won by a nose, or perhaps a snout might be more accurate.

He made a timely exit shortly before his wife returned from the shops. Happily pottering around the kitchen, Mrs Hooperscroft was not aware of one sordid fact. To all intents and purposes there was nothing different about the pink piggy by the telephone. One could hardly have guessed from its blissfully moronic expression that it had just had its innards stealthily removed.

"Why me?" Manny asked again. Again the Almighty did not reply.

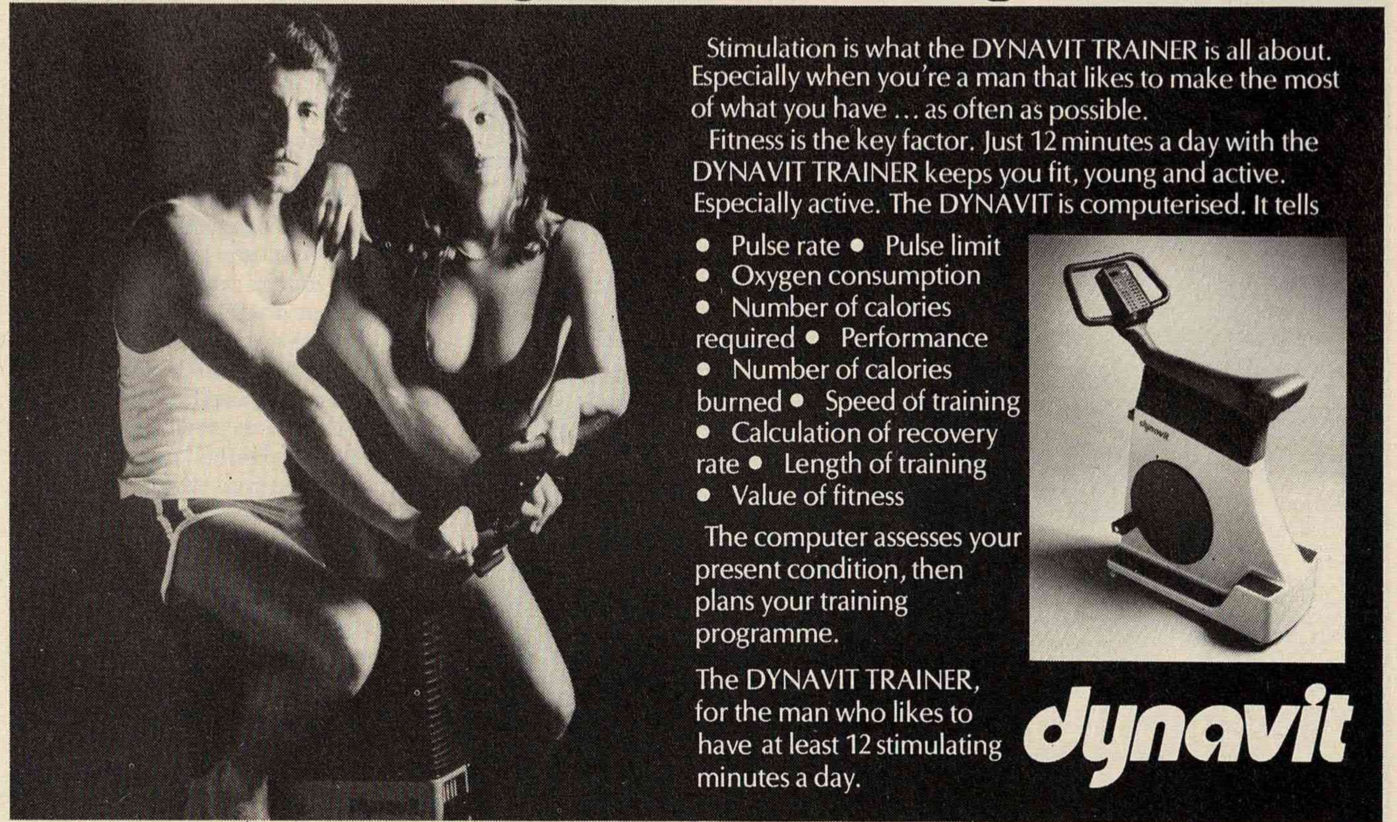
Manny stood on wobbly legs smoking a cigarette and looking troubled. His wallet bulged no more. It was as empty as the pink piggy by the telephone. The money that had been set aside for the building society was now nestling somewhere in the murky depths of a bookmaker's bag. He had had four bets for four losers and, to use a very succinct punting fraternity expression, had "done his dough in cold blood".

The day was warm, but a chilling shudder ran through him as he thought of the reception he would get at home. Mrs Hooperscroft was a reasonable and placid human being but even that species has a point where tolerance is exhausted. He had stolen, yes stolen, $200 and gambled it away, ample grounds for a divorce in this day and age where little or no grounds are required. Manny did not know much about horses but he certainly knew his good lady. She would gather up the offspring and leave him for sure, and who could possibly blame her. He could clearly visualise the citation document. "Purloining money with which to furnish his obsession", was how it would most likely read. He felt nauseous, and shuddered again.

Immersed in his disturbing reverie, he was unaware of an ugly little old man who had sidled up to him. The old man placed his mouth in close proximity to Manny's right earlobe and spoke loudly. "Dis'll win pullin' a train," he said, and Manny shied like a startled mustang.

Like his wife, Manny was also placid and, though men in his sorry predicament would have directed a few well chosen (or badly chosen)

12 stimulating and rewarding minutes.



Stimulation is what the DYNAVIT TRAINER is all about. Especially when you're a man that likes to make the most of what you have … as often as possible.

Fitness is the key factor. Just 12 minutes a day with the DYNAVIT TRAINER keeps you fit, young and active. Especially active. The DYNAVIT is computerised. It tells

- Pulse rate
- Pulse limit
- Oxygen consumption
- Number of calories required
- Performance
- Number of calories burned
- Speed of training
- Calculation of recovery rate
- Length of training
- Value of fitness

The computer assesses your present condition, then plans your training programme.

The DYNAVIT TRAINER, for the man who likes to have at least 12 stimulating minutes a day.

dynavit

Dynavit is used by sporting centres such as: Nautilus Aust.; and Castlecrag Squash Centre. Leasing terms available.

For details, contact: **Mr C.A. De Carlo, JOHN MORRIS SCIENTIFIC Pty. Ltd., 61 Victoria Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W. 2067. (02) 407 0206**
Vic.: 2A Beaumont Street; Vermont, 3133. (03) 873 2711 **Qld.:** 50 Campbell Street; Bowen Hill, 4006. (07) 52 4072
W.A.: 12 Aberdeen Street; Perth, 6000. (09) 328 3973 **S.A.:** 9A Osmond Terrace; Norwood, 5067. (08) 42 5809

JMD M4

adjectives at the grome-like creature, he simply regared the man with an eye that held sad resignation rather than torrid contempt.

"Dis'll win pullin' a bloody train," the old man said again. His voice was low and rasping, a bit like a prolonged after-dinner belch. He thrust his racebook under Manny's nose and indicated a grubby finger to number three on the card, a horse by the name of Bludger. There was something about the man that intrigued Manny. He was small and his face remarkably wizened, a combination that could mean only one thing. The man was probably an ex-jockey, with no doubt an extensive racing background and he spoke with the assurance of one who has spent a lifetime cleaning out horses' backsides and nostrils, though not necessarily in that order. What intrigued Manny most, however, was that the old codger was Irish, and what Irishmen do not know about horses (or hearses as they are referred to over there) is not worth recording. Irish lighthouse keepers may throw fish to the helicopters, and Irish women may think that an itchy fanny is a Japanese motor bike, but they certainly know their onions when it comes to the very serious business of racing horses.

Bludger would certainly not have won with a train in tow, but without this imposition it had very little trouble. It bolted in at 20 to one. The Irishman's next tip followed suit as did his subsequent three selections.

Manny was elated. He felt like grabbing the little man and giving him a great big kiss on the lips and, had the latter not been so ugly and more than a little bit on the nose, he would certainly have done so.

Now, at this point, if the reader is thinking that Manny had recouped his losses and thereby saved himself from a terrible fate and that everybody lived happily ever after, the reader would be only partially correct. Manny knew no fear when it came to punting up his money, as the expression has it. And when a fearless punter backs five winners in a row, the bookmakers must suffer. Thus, recoup his losses he did and more. Moreover, he was unable to properly fasten his wallet, which was not totally surprising, as it had not been designed to accommodate $1000.

Sadly, though, everybody did not live happily ever after.

The sun was low in the sky as the last of the bookmakers packed away his equipment. The floor of the ring was an untidy mess littered with a multitude of brightly colored betting tickets which strongly suggested that the men of the ledger had had a pretty good afternoon and the punters an unhappy one. Most of the tickets were torn and mutilated. All had been tossed away in disgust. An old man in a long white coat was already sweeping away the remains of the day's sport, clearing the bodies from the battlefield as it were, so that it could be ready for the next encounter.

Manny sat at the bar of the members' lounge at peace with the world, affectionately massaging the shoulder of the ugly old Irishman in a fatherly embrace. At that sweet moment he was possibly the happiest man on Earth, as well as being the most relieved. He had been well and truly in the jug with the door padlocked and had somehow escaped. The Almighty takes care of fools and drunks, they say, and there, by His grace, went this foolish punter. One might think that Manny Hooperscroft had thereby learned his lesson. One might also be wrong.

The members' lounge was as noisy as ever. The whys-and-wherefores, might-have-beens and tales of woe were gaining greater volume and credulity with the consumption of each beverage. One particularly dogmatic voice, an octave above the rest, was demeaning one jockey, leaving the poor fellow without a name. It was insisting that the hoop in question was probably performing an obscene act with the head stipendiary steward, which even if done in private by two consenting male adults has not yet been approved by antipodean legislators. The owner of the voice obviously did not believe in subterfuge when exercising his vocabulary, and the description of jockey and steward left little to the imagination.

"If the stewards were fair dinkum they'd all get rubbed out," came another profundity from a distant corner of the room. Typical examples from disgruntled punters talking through their pockets. A good day indeed for the books, and righteous indignation was the theme in the members' lounge.

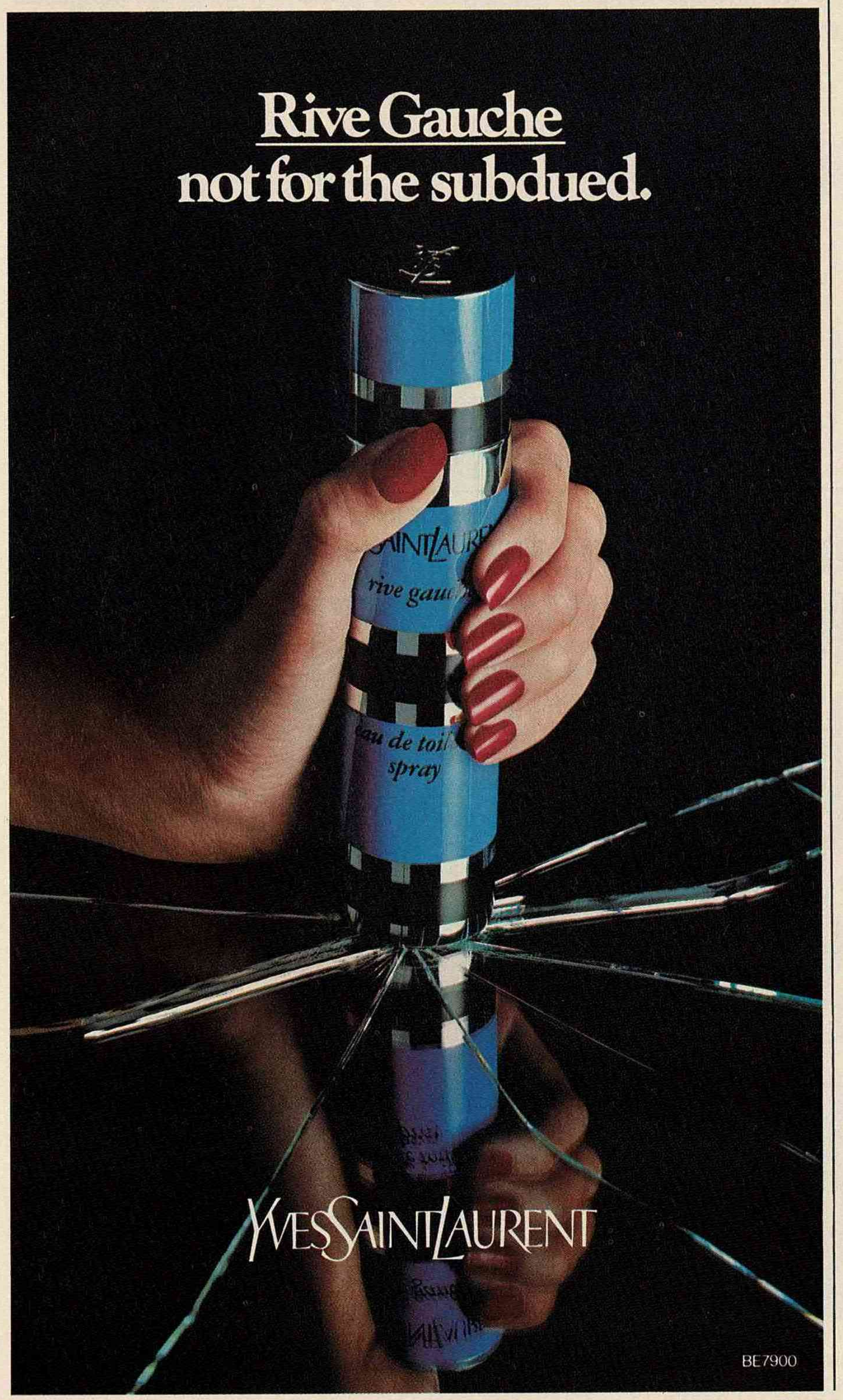
A certain bookmaker, however, was feeling far from altruistic at that moment. All gamblers are superstitious and, though he will insist to the contrary, the punter leans toward one idiosyncrasy or another. Manny was no exception and, after the first horse had obliged, he considered it a favorable omen to continue the association with the one bookmaker who had entertained that initial wager. Had he shopped around the ring he would have found better value elsewhere, but omens, idiosyncrasies and all that rot prevailed and he gave all his business to a large ruddy-faced gent with a cigarette dangling from his lips and an ash-splattered jacket.

The broken individual was now seated at the bar not more than a few feet from Manny and his companion, glowering, literally I might add, as his ruddiness had given way to a remarkable and rather alarming shade of scarlet. Manny attacked one whisky and soda after another as if prohibition was imminent, and the Irishman sipped gin and tonic like a man with hollow legs.

"Had a good day cobber?" The barman broke Manny's day-dream about leading in the next Melbourne Cup winner. People milled around him smiling and slapping his shoulder. A minute earlier he had been on the steps at Royal Randwick showering currency into the enclosure below as another famous (or perhaps infamous) character had done after another of his coups.

"Eh?" he said blinking. "Good day? Yes I did, as it happens. Terrific in fact."

He massaged the little Irishman's shoulder with a renewed vigor. The barman smiled broadly. He liked to see the punter come up trumps for a change. It meant that he did not have



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.

Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor—by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can sample Jack Daniel's just about anywhere that good whiskey is sold. One taste, we believe, is enough to discover its rareness.

London 1914 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Liège 1905 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

AB 665/80

to listen to the incessant whingeing that had become part and parcel of his job. He wiped a glass methodically until it was spotless, replaced it and, without looking, plucked another.

"Old Joe been giving you a hard time has he?" he said, giving the old man a look of fond reproach, in the same way that a kind mother might regard her young child who has just filled his pants and decided to rub it luxuriantly in his hair.

"Hard time?" slurred Manny. The scotch was beginning to take effect. "Joe here," he said with a lavish whiskified gesture, "was sent from bloody Heaven. Oops, sorry," he added, flicking a glance at the ceiling. "Got me out of trouble mate, old Joe did. Good on yer Joe." Another bout of shoulder massage followed the remarks of adulation.

Curiously, Joe made no response. In fact, he had not uttered one single syllable since settling at the bar. This had struck Manny as being quite odd, but he had come to the conclusion that the great man was perhaps magnanimous to idle prattle. Empty vessels making the most sound, as it were.

The barman refilled Manny's glass for the ninth time and applied his wiping talents once more. Sorrows were being drowned in abundance and there was no shortage of glasses to be washed and dried. "Tell me," he said with interest, "What did you mean when you said that old Joe got you out of trouble?"

Manny told him the whole story, from the pink piggy to the present, sparing no detail, which perhaps was not the most judicious course of action. Nevertheless, he babbled away cheerfully until the barman, whose expression had gradually changed from mildly and amusedly interested to downright hostile, cut him short with a sudden aggressiveness.

"Don't pull my plonker pal," he said with acerbity.

Manny opened a glassy eye, taken aback. Had he been sober he would have been startled, but it's not easy to startle the recipient of half a bottle of scotch "Don't you believe me?" he said with humor, despite the other's truculence. "He's the besht judge of horsh flesh this side of the Curragh."

The barman leant across and a nasty bulging eye focused a few centimetres from Manny's.

"I don't like people taking me for a mug, son," he said, "I've known Joe 'ere for the best part of 20 years and I've never 'eard 'im talk yet. 'E's a deaf mute. And everyone around 'ere knows 'e's a deaf mute."

"It's amazin', ain't it," said a grating voice from along the bar. "They whinge when they do their dough, and when they 'ave it off, they like to take the piss out of people."

The noisy bookie was being patronising toward the barman, as he could not really have cared less whether the man had had the urine extracted from him or not. It was his big opportunity to have a dig at the extractor.

Manny swung around and faced squarely the purveyor of the acrid attack. He did not appreciate being wrongly accused by the barman. He had thought fleetingly that the fellow must be a schizoid or something, although as the other was rather bulky he did not bother to inform him of his unqualified assumption. But this latest and totally unjust rebuke from old Ruddy Face stung him to intense annoyance. If the truth were known, he had no time at all for the bookmaking brigade. They were constantly complaining how bad business was, yet he had never seen one riding a bicycle. Jaguars, Rovers and the occasional Rolls-Royce, but never a bicycle.

"What the hell has it got to do with you?" he said with uncharacteristic venom, obviously injured by the unprovoked onslaught. "Who are you to talk about whingeing? Bloody bookmakers. Parasites."

A skinful of the hard stuff had made his indignity doubly righteous.

"Up yours!" said Ruddy Face, with feeling. A sickly smile crept across his ugly slack mouth, content that his provocation had found its spot.

"Bollocks," said Manny, more aggrieved than ever.

The barman sensed that things might be getting a bit out of hand. When he spoke to Manny again his demeanor was tempered considerably.

"Look, old chum," he said with a sardonic smile, "you sit there large as life insisting that old Joe, a deadset deaf mute who hasn't said a dicky bird since the old King died, tipped you the last five winners. What do yer expect us to think, I ask yer."

"Honestly," Manny said. "Fair-dinkum, I swear it's the truth. What possible reason would I have for pulling your . . . er lying to you."

He felt a compulsion to vindicate himself though there was no real need. He should have walked out of the bar then and there but, unfortunately and tragically for him, he did not.

The barman shrugged, plucked another vessel and wiped.

"Put your money where your mouth is." The bookmaker spat out the words and more ash was deposited to the coat which was now a job for the cleaners.

"Put your money where your mouth is" is a cliché that is best

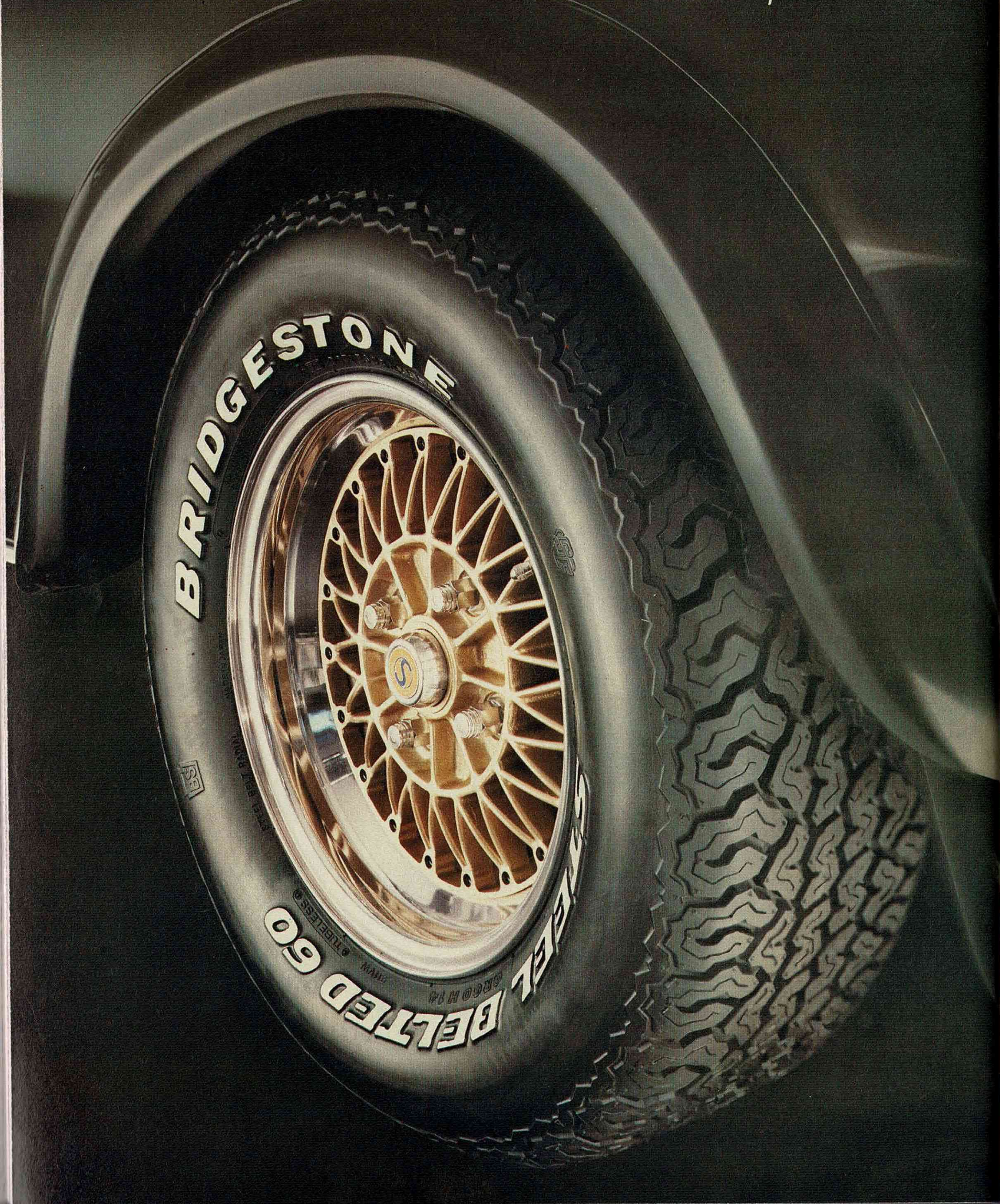
JENSEN
AVAILABLE FROM THESE AUDIO SPECIALISTS
Australian Distributors
Harman Australia
P.O. Box 6, Brookvale N.S.W. 2100

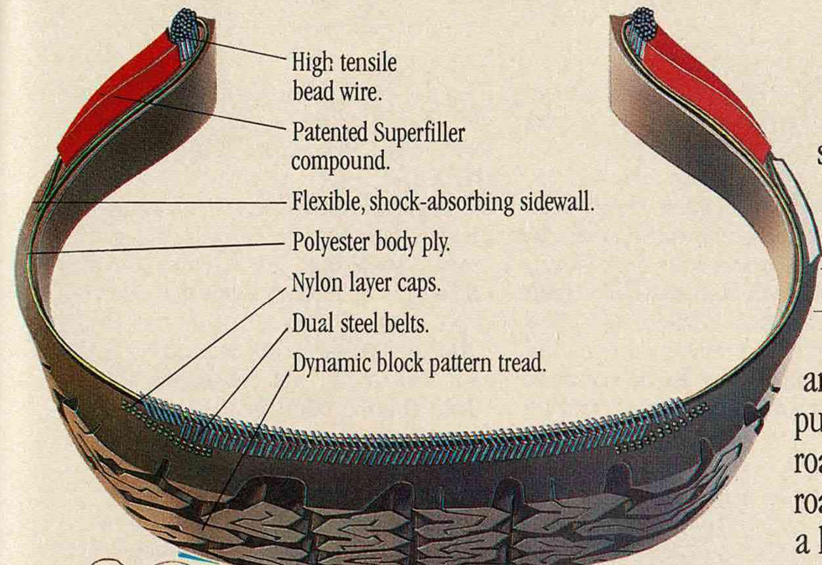
NEW SOUTH WALES	
Brown & Jolly	Lismore
Conquest Electronics	Katoomba
Galaxy Sounds	Newcastle
Galaxy Sounds	Maitland
Hi Fi Gallery	Tamworth
Highway Sun Air & Sound	Wollongong
Sun Shine Auto Electrical Services	Sth. Tweed Heads
Terry's Sound Lounge	Bowral
Sydney	
Audiocom	Eastwood
Audiocom	North Rocks
Audiocom	Birkenhead
Auto Acoustics (Graham Audio)	Kings Cross
Chatswood Car Radio	Chatswood
Howard Car Radio	Chatswood
Roxy Car Radio	Parramatta
North Shore Hi Fi	Neutral Bay
Peter McLeod-Scott	Maroubra
Paul Barden Car Radio	St. Leonards
Records International	Bankstown
Semicon Electronics	Epping
S & I Car Radio	Brookvale
Sprint Car Stereo	Taren Point
Duty Free Travellers Supplies	Sydney
Waitara Car Radio	Waitara
Woollahra Electronics	Woollahra
VICTORIA	
Sound Factors	Dandenong
Melbourne	
Autobell Accessories P/L	Melbourne
Douglas Hi Fi	Melbourne
Northern Electronics	Coburg
Pennylane Audio	Toorak
Tivoli Hi Fi	Hawthorn
United Car Radio	Prahran
United Car Radio	Nth Melbourne
United Car Radio	Mitcham
QUEENSLAND	
Action Radio	Paddington
Geoff Bradfords	Toowoomba
DJL Electronics	Caloundra
Custora Sound Centre	Nambour
Gold Coast Hi Fi	Southport
Hooper Sound Centre	Gympie
Ipswich Hi Fi	Ipswich
Bob Wilsons	Bundaberg
Premier Sound	Rockhampton
Mackay Stereo Sales	Mackay
Russ Adams	Townsville
Stereo Supplies	Brisbane
Targa Electronics	Cairns
A.C.T.	
Instrol Hi Fi	Canberra
Polymedia	Phillip
WESTERN AUSTRALIA	
Arena Distributors	Victoria Park
Alberts Hi Fi	Balga
Alberts Hi Fi	Perth
Alberts Hi Fi	Victoria Park
Leslie Leonards	Perth
Alberts Hi Fi	Fremantle
SOUTH AUSTRALIA	
Hi Fi Acoustics P/L	Adelaide
Instrol Hi Fi	Adelaide
Motoquipe	Adelaide
TASMANIA	
Tasmania Auto Sound	Hobart

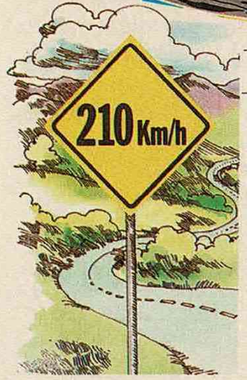
JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
LSB 22

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
The internationally recognised leader in high fidelity car stereo speakers and electronics. First choice of mobile music lovers everywhere.
JENSEN COAX II
JENSEN TRIAX II

INTRODUCING THE BRIDGESTONE RD-211 STEEL. THE HIGH PERFORMANCE LOW PROFILE RADIAL RATED FOR SPEEDS UP TO 210 km/h.*




High tensile bead wire.
Patented Superfiller compound.
Flexible, shock-absorbing sidewall.
Polyester body ply.
Nylon layer caps.
Dual steel belts.
Dynamic block pattern tread.



RATED HR FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE.

Most raised-white-lettered low profiles are more show than go. Not so the new RD-211 Steel from Bridgestone.

For proof you just have to compare the RD-211 Steel with the tyre you're running on now, or the one you're about to buy.

Most raised-white-lettered radials only have a dash (-) rating: a speed performance rating of only 170 km/h.

The new Bridgestone RD-211 Steel is different. It's a full HR rated radial. Which means it's been engineered, tested and rated for speeds up to 210 km/h.* And that means performance. Top performance. Then more.

PATENTED SUPERFILLER MATERIAL.

RD-211 Steel is the only 60 series low profile with patented Superfiller.

Superfiller is a tough new tyre material. It provides a more rigid bead area to improve low profile shape and efficiency. The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and grip.

SHOCK-ABSORBING SIDEWALL.

Extra-hard Superfiller allows a more flexible sidewall. This extra flexibility absorbs impact and vibration to deliver a smoother ride.

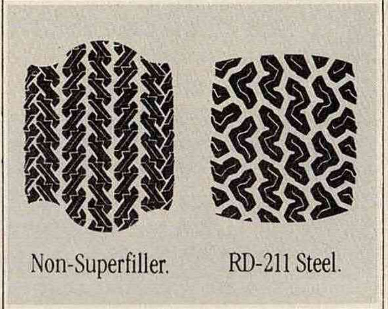
CONSTRUCTION PROVEN IN REPCO RALLY.

Two belts of steel and two layers of nylon make for lasting high speed performance.

The dual belts increase tread stability.

The nylon layer caps hug the edge of the RD-211's steel belts for greater structural durability. It's a concept tested and proven in the Superfiller tyres that carried last year's Repco Rally winner to victory.

WIDE TRACK ROAD-HUGGING.



Non-Superfiller. RD-211 Steel.

Unique Superfiller and the flexible sidewall put more tread on the road. Tests on a glass roadway actually showed a larger tread area than you'd expect from a normal 60 series low profile. The illustration shows the bigger, more even footprint of the RD-211 Steel.

WET GRIP IMPROVED UP TO 12%.

Bigger rain grooves. Better grip.

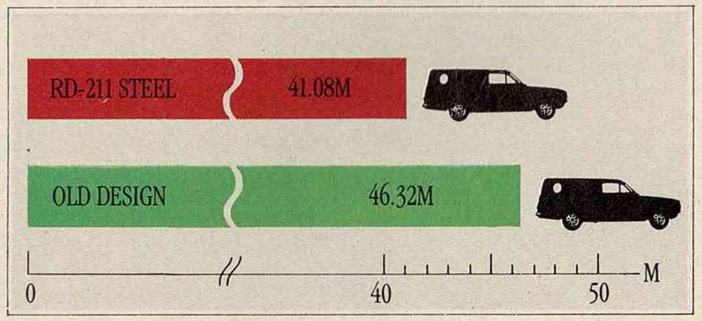
A problem with wide, low-profile radials has been their lack of performance on wet roads.

Bridgestone set-out to find an answer. The result: wet weather braking improved by 12%; handling response increased by 8.4%

The secret is the larger footprint, plus a chunky new tread pattern that really bites the bitumen. The RD-211 Steel's wide and thirsty rain grooves flood away water for hard sticking stops and tight controlled turns.

The illustration below shows an actual wet-road, test result. The RD-211 Steel consistently stopped 5 metres short of a previous tread design from 80 km/h.

80 Km/h. WET BRAKING TEST



BRIDGESTONE

For your local dealer contact your nearest State distributor: **N.S.W.** Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., Sunnyholt & Garling Roads, Marayong 2148. Phone: 671 1444. **Vic.** Kingstone Tire Agency Pty. Ltd., 420-430 King Street, West Melbourne 3003. Phone: 328 1385. **Q'land.** Bridgestone Tyres (QLD.) Pty. Ltd., 111-117 Lutwyche Road, Windsor 4030. Phone: 57 7588. **W.A.** Bridgestone Tyres (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., 1280 Albany Highway, Cannington 6107. Phone: 458 8016. **S.A.** Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (S.A.) Pty. Ltd., 495 Grand Junction Road, Wingfield 5013. Phone: 268 6155.

*The statutory speed restriction in Australia is 100 km/h. The speed capability of the RD-211 Steel is mentioned to promote understanding of its superior durability and performance, not to encourage illegal driving practices.

treated with the disdain that it undoubtedly deserves. However, at that critical moment in the members' lounge at Elwick, Manny had not the necessary restraint nor the inclination to back down. He wanted more than anything in the world to take some more money away from this horrible excrescence of a man.

And all the time the Irishman had said not a word.

People all around the room had suddenly become interested in this intriguing confrontation. The general noise had degenerated to a mere undercurrent, and even the more vocal of the inebriated racegoers had now become unusually subdued. The bookmaker's challenging enunciation had quelled the din and 100 eyes focused on the two main characters of the scenario.

Manny had scored handsomely that day. There was no earthly need to strike another bet. Deep in the recesses of his soul a voice was telling him not to be so incredibly stupid and insensibly greedy. "Get up and go Manny," it cried, "get up and go."

"How much?" he asked the bookie.

This was too good to be true. This man was actually willing to bet that his little friend could not speak. Imagine it. Why, this worldly old boy of the cryptic articulation could probably jaw the hind leg off a donkey. All these were Manny's thoughts, and the fact that the old man had been as silent as that proverbial clerical rodent did not encroach upon them.

Several people moved closer to the bar with unashamed curiosity. The bookmaker looked expectantly at the barman who spread his hands and shook his broad head.

"Not a word for 20 years," said the latter solemnly.

The bookmaker reached deeply into his valise and extracted two lots of notes, each bounded by two elastic bands. Slowly, and with deliberation, he released the elastic bands, licked his fingers and spread the 20 $50 bills spaciously on the bar.

To back down at this stage was out of the question. To back down was furthest from Manny's mind. He had the man by the short and curlies and how sweet it was. He delved into his breast pocket and fished out the bulging wallet. He was aware of his heart pounding wildly as he counted out $1000 with a shaking hand, and he could easily have emptied his bowels at that moment.

People moved nearer. Several men at the back of the room climbed on chairs and tables for a better view. Anything heavier than a falling pin would certainly have registered a resounding crash.

The bookmaker's eyes bulged like a great carp at the sight of the two grand. He breathed heavily, his glowing cigarette depositing more ash.

Manny looked pleadingly at his little friend, his pulse throbbing at a dangerous rate.

"Joe," he breathed gently, "say something old man." Recent events had induced in Manny a state of absolute sobriety.

The Irishman looked gloomily into his empty glass.

The ruddy bookmaker's right eye twitched nervously.

"Joe." This time there was a definite note of concern in Manny's voice. "Please Joe . . . speak."

Joe childishly fondled the piece of lemon at the bottom of his glass.

An unholy grin appeared on the ruddy face of the bookmaker. His eye stopped twitching.

"Joe." Manny was now down on one knee, his voice a pathetic plea. He felt like shaking the life out of the old bastard, but had the feeling that it would make no difference. He then had an idea. The gnome had tipped him five good winners and had received no remuneration for the magnificent effort. That was the trouble. He had not even crossed the old man's grubby palm with silver. That was the trouble. Why did he not think of it before?

Reprehensible. He removed his glasses, something he only did in the most emotional of moments, and placed his head only a few centimetres from the old man's. "I don't know what came over me old sport," he said, clearing his parched throat. "Joe, there's $500 in it for you. Say something, please say something."

Someone coughed at the back of the room and was immediately cut to the quick by a score of piercing eyes.

The Irishman picked up the piece of lemon and began sucking on it contentedly and Manny clasped his forehead in despondency.

He needed no telling that the cause was hopeless. Lost in fact. No one could ever accuse him of being a quitter as, in times of stress, he could call upon as much moral fibre and backbone as the next man, and was at his best when backed against the wall facing insurmountable odds. However, when a chap is offered $500 to make a few familiar noises and prefers to sit there sucking away at a lemon, then it's time to throw in the towel.

Manny stood up resignedly and not for the first time that day felt quite sick. The room swayed and he clasped the bar for support. The bookmaker swooped on the money like a greedy gannet and immediately a tumult rose up from the mob.

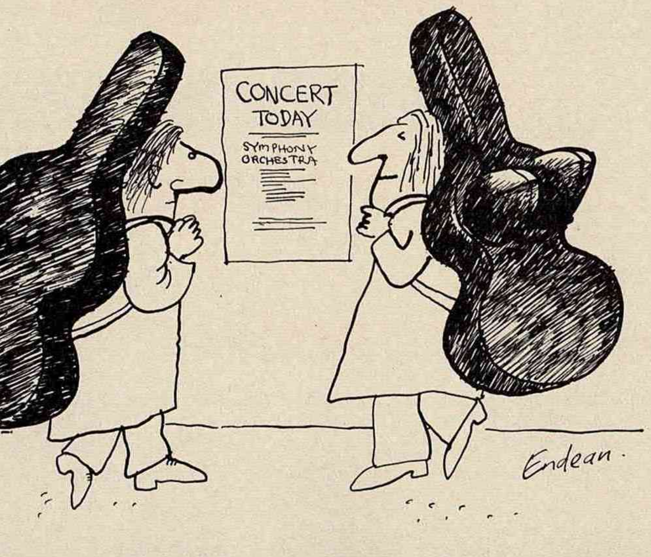
Manny could not bear to look across at his victor and it took a superhuman effort on his part to remain upright. Finally, with what dignity he could muster, he walked unsteadily from the room, the Irishman close in his wake. Faces, some sympathetic, others showing undisguised malevolence, watched him leave, but his tear-filled eyes saw none of them.

Outside, a cool breeze wafted across the racecourse, sending an uncomfortable shiver down the spine of one miserable punter and his quaint companion. The sun was setting behind the pines in a blaze of crimson and orange, casting a golden glow on the grandstand.

Manny turned to the Irishman. His throat was almost too dry to speak, and when he did, it was in an almost inaudible whisper. "Why? . . . Why?"

The Irishman looked up at him, and Manny could not believe it, but there was the hint of an impish twinkle in the old man's eyes.

"Don't be a bloody mug all your life, Manny," he said. "We'll probably get 10 to one off him next week."



ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SX.

Datsun 200B SX,
rally bred sports sedan:
Fast and smooth console-mounted
four-speed gearbox.
Taut sports-modified,
phase-matched seating/suspension.
2 litre OHC engine.
Variable ratio steering.
Power-assisted front disc and
rear drum brakes.
Wide alloy wheels.
Steel belted radial tyres.
Laminated windscreen.
Wall-to-wall carpet.
Tachometer and tripmeter.
Clock and radio.
Heated rear window.
3 speed heater/demister.

Reclining front bucket seats
in stylish striped cloth.
Air dam and smart racing stripes
on the outside.
Available in Datsun red, white or blue.
Get behind the wheel of the
sporty SX and feel it perform. It even
makes driving around the block exciting.
Your Datsun dealer will be happy
to prove it.
Arrange a
test drive now.

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

DATSUN
200B SX

DAT 716/R

THESE NAMES IN SCOTCH HAVE LASTED FOR OVER 350 YEARS:

1. HAIG
2.
3.
4.
5.

There are no others.

For all your wide choice in scotch whisky today, there is one name that stands out.

The oldest name in scotch. Since 1627. Haig.

Haig, with the reputation of 350 years and more behind it, is a scotch whisky that can hardly afford to compromise.

The reward, for Haig, lies in perhaps the next 350 years. Your reward is the continuing availability of a whisky prepared today very much as it was three centuries ago, blended out of the longest experience to provide the discerning scotch drinker with the finest satisfaction there is.

The making of scotch whisky appears deceptively simple. It has been said that all one needs is barley from the 'brae', water from the 'burn', smoke from a fire of peat, and a good address in Scotland. In Scotland, because in spite of many efforts around the world scotch whisky can be made only in Scotland.

Yet, as your palate will soon tell you, there is certainly a difference even between whiskies made in Scotland.

Any scotch whisky may be made up from as many as forty single whiskies of two basic kinds: malt and grain.

It is the skill of the blender, and the experience of time, that produce the satisfying taste, the sturdy character and the unwavering consistency of your favourite brand.

Price has much to do with it.

Of malt and grain it is malt that contributes most to the truly satisfying smooth taste of any good scotch you'd care to choose.

Malt and grain. And of these, malt is the more expensive.

Therein lies just one means of producing a cheaper scotch whisky. A means that Haig can never consider, even for the fleeting reward perhaps of increased sales, because time and reputation mean so much to the oldest name in scotch.

Your assurance, always, is that the next bottle of Haig you buy will be unchanged in quality from the last.

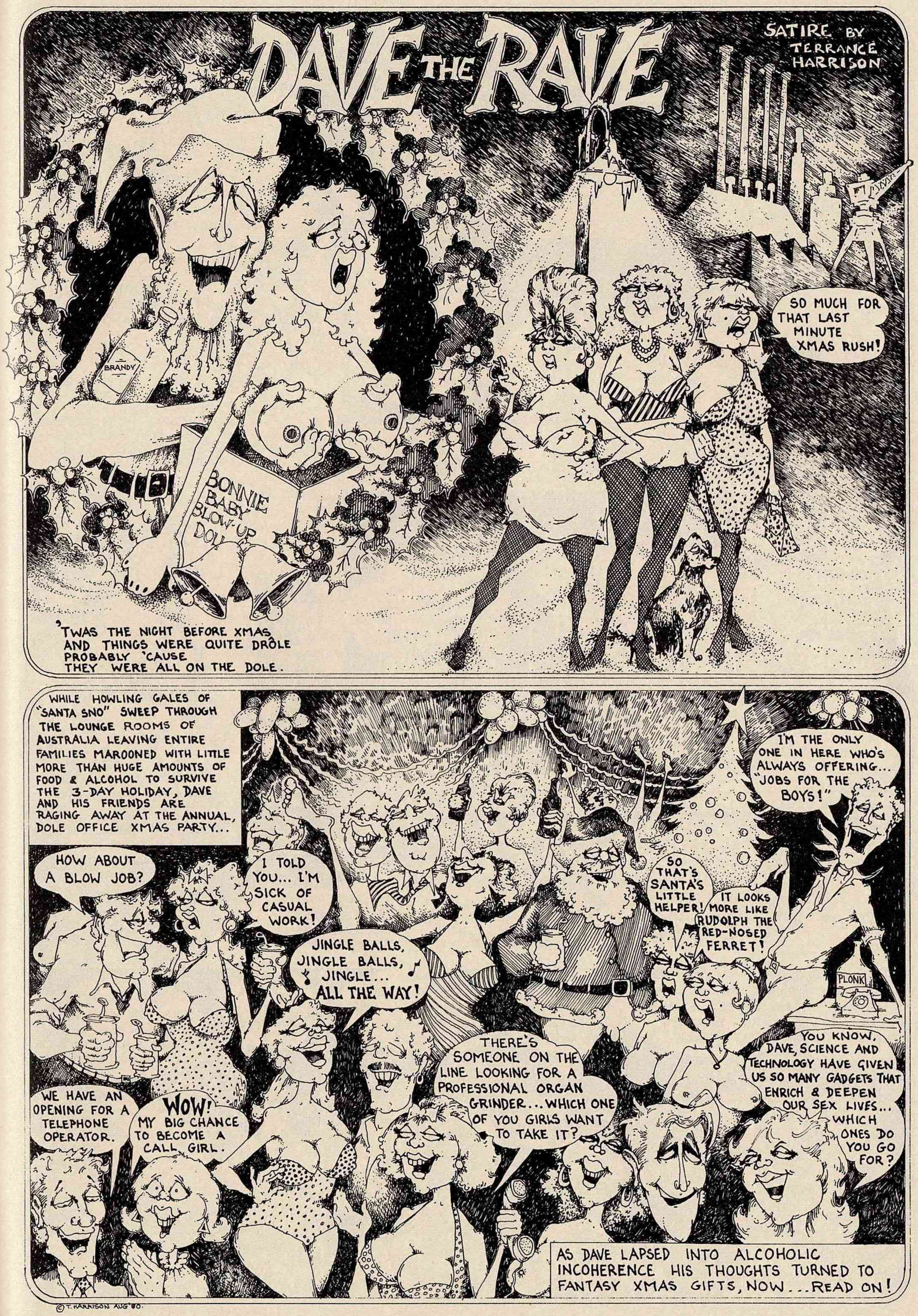
Consider, when next you face the choice, just what it is that you are buying. The greater enjoyment of a scotch whisky that refuses to compromise: or the very small saving on a cheaper brand that will certainly reflect, in areas of taste, that difference in price.

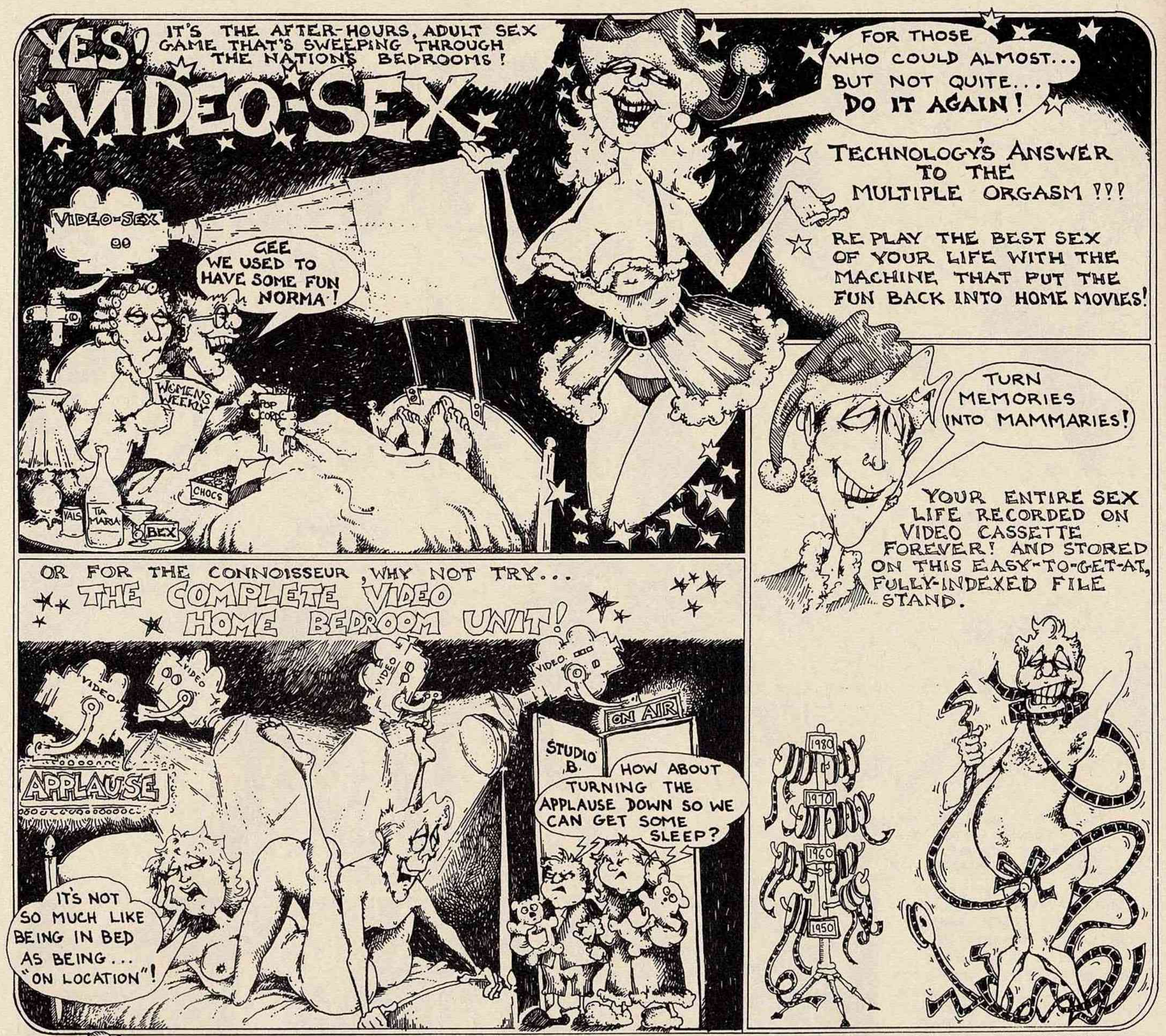
Haig, there before any other, is still today one of the few most popular scotch whiskies in this country and indeed, the world.

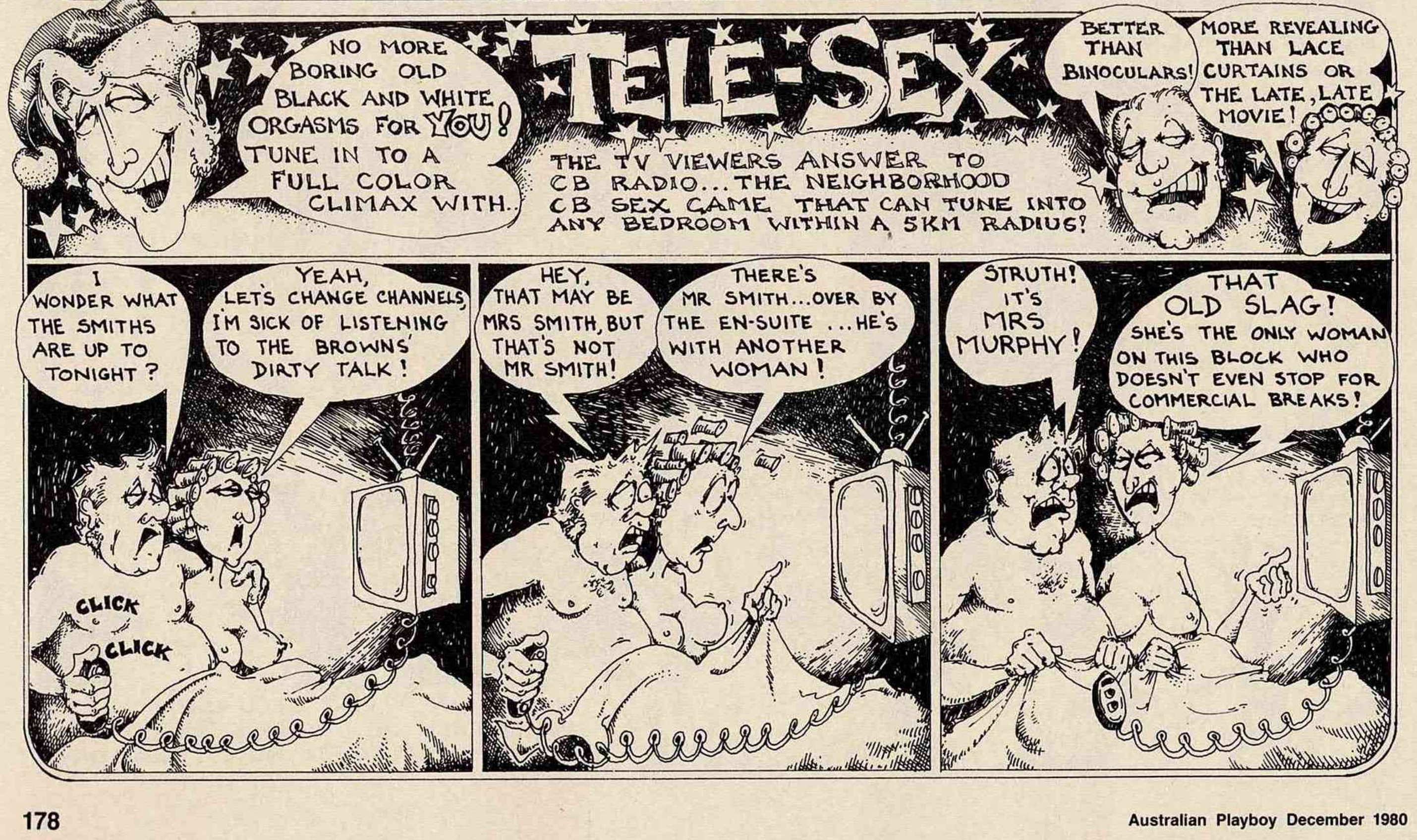
Today: Haigoodlookin'.

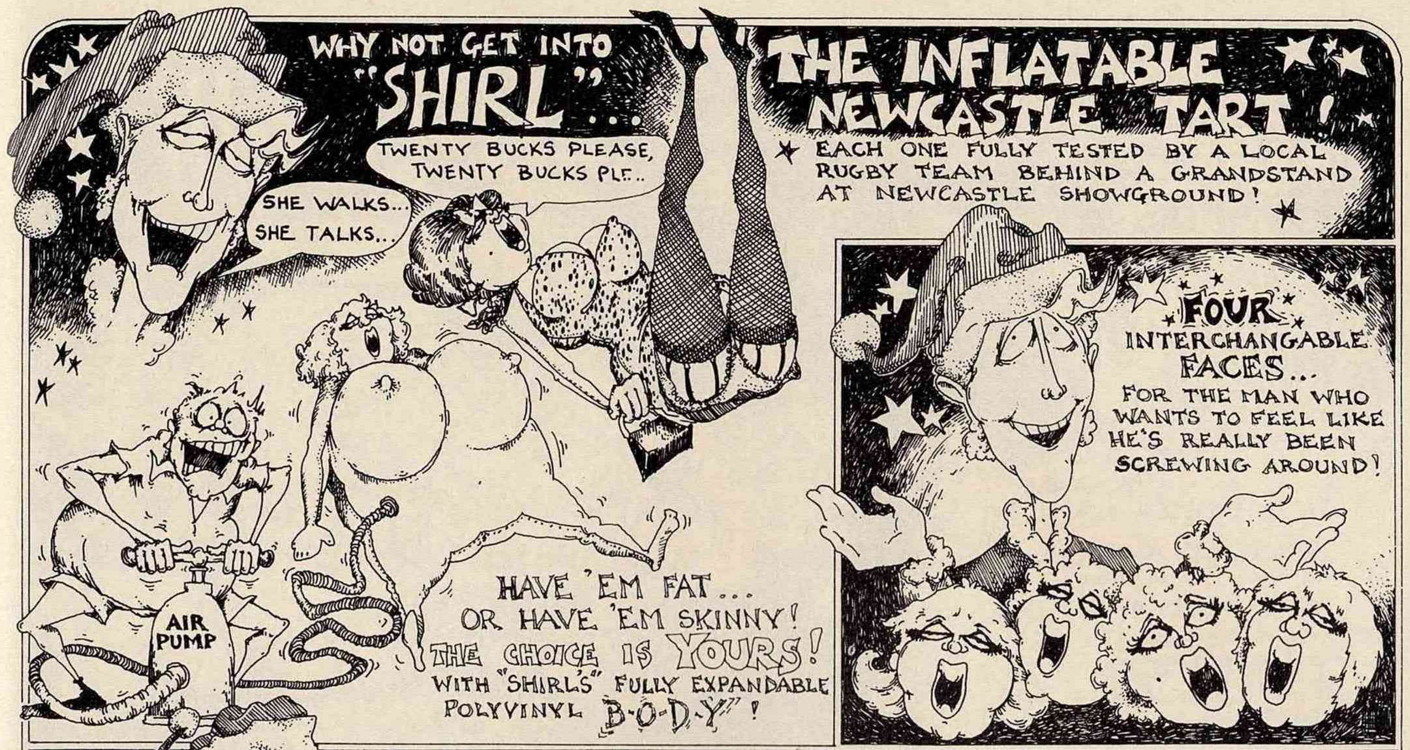
Don't be vague. Ask for Haig.

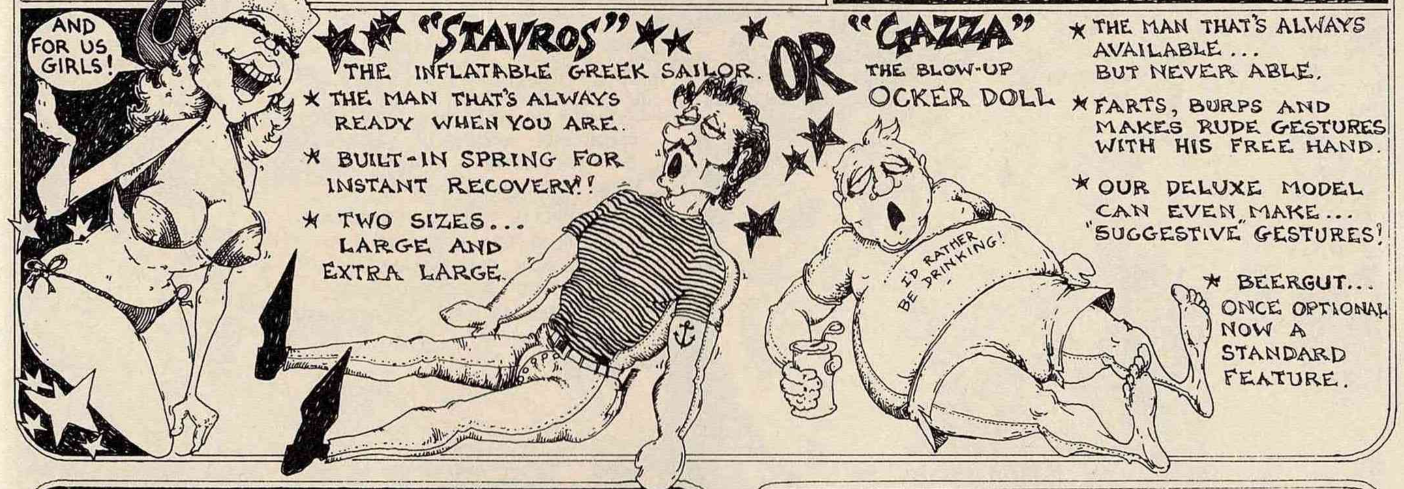
HOLT HA86 AB506/80

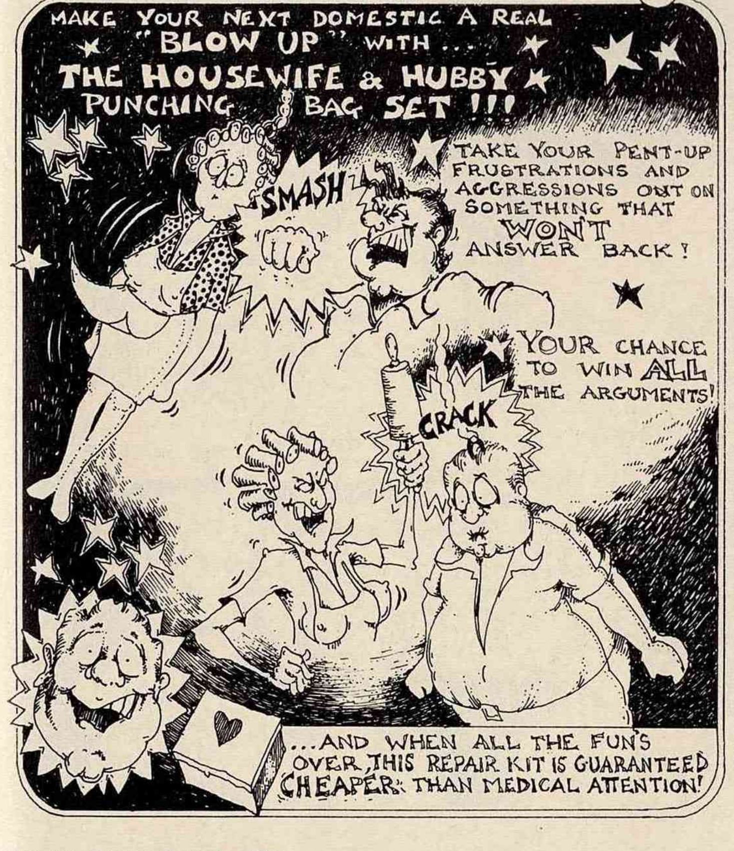

DAVE THE RAVE
SATIRE BY TERRANCE HARRISON
BRANDY
BONNIE BABY BLOW-UP DOLL
SO MUCH FOR THAT LAST MINUTE XMAS RUSH!
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS AND THINGS WERE QUITE DRÔLE PROBABLY 'CAUSE THEY WERE ALL ON THE DOLE.
WHILE HOWLING GALES OF "SANTA SNO" SWEEP THROUGH THE LOUNGE ROOMS OF AUSTRALIA LEAVING ENTIRE FAMILIES MAROONED WITH LITTLE MORE THAN HUGE AMOUNTS OF FOOD & ALCOHOL TO SURVIVE THE 3-DAY HOLIDAY, DAVE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE RAGING AWAY AT THE ANNUAL, DOLE OFFICE XMAS PARTY...
HOW ABOUT A BLOW JOB?
I TOLD YOU... I'M SICK OF CASUAL WORK!
JINGLE BALLS, JINGLE BALLS, JINGLE... ALL THE WAY!
I'M THE ONLY ONE IN HERE WHO'S ALWAYS OFFERING... "JOBS FOR THE BOYS!"
SO THAT'S SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER!
IT LOOKS MORE LIKE RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED FERRET!
PLONK
WE HAVE AN OPENING FOR A TELEPHONE OPERATOR.
WOW! MY BIG CHANCE TO BECOME A CALL GIRL.
THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE LINE LOOKING FOR A PROFESSIONAL ORGAN GRINDER... WHICH ONE OF YOU GIRLS WANT TO TAKE IT?
YOU KNOW, DAVE, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY HAVE GIVEN US SO MANY GADGETS THAT ENRICH & DEEPEN OUR SEX LIVES... WHICH ONES DO YOU GO FOR?
AS DAVE LAPSED INTO ALCOHOLIC INCOHERENCE HIS THOUGHTS TURNED TO FANTASY XMAS GIFTS, NOW... READ ON!
© T. HARRISON AUG '80.

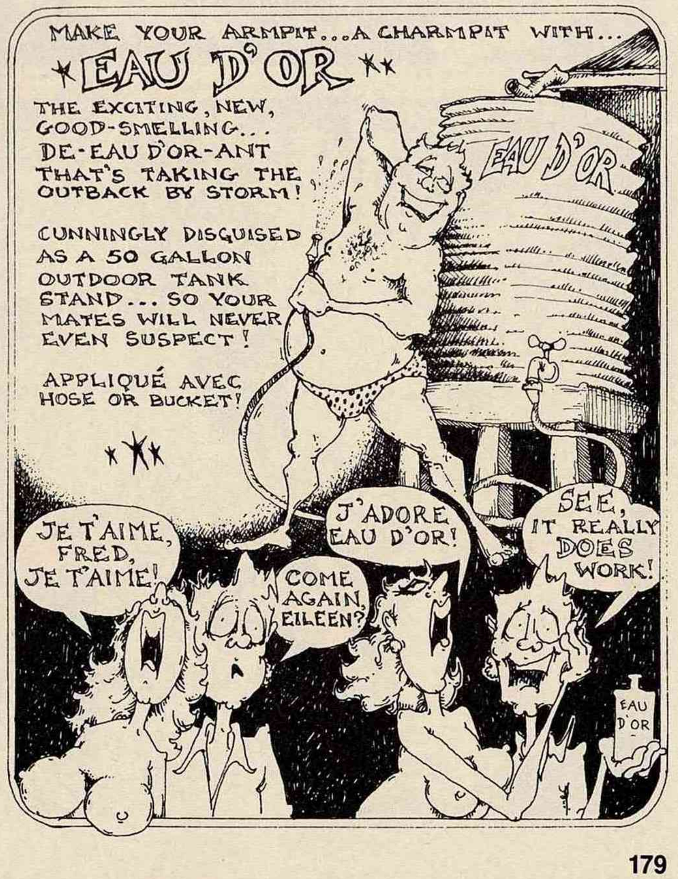

YES!
IT'S THE AFTER-HOURS, ADULT SEX GAME THAT'S SWEEPING THROUGH THE NATION'S BEDROOMS!
VIDEO-SEX
FOR THOSE WHO COULD ALMOST... BUT NOT QUITE... DO IT AGAIN!
TECHNOLOGY'S ANSWER TO THE MULTIPLE ORGASM???
RE PLAY THE BEST SEX OF YOUR LIFE WITH THE MACHINE THAT PUT THE FUN BACK INTO HOME MOVIES!
VIDEO-SEX
GEE WE USED TO HAVE SOME FUN NORMA!
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
CHOCS
TIA MARIA
BEX
TURN MEMORIES INTO MAMMARIES!
YOUR ENTIRE SEX LIFE RECORDED ON VIDEO CASSETTE FOREVER! AND STORED ON THIS EASY-TO-GET-AT, FULLY-INDEXED FILE STAND.
OR FOR THE CONNOISSEUR, WHY NOT TRY... THE COMPLETE VIDEO HOME BEDROOM UNIT!
VIDEO
VIDEO
VIDEO
VIDEO
APPLAUSE
STUDIO B.
ON AIR
HOW ABOUT TURNING THE APPLAUSE DOWN SO WE CAN GET SOME SLEEP?
IT'S NOT SO MUCH LIKE BEING IN BED AS BEING... "ON LOCATION"!
1980
1970
1960
1950

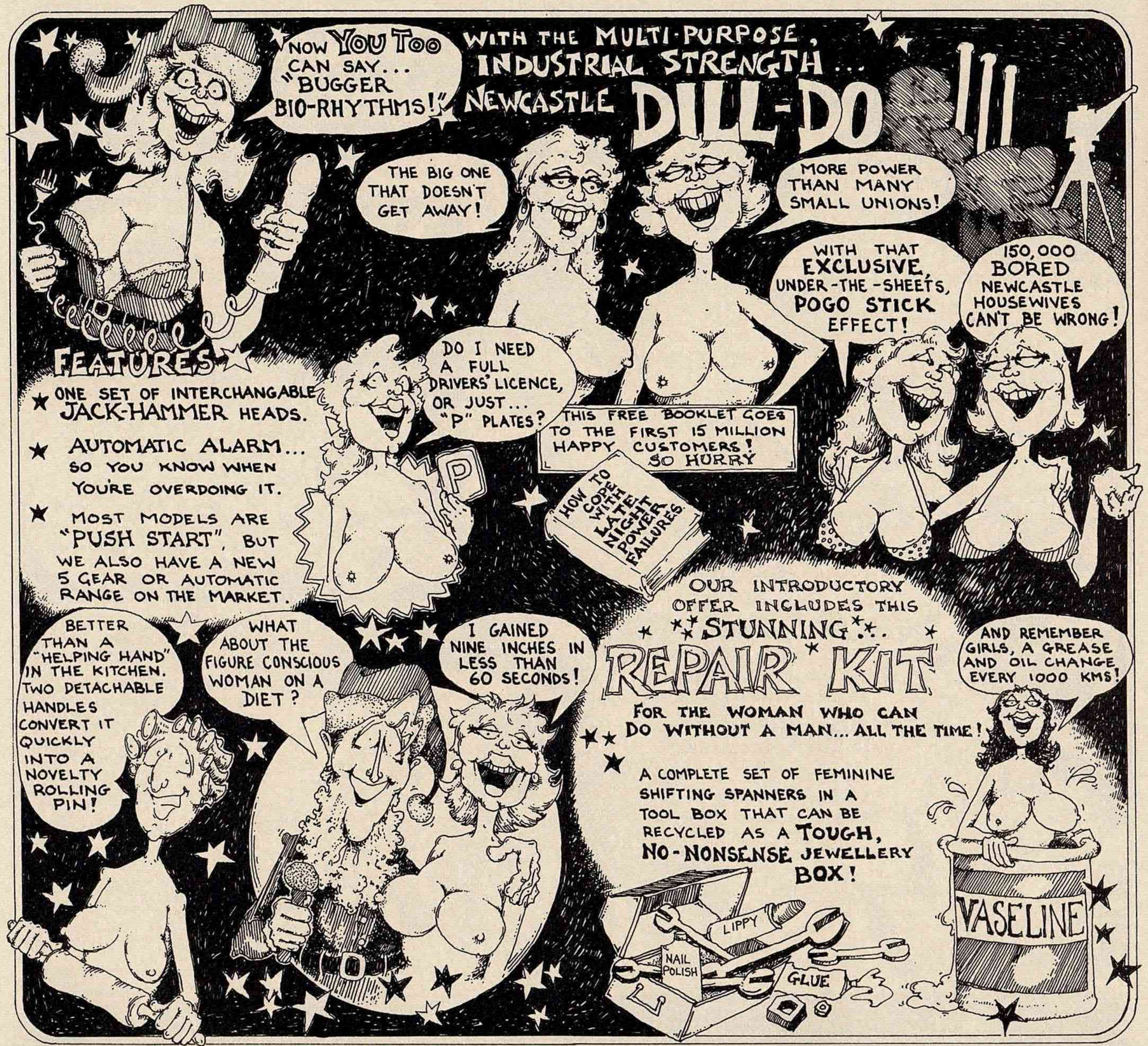

NO MORE BORING OLD BLACK AND WHITE ORGASMS FOR YOU! TUNE IN TO A FULL COLOR CLIMAX WITH..
TELE-SEX
THE TV VIEWERS ANSWER TO CB RADIO... THE NEIGHBORHOOD CB SEX GAME THAT CAN TUNE INTO ANY BEDROOM WITHIN A 5KM RADIUS!
BETTER THAN BINOCULARS!
MORE REVEALING THAN LACE CURTAINS OR THE LATE, LATE MOVIE!
I WONDER WHAT THE SMITHS ARE UP TO TONIGHT?
YEAH, LET'S CHANGE CHANNELS I'M SICK OF LISTENING TO THE BROWNS' DIRTY TALK!
CLICK
CLICK
HEY, THAT MAY BE MRS SMITH, BUT THAT'S NOT MR SMITH!
THERE'S MR SMITH... OVER BY THE EN-SUITE... HE'S WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!
STRUTH! IT'S MRS MURPHY!
THAT OLD SLAG! SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN ON THIS BLOCK WHO DOESN'T EVEN STOP FOR COMMERCIAL BREAKS!

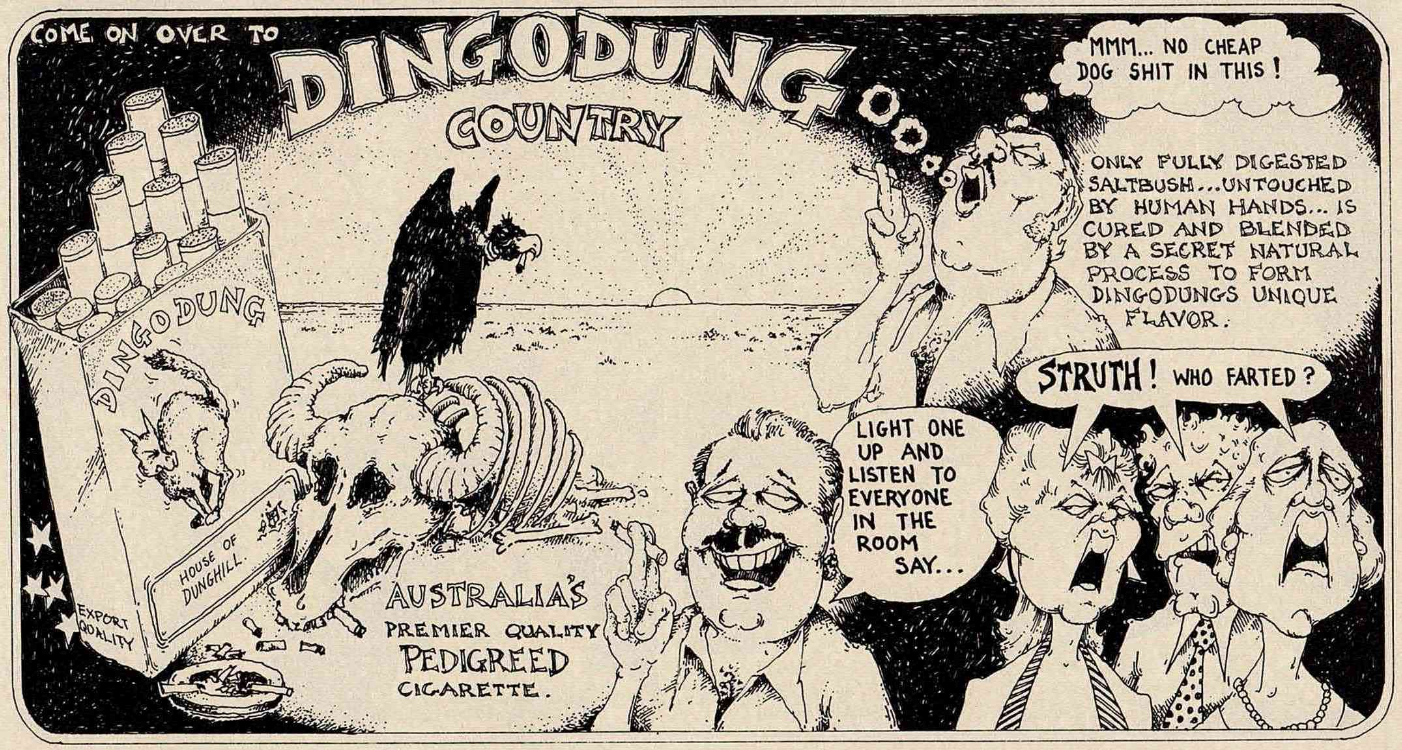

WHY NOT GET INTO "SHIRL"...
THE INFLATABLE NEWCASTLE TART!
EACH ONE FULLY TESTED BY A LOCAL RUGBY TEAM BEHIND A GRANDSTAND AT NEWCASTLE SHOWGROUND!
TWENTY BUCKS PLEASE, TWENTY BUCKS PLE..
SHE WALKS.. SHE TALKS..
AIR PUMP
HAVE 'EM FAT... OR HAVE 'EM SKINNY! THE CHOICE IS YOURS! WITH "SHIRL'S" FULLY EXPANDABLE POLYVINYL B-O-D-Y"!
FOUR INTERCHANGABLE FACES... FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO FEEL LIKE HE'S REALLY BEEN SCREWING AROUND!

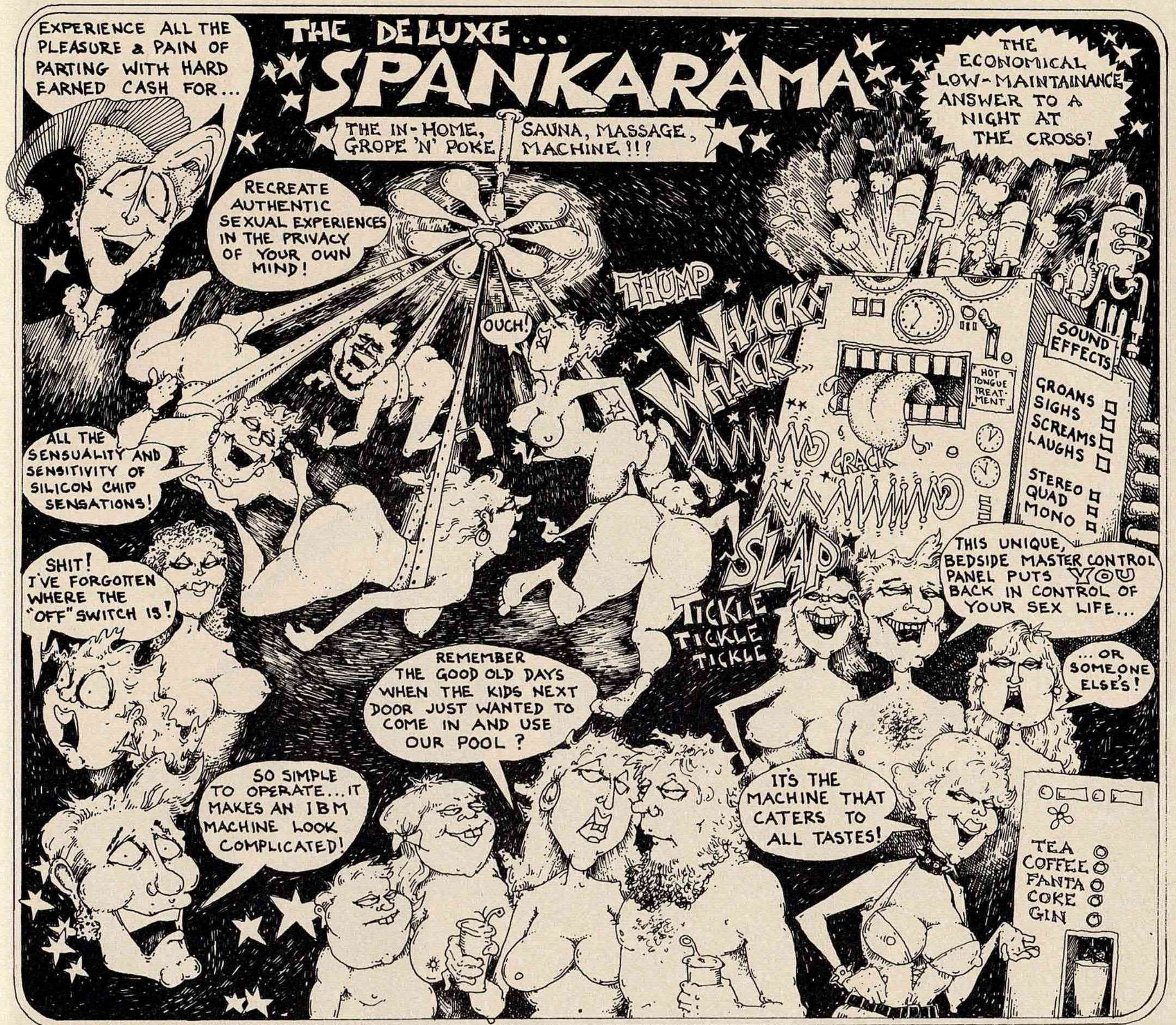

AND FOR US GIRLS!
"STAVROS" THE INFLATABLE GREEK SAILOR.
THE MAN THAT'S ALWAYS READY WHEN YOU ARE.
BUILT-IN SPRING FOR INSTANT RECOVERY!
TWO SIZES... LARGE AND EXTRA LARGE.
OR
"GAZZA" THE BLOW-UP OCKER DOLL
THE MAN THAT'S ALWAYS AVAILABLE... BUT NEVER ABLE.
FARTS, BURPS AND MAKES RUDE GESTURES WITH HIS FREE HAND.
OUR DELUXE MODEL CAN EVEN MAKE... "SUGGESTIVE" GESTURES!
BEERGUT... ONCE OPTIONAL NOW A STANDARD FEATURE.
I'D RATHER BE DRINKING!

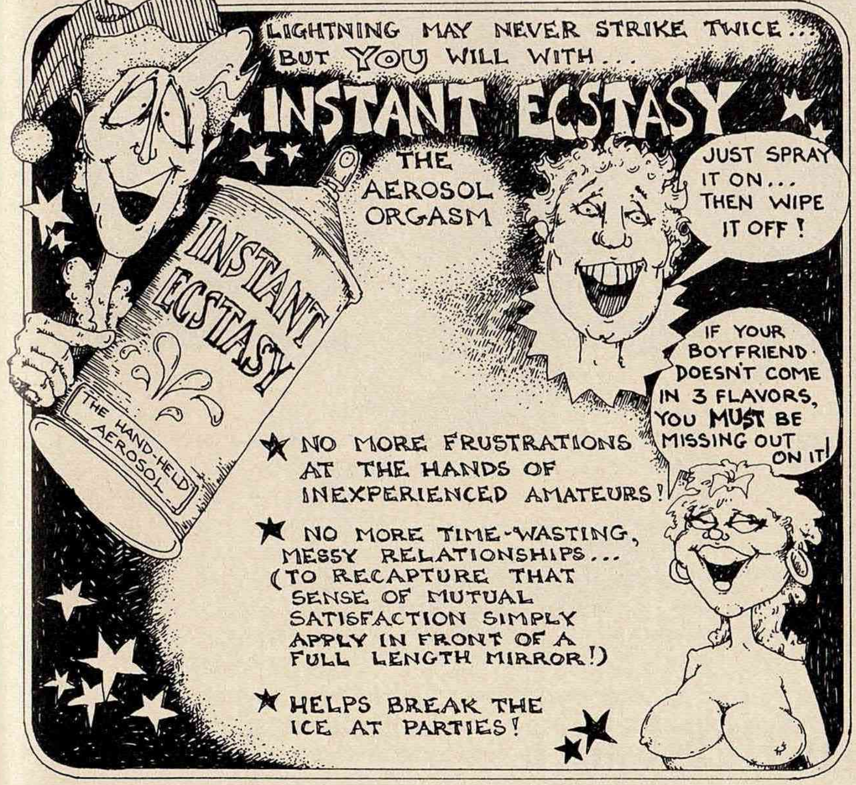

MAKE YOUR NEXT DOMESTIC A REAL "BLOW UP" WITH... THE HOUSEWIFE & HUBBY PUNCHING BAG SET!!!
TAKE YOUR PENT-UP FRUSTRATIONS AND AGGRESSIONS OUT ON SOMETHING THAT WON'T ANSWER BACK!
SMASH
YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ALL THE ARGUMENTS!
CRACK
...AND WHEN ALL THE FUN'S OVER THIS REPAIR KIT IS GUARANTEED CHEAPER THAN MEDICAL ATTENTION!

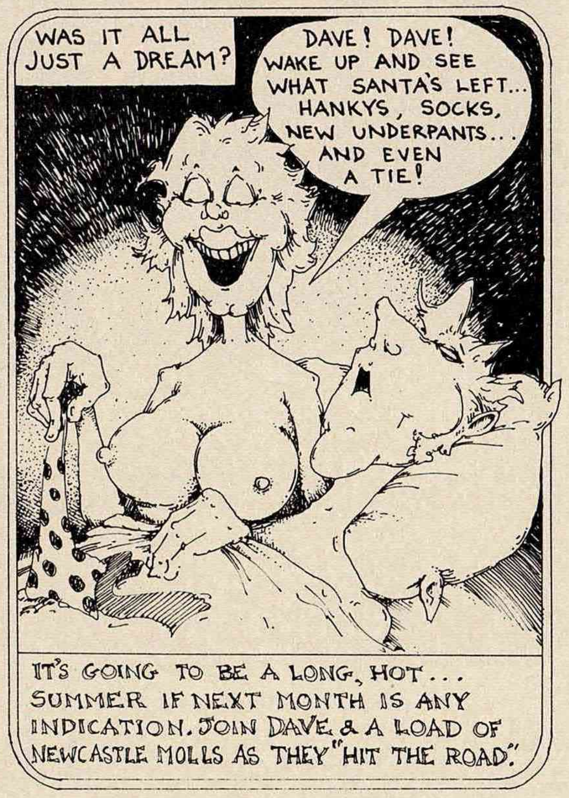

MAKE YOUR ARMPIT... A CHARMPIT WITH...
EAU D'OR
THE EXCITING, NEW, GOOD-SMELLING... DE-EAU D'OR-ANT THAT'S TAKING THE OUTBACK BY STORM!
CUNNINGLY DISGUISED AS A 50 GALLON OUTDOOR TANK STAND... SO YOUR MATES WILL NEVER EVEN SUSPECT!
APPLIQUÉ AVEC HOSE OR BUCKET!
EAU D'OR
JE T'AIME, FRED, JE T'AIME!
J'ADORE EAU D'OR!
COME AGAIN, EILEEN?
SEE, IT REALLY DOES WORK!
EAU D'OR


NOW YOU TOO CAN SAY... "BUGGER BIO-RHYTHMS!"
WITH THE MULTI-PURPOSE, INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH... NEWCASTLE DILL-DO
THE BIG ONE THAT DOESN'T GET AWAY!
MORE POWER THAN MANY SMALL UNIONS!
WITH THAT EXCLUSIVE, UNDER-THE-SHEETS, POGO STICK EFFECT!
150,000 BORED NEWCASTLE HOUSEWIVES CAN'T BE WRONG!
FEATURES
ONE SET OF INTERCHANGABLE JACK-HAMMER HEADS.
AUTOMATIC ALARM... SO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE OVERDOING IT.
MOST MODELS ARE "PUSH START", BUT WE ALSO HAVE A NEW 5 GEAR OR AUTOMATIC RANGE ON THE MARKET.
DO I NEED A FULL DRIVERS' LICENCE, OR JUST... "P" PLATES?
P
THIS FREE BOOKLET GOES TO THE FIRST 15 MILLION HAPPY CUSTOMERS! SO HURRY
HOW TO COPE WITH LATE NIGHT POWER FAILURES
BETTER THAN A "HELPING HAND" IN THE KITCHEN. TWO DETACHABLE HANDLES CONVERT IT QUICKLY INTO A NOVELTY ROLLING PIN!
WHAT ABOUT THE FIGURE CONSCIOUS WOMAN ON A DIET?
I GAINED NINE INCHES IN LESS THAN 60 SECONDS!
OUR INTRODUCTORY OFFER INCLUDES THIS STUNNING REPAIR KIT
FOR THE WOMAN WHO CAN DO WITHOUT A MAN... ALL THE TIME!
A COMPLETE SET OF FEMININE SHIFTING SPANNERS IN A TOOL BOX THAT CAN BE RECYCLED AS A TOUGH, NO-NONSENSE JEWELLERY BOX!
AND REMEMBER GIRLS, A GREASE AND OIL CHANGE EVERY 1000 KMS!
LIPPY
NAIL POLISH
GLUE
VASELINE


COME ON OVER TO
DINGODUNG COUNTRY
MMM... NO CHEAP DOG SHIT IN THIS!
ONLY FULLY DIGESTED SALTBUSH... UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS... IS CURED AND BLENDED BY A SECRET NATURAL PROCESS TO FORM DINGODUNGS UNIQUE FLAVOR.
DINGO DUNG
DINGO DUNG
HOUSE OF DUNGHILL
EXPORT QUALITY
STRUTH! WHO FARTED?
LIGHT ONE UP AND LISTEN TO EVERYONE IN THE ROOM SAY...
AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER QUALITY PEDIGREED CIGARETTE.


EXPERIENCE ALL THE PLEASURE & PAIN OF PARTING WITH HARD EARNED CASH FOR...
THE DELUXE... SPANKARAMA
THE IN-HOME, GROPE 'N' POKE SAUNA, MASSAGE, MACHINE!!!
THE ECONOMICAL LOW-MAINTAINANCE ANSWER TO A NIGHT AT THE CROSS!
RECREATE AUTHENTIC SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN MIND!
THUMP
OUCH!
WHACK! WHACK
CRACK
SLAP
TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE
HOT TONGUE TREATMENT
SOUND EFFECTS
GROANS ☐ SIGHS ☐ SCREAMS ☐ LAUGHS ☐
STEREO ☐ QUAD ☐ MONO ☐
ALL THE SENSUALITY AND SENSITIVITY OF SILICON CHIP SENSATIONS!
SHIT! I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE THE "OFF" SWITCH IS!
THIS UNIQUE, BEDSIDE MASTER CONTROL PANEL PUTS YOU BACK IN CONTROL OF YOUR SEX LIFE...
...OR SOMEONE ELSE'S!
REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN THE KIDS NEXT DOOR JUST WANTED TO COME IN AND USE OUR POOL?
SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE... IT MAKES AN IBM MACHINE LOOK COMPLICATED!
IT'S THE MACHINE THAT CATERS TO ALL TASTES!
TEA ○ COFFEE ○ FANTA ○ COKE ○ GIN ○


LIGHTNING MAY NEVER STRIKE TWICE... BUT YOU WILL WITH...
INSTANT ECSTASY
THE AEROSOL ORGASM
JUST SPRAY IT ON... THEN WIPE IT OFF!
INSTANT ECSTASY
THE HAND-HELD AEROSOL
IF YOUR BOYFRIEND DOESN'T COME IN 3 FLAVORS, YOU MUST BE MISSING OUT ON IT!
NO MORE FRUSTRATIONS AT THE HANDS OF INEXPERIENCED AMATEURS!
NO MORE TIME-WASTING, MESSY RELATIONSHIPS... (TO RECAPTURE THAT SENSE OF MUTUAL SATISFACTION SIMPLY APPLY IN FRONT OF A FULL LENGTH MIRROR!)
HELPS BREAK THE ICE AT PARTIES!

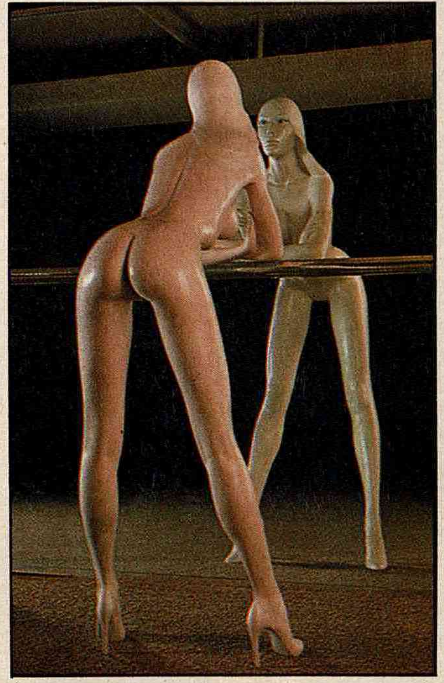

WAS IT ALL JUST A DREAM?
DAVE! DAVE! WAKE UP AND SEE WHAT SANTA'S LEFT... HANKYS, SOCKS, NEW UNDERPANTS... AND EVEN A TIE!
IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, HOT... SUMMER IF NEXT MONTH IS ANY INDICATION. JOIN DAVE & A LOAD OF NEWCASTLE MOLLS AS THEY "HIT THE ROAD".

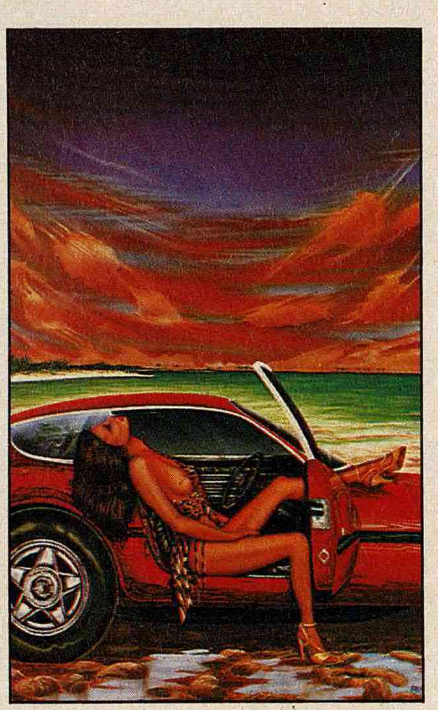
Christmas Club.

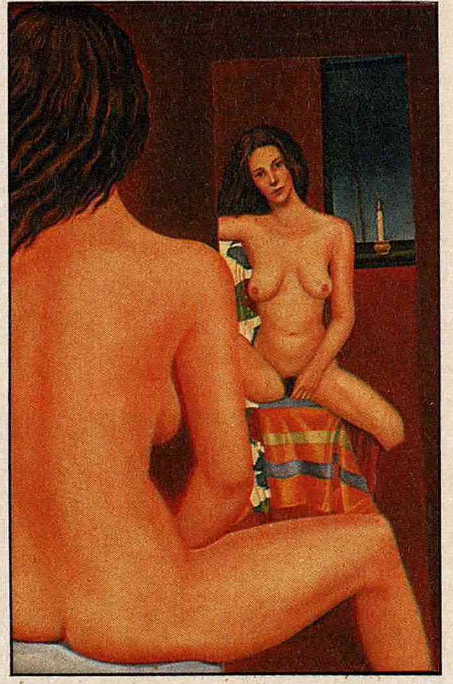
AB721/80 SSB.PF/233

THE PLAYBOY ART EXHIBITION

it's australia's most amazing collection of erotica — and all inspired by playboy girls! it goes on show next month in a $100,000 exhibition to which you are invited free of charge







WHEN Australia's best artists are invited to create works inspired by a PLAYBOY centrefold the results are certain to be spectacular. And indeed they are! You can see for yourself when The Playboy Art Exhibition goes on display at Sydney's Hogarth Galleries from December 12-23. Fifteen top Australian artists bring their imaginations to bear on the centrefold form, and they all have very different, and very original views, from Brett Whiteley's magnificent painting of a nude to Ian Marshall's erotic sculpture of a young girl. The collection is not for sale, but its total worth is estimated at $100,000. But other works by these artists will be for sale at the gallery. Opening night, at 6pm on December 12, will be a grand affair, attended by leading personalties — and by Playmates. Admission is free. A handsome catalogue is being printed. The artists exhibiting their works in The Playboy Art Exhibition are: Brett Whiteley, Garry Shead, Keith Looby, Martin Sharp, Ken Reinhard, Noel Counihan, David Baker, Mark Thompson, Paul Greenaway, Peter Kingston, Ian Marshall, Marleen Creaser, Vivienne Pengilley, Geoff Proud and Kym Faehse. Pictured above are (from left) the works of Marshall, Faehse and Shead.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

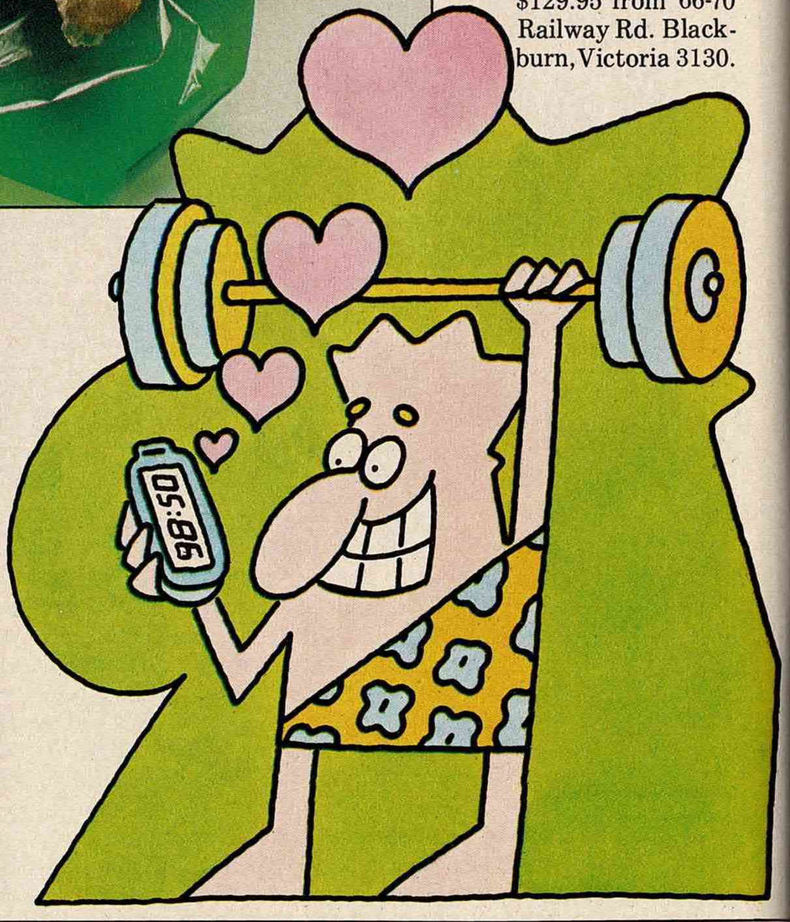
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

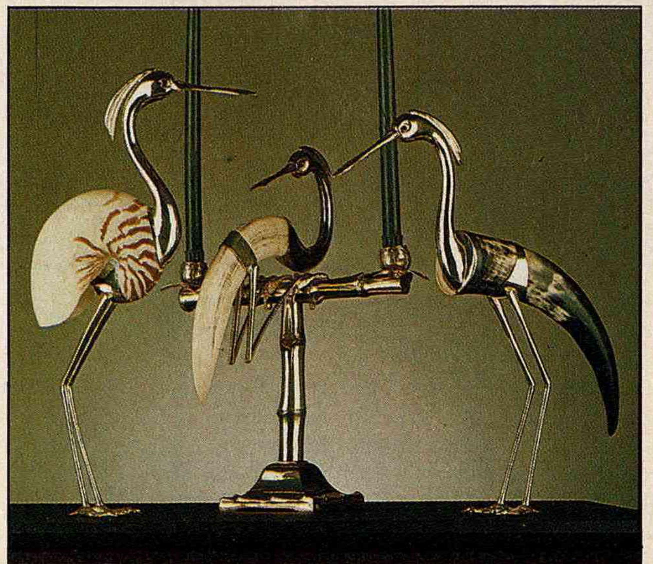
PICNIC PLOY

A useful aid to the art of seduction from Perrier. Their Perrier Basket (left) is the ideal subtle ploy to lure a lover into the open. All you do is phone for the basket of pate, bread, fruit, wine and Perrier water to be sent to her home. It arrives the same day — then you front with this great idea for an outing to a secluded beach. All for $30. Telephone: Sydney 36 2735; Melbourne 240 0708; Canberra 95 0905; Adelaide 271 8406; Perth 386 2277.

HEART THROB

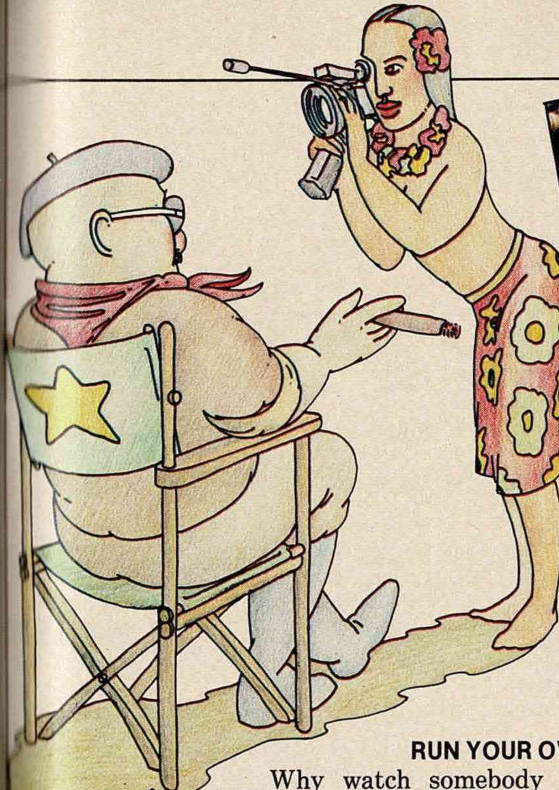
Hold it in your hand and the Pulsetach will monitor your heart beat. A liquid crystal read-out shows at an instant how the old ticker is performing. Ideal for athletes. Price: $129.95 from 66-70 Railway Rd. Blackburn, Victoria 3130.





BEAUTIFUL BIRDS OF BULL, SNAIL AND SILVER

Snail shell, bull horn and silverplate all combine to make these delicate flamingos, at $275 each. The candle holder is $390. From Art of Florence, Sydney.

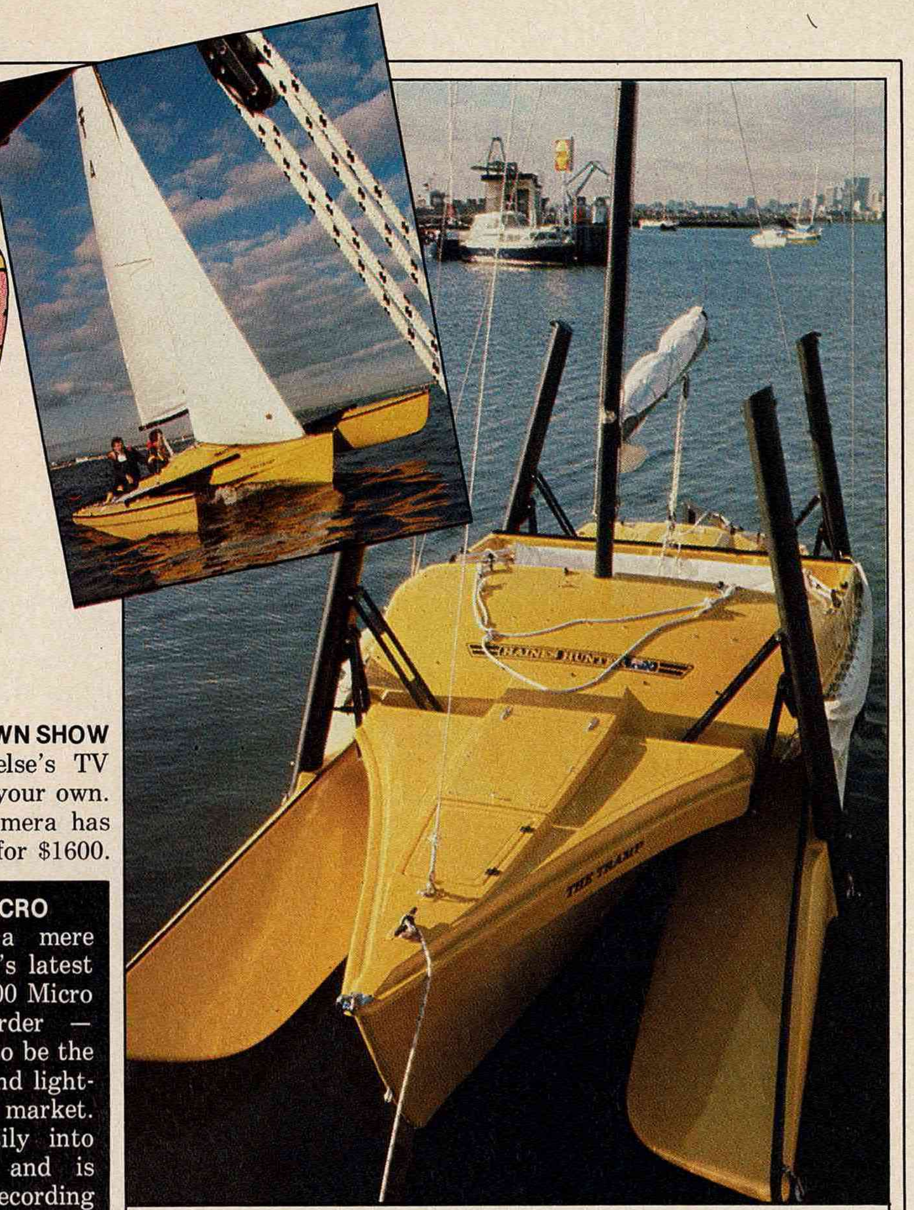


RUN YOUR OWN SHOW

Why watch somebody else's TV shows when you can make your own. The WV-3200 Portable Video Color Camera has all the extras. From National stockists for $1600.

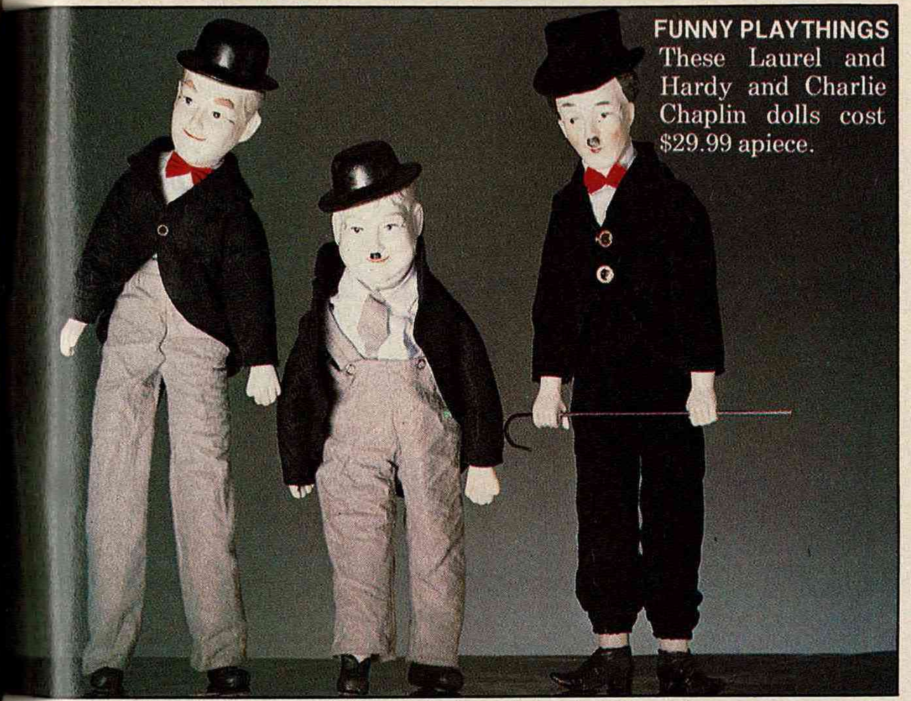
MINI MICRO

Weighing a mere 230g, Sony's latest — the M-400 Micro Cassette-corder — is claimed to be the slimmest and lightest on the market. It fits easily into the hand and is ideal for recording meetings and language studies, or for the traveller. It retails for $199 at all the Sony outlets.



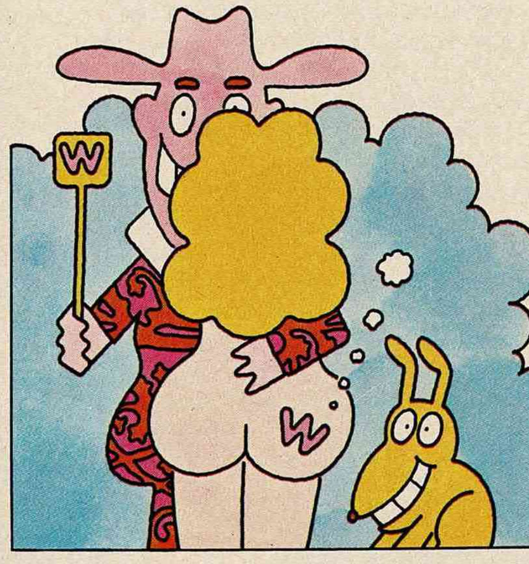
THE FIBREGLASS FOLD-AWAY TRIMARAN

When not using your trimaran simply fold it up, and put it away. The tramp, by Haines Hunter of Brisbane has a beam of 4½ metres, reduced by nearly half when folded. From Hunt's Marine and Mundle Martel Marine, Sydney, for about $9850.



FUNNY PLAYTHINGS

These Laurel and Hardy and Charlie Chaplin dolls cost $29.99 apiece.



YOUR OWN BRAND OF BEEF

The backyard epicurean now has a branding iron to stamp his steak either rare, medium or well done. Available at Myer stores for $10.95.

Your next Evening Arrangement

Setting the scene.
For obvious reasons, keep it simple. Get your priorities straight: even with a less than perfect apartment and fast-food from around the corner, you can triumph with a well-set table and handsome accoutrements; and the right wine. Don't shun flowers; they can be heady. And if you're lucky enough to have an open fire, count a hundred points ahead.

Planning the food.
Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your souffle but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.

Getting the drinks.
Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.

The setting.
Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.

The wine.
We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.

The Black Tower.
The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity wine from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next evening arrangement.

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.

D691-AB524/80

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.

OLYMPUS
OLYMPUS OPTICAL CO., LTD. Tokyo, New York, Hamburg, London

It sees the light. Right.

The quick-thinking OLYMPUS OM-10 reads the light off the film at the precise moment of exposure. It's an ingeniously foolproof automatic exposure system called TTL Direct Light Measuring. And it's just one more brainchild of OLYMPUS technology.

Take a look inside for proof that the OM-10 is thinking. Its multi-function viewfinder really communicates with a series of left-margin LEDs.

LEDs instantly indicate shutter speed—from 1/1000th to 1 second. One warns of overexposure. Another tells you when the OLYMPUS T20 flash is charged. And the LED flickers after you shoot to say the flash functioned accurately.

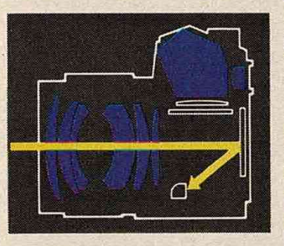
The brilliant OM-10 makes every photo assignment "system simple." The rapid winder advances film at 2.5 frames per second. Match it with a wide range of OLYMPUS Zuiko lenses and you won't miss a moment. When the flash is attached correct shutter speed is automatically set. And the camera's exclusive audio-visual feedback system not only confirms battery strength but functions as a self-timer.

See the light. Get the fully automatic OM-10 that sees the light...and more. It's the simply ingenious 35mm SLR from OLYMPUS.

Simply ingenious.

OM10

Marketed in Australia by: H. Levinson Pty. Ltd., Lido House 396, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000 Tel: 29-7885 11-17 Leveson Street, North Melbourne, 3051 Tel: 328-3291

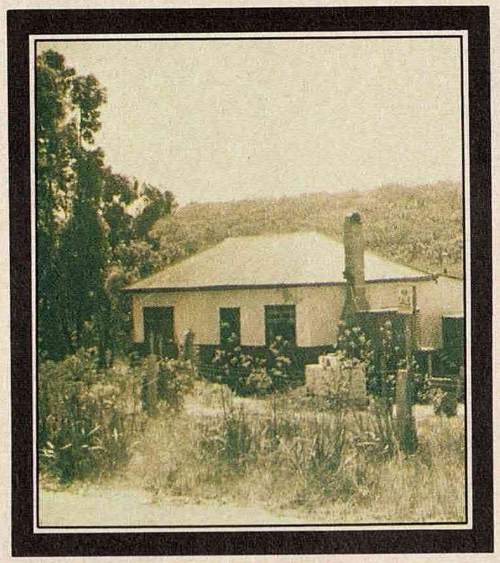


TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR

THE GENTLEMAN'S WAY TO GO BUSH

You can just picture it: a stained timber cabin hidden among the gums; magpies cawing at dawn; and a mountain stream gurgling nearby. What set of smog-filled lungs hasn't yearned for a place in the country — to get away from it all on weekends and holidays?

In increasing numbers, the urban animal is fulfilling the fantasy by buying a few hectares out of town. But there's a hitch: the price of land in some country areas, especially if it's near the city and transport, has escalated over the past few years. And it doesn't look as if it's going to slow down. You'll have to use your initiative and shop around for the best buys.



Playboy's Pipeline

Be realistic. Approach buying land in the country in a businesslike way. Start by deciding how far away you want your country sanctuary — and remember to take into consideration the escalating petrol prices.

Take a holiday or several weekends and follow all compass points to the bush. Take notes on the small towns you pass through and score them a mark out of 10. A picture is worth a thousand words, so take your camera too! Then contact a real estate agent in each place that scored a high mark. He'll probably know every clump of grass in the district. Give him a complete rundown on what appeals to you, from the size of the block you want to the price range and scenic qualities. He'll need some time, so let him get back to you. Once he has found some prospective sites, ask the following questions to help determine if you are getting a good deal.

What services are available? Depending on how far you want to get away from it all, you'll need water, electricity and perhaps a telephone. Drilling for water is expensive and the cost of bringing in power lines is prohibitive. Some people overcome the absence of electricity by installing a generator.

Is there a clear title on the land? Have a reputable solicitor do a little research into the deeds.

If you are buying land on a hill, call in a surveyor. Experts say that a slope of more than 25 percent (a one-in-four drop) makes building very expensive. Watch out for the developer who paints a picture of a future golf course and other recreational facilities. Have the development company checked out. You may be paying for improvements you'll never see.

You may decide to avoid the whole hassle of building and buy a place already built. After all, the reason you are buying in the country is to get some ready-made peace and quiet. At least you'll be certain of how much it is going to cost. And you'll be sure that adequate utilities have already been made available.

Check all rural publications and their classified advertisements. You'll find a wide selection of properties available. Some are bound to be dumps, but you'll get a pretty good idea of what's offering and at what price. Really good buys in the country, however, rarely come through a broker. They are usually the result of personal contact with the owner. Once you decide on an area, get to know a few of the locals. Make yourself known to the businessmen of the district, particularly those involved in selling farm equipment, animal feed and general merchandise. Wander into the local pub and buy the bartender a drink. Be upfront and tell him what type of property you're interested in. Put your nose to the ground and follow up on the hottest leads.

Keep an eye out for the block of land with a good scenic aspect. It is not necessarily good farming land and might just be a non-productive strip that came with the field a farmer bought last year.

Finally, if you don't have the ready cash, try banks, building societies and credit unions. A year ago a colleague bought 40 hectares in Benalla, two and a half hours' drive from Melbourne, for $187 a hectare. His credit union was happy to give him a loan.

Once you have decided on a lot, here are some hazards to watch for. Make sure there's access to the land from a public road. It's not much fun cutting through someone else's property if you fall out with the owner. Are there any easements for cattle loading or for some public use? You never know when your blissful silence is going to be interrupted by the lowing of a herd on the move.

Sometimes boundaries aren't clear in rural areas. Check with your neighbors to determine boundary lines. The local council may be able to help, too. If you are still not satisfied, contact a surveyor who'll go through the titles and peg your land out for you.

Have a local solicitor handle the paperwork. He knows all the procedures, is familiar with local customs and can perform a search more easily than his city counterpart. This is very important. You don't want to move in to your dream cottage only to find that a four-lane highway is about to be built through your property.

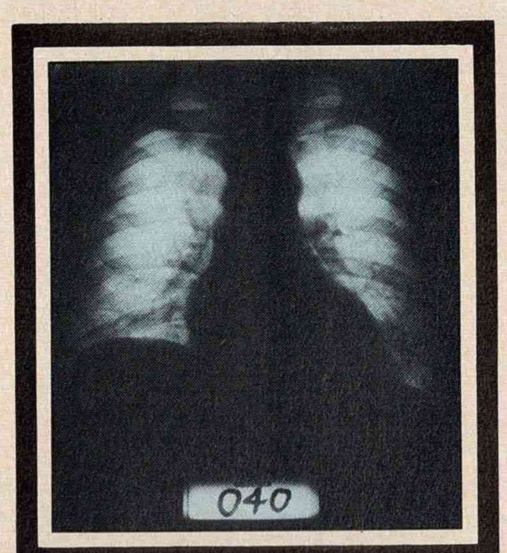
A country hideaway is a great place to spend your weekends, and can prove a sound investment. Land prices are on the move up and good buys are getting harder to find. So pull on your overalls and gumboots, and head out for the country. Looking for a new retreat is half the fun!

— JON VIDLER

ANOTHER CUB PRODUCT
The first and last words on table beer.
Crown Lager. Australia's Premium Beer.
Premium Quality
CARLTON
Crown Lager
370 ml
CB166 AB 727/80

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR

A COMPUTER THAT LOOKS FOR YOUR WEAKNESSES



Playboy's Pipeline

The plain facade of the former warehouse in Sydney's Bathurst Street gives no inkling of the *Star Trek* setting inside. A nest of giant plastic pipes houses a series of visual display units. Behind, a glass wall reveals a computer with its busy display of twinkling lights and the staccato report of its printer. Another glass wall shows a modern pathology laboratory with its spaghetti tubing drip-feeding blood and urine samples through complex testing apparatus. Muzac oozes its mellow nothings as thick blue carpet smothers the footsteps of the 80-odd daily visitors.

It sounds like the script for a futuristic space soap opera, but it is a real-life scenario that has been played for a decade.

The warehouse is now the home of Medicheck, a unique health referral centre that is in the forefront of a medical revolution. Prevention is the key word, and Medicheck acts as an early warning system.

Compare the two-hour journey through the corridors of Medicheck with the perfunctory 10-minute "cough, say aah, how do you feel?" check-up that is offered by the average busy general practitioner.

On arrival, the visitor fills in a brief questionnaire. Then he is led to a small room where a blood sample is taken; the visitor also provides a urine sample. Next comes an absorbing 20-minute session with the computer. Questions are flashed on a video screen and are answered by pressing one of five answer buttons. The questioning covers a staggering array of topics and delves into physical, psycho-social, sexual and life satisfaction patterns. If the computer gets a positive answer it will persist with more questions on the topic; if negative it will switch to the next topic. "Do you drink alcohol regularly?" "Yes." "How often?" "How much?" "Do you consider that you have a problem with drinking?"

Doctors at Medicheck find that visitors are basically inclined to be more honest with the computer about their symptoms, if any. Said one: "The questions on the screen are impersonal. The visitor does not feel embarrassed. Also, the computer takes a logical, programmed path which avoids the usual doctor/patient side-tracking and annoying interruptions."

And there are no gaps in the interrogation. The computer is patient, and politely waits until the "next" button is pressed before going on to the next question. There is also a "repeat" button in case you change your mind about something.

After question time the visitor is led to a soundproof booth where his hearing is tested. This is followed by an eyesight test, a dental X-ray, and a sinus test.

At this stage the visitor undresses and puts on a gown, before being weighed and having his height measured. Body fat is measured on the back, arms and stomach; a chest X-ray is taken; blood pressure measured and a comprehensive ECG is given. The results are fed into the computer.

A spirometer is used to test lung capacity — most smokers fail to meet the average rating. Meanwhile, machines which carry out a multitude of tests on blood and blood serum are connected to the computer. The Coulter-S blood count machine carries out seven tests in 20 seconds on each blood sample. The sequential multiple analyser carries out 12 tests simultaneously on blood serum. Laboratory staff also test urine specimens and examine blood slides.

Tests are made for syphilis, diabetes, liver disease (it can identify cirrhosis of the liver before symptoms are obvious), rheumatoid arthritis, leukaemia and other diseases, allergies and infections. The tests also show up irregularities of the various organs and parts of the body.

All this information is combined in a report which is used by a Medicheck doctor for a final checkup and discussion. His report and the computer analysis is then passed on to your own doctor.

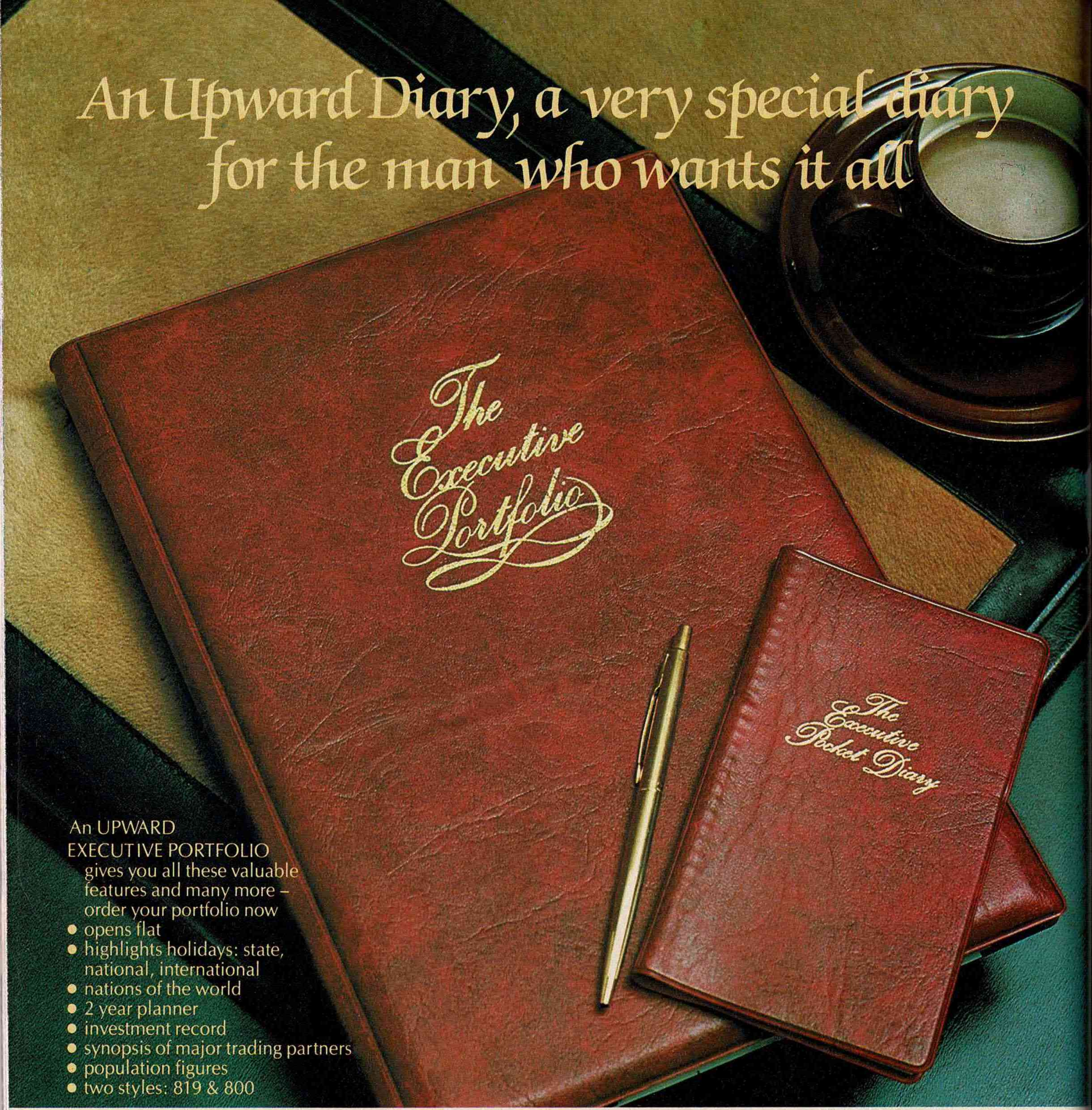
And the results are impressive — and very reassuring. Medicheck's records show many examples of potentially serious disorders being discovered in their early stages — when treatment can be most effective. My own report showed me to be "in excellent health, but it could be improved." The Medicheck doctor was concerned that I was six kilos over the recommended level on the National Heart Foundation scale.

The report detailed the results of the other tests — which in this case were all normal. My own doctor was impressed too. "If I had to get these tests done independently," she said, "it would have cost you hundreds of dollars and a lot of time."

As it was, it cost me $5. Being insured on the 100 percent level, my medical insurance rebate was $110 on the $115 fee. If you are insured at the 75 percent level, the rebate is 100, and if you are uninsured, but registered for universal coverage, the rebate is $90.

To get the Medicheck treatment you'll need a referral from your own doctor. Telephone Sydney 61 9431 for details. A similar organisation exists in Melbourne — the Shepherd Foundation, which is funded by the College of General Practitioners.

— ALLAN MOULT


An Upward Diary, a very special diary for the man who wants it all
The Executive Portfolio
The Executive Pocket Diary

An UPWARD EXECUTIVE PORTFOLIO gives you all these valuable features and many more – order your portfolio now

- opens flat
- highlights holidays: state, national, international
- nations of the world
- 2 year planner
- investment record
- synopsis of major trading partners
- population figures
- two styles: 819 & 800

complimentary offer

ADMA SEAL OF INTEGRITY

ORDER your UPWARD EXECUTIVE PORTFOLIO and, included in the price, is our handy COMPENDIUM POCKET DIARY

Please tick appropriate boxes ☑ Quantity ____________

☐ Style 819 Week to opening $19.50 ☐ Style 800 Day to a page $29.50

Postage and packaging costs inclusive. Both styles include the COMPENDIUM POCKET DIARY

Address your ☐ cheque ☐ money order

To: UPWARD DIARIES
DERBY & WETHERILL STREETS, SILVERWATER, NSW, 2141. ENQUIRIES: PHONE 647 1893

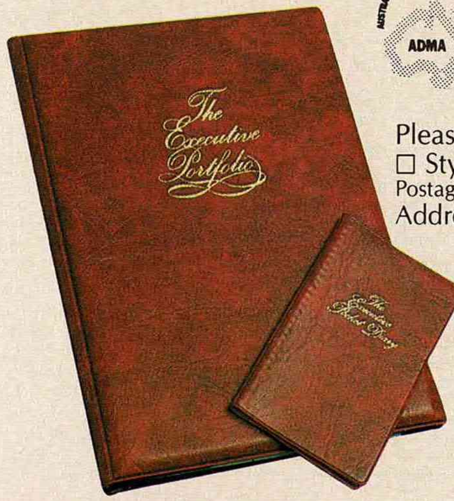
Name ____________

Delivery address ____________

____________ State ____________ Postcode ____________

In states where this offer would contravene state laws, a facsimile order may be used.

PL Allow minimum of 30 days for delivery. Money back guarantee within 7 days if not completely satisfied.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

santa's little helper has a bag full of goodies for you this year . . . both to give and receive. playboy's advertising feature is sure to sleigh you . . .

Drambuie

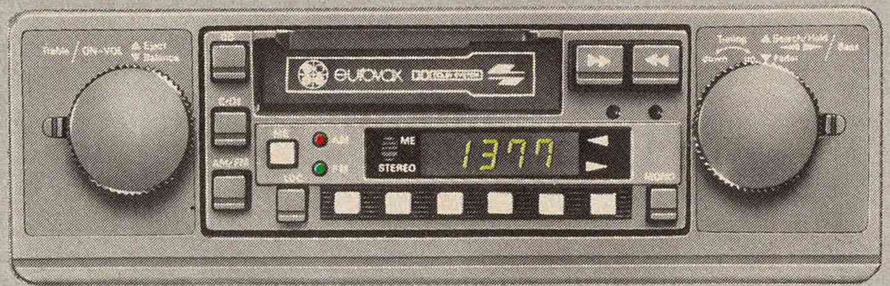
After a hard day on the battlefield, Bonnie Prince Charlie asked for his own personal drink — Drambuie Liqueur. After battle, after anything, Drambuie makes the moment.

AB 804/80

Red Tulip Chocolates

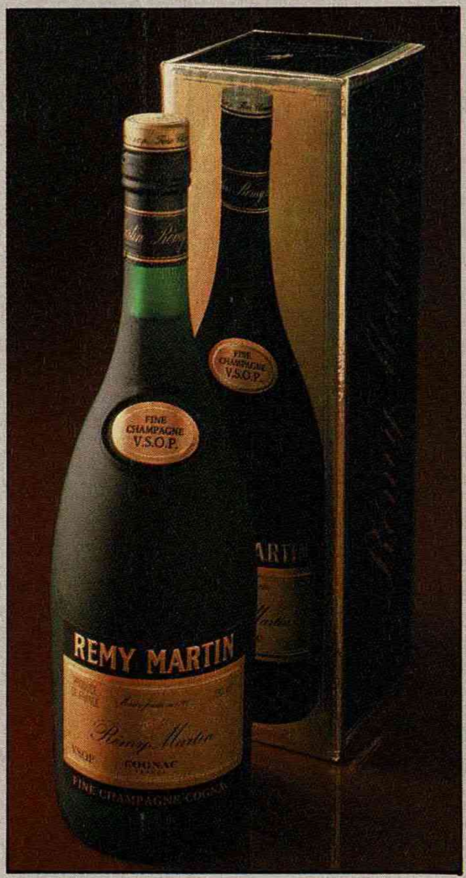
Anyone carrying these fine Red Tulip chocolate selections this Christmas will have to agree with George Bernard Shaw. "What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead."

AB 749/80



Eurovox MCC 9090 Car Stereo

Luxury in AM/FM Radio Cassette stereo, featuring digital readout, electronic scan with 12 programmable memories (6 AM, 6 FM), clock function, chromium facility and Dolby.

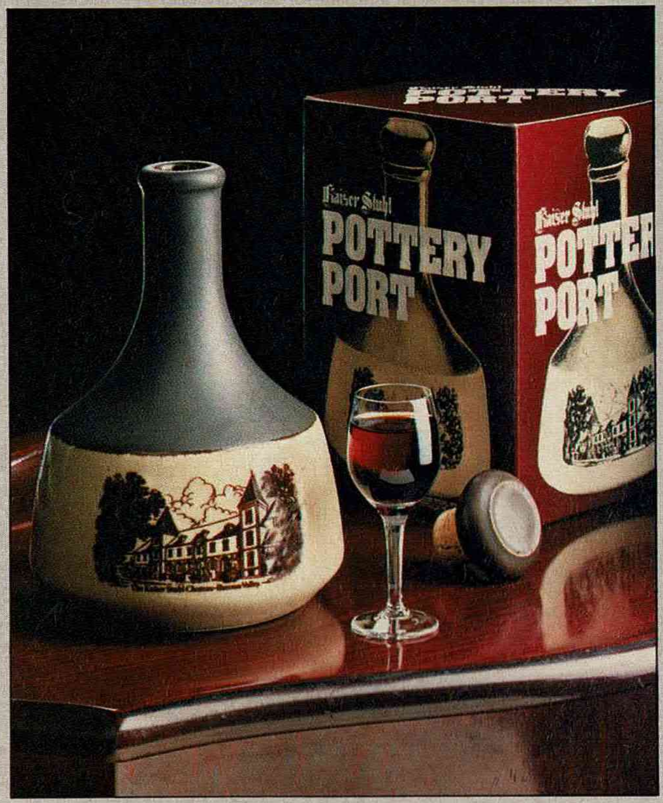


The Champagne of Cognacs

Remy Martin Fine Champagne Cognac. Though it's more blessed to give than to receive, there are exceptions.

Kaiser Stuhl Pottery Port

Packaged in an attractive earthenware crock, this aged tawny port is light and aromatic with a soft smooth flavor. Pottery Port is a must for those who enjoy a fine port.



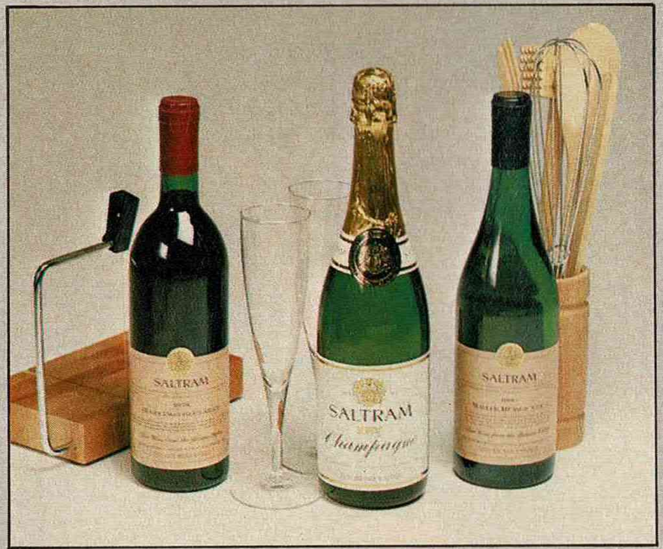
AB 705/80

This Christmas give a toast to impeccably good taste!

Give the ultimate this year — Cordon Rouge Champagne. Its inimitable flavor and superlative quality have remained unsurpassed since the House of Mumm was founded in 1827.

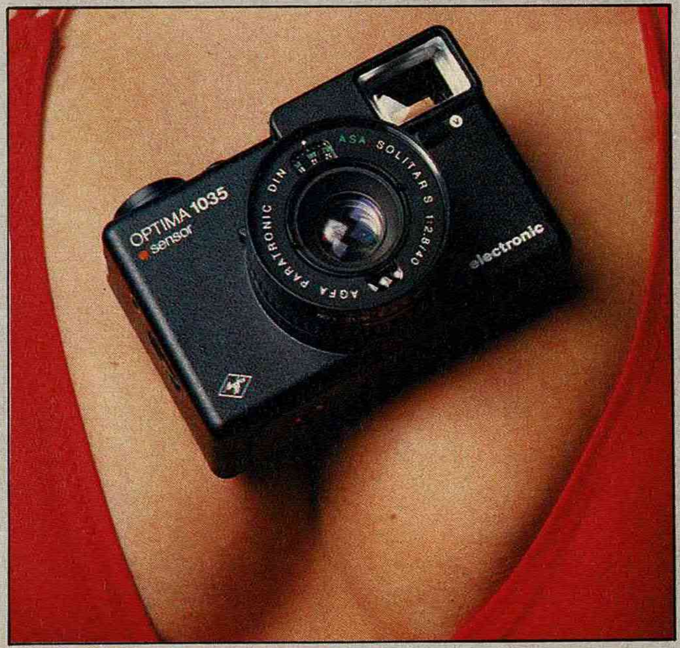
AB 787/80

AB 807/80



Saltram Gift Packs

Three unique gift packs for the discerning wine drinker —
White Burgundy and gourmet kitchen tool set, $11.
Champagne and two crystal glasses, $13.
Hazelwood Claret and cheese board/slicer, $17.



A Great Little Handful!

The Agfa optima 1035 — 35mm camera. Don't let its compact simplicity fool you. Inside, it has an electronic exposure and shutter control (from F/2.8 to F/22), automatic exposure time, a high resolution F/2.8 lens and a sensor shutter release to reduce camera shake.

Grand Marnier

If Paris was a drink, it would be Grand Marnier. A blend of orange flavors and the noblest of cognacs. Buy yourself a gift.

AB 773/80

Don Emilio Tequila

Try it straight with a lick of salt and a wedge of lime. Don Emilio Tequila is a holiday in Mexico.

AB 766/80

Sunbeam Kitchen Center

For the woman who hankers after the latest kitchen gizmos but doesn't have an acre of bench-top space. It's a mixer, blender, slicer/shredder and dough maker all in one. Around $200, optional extra attachments available.

AB772/80

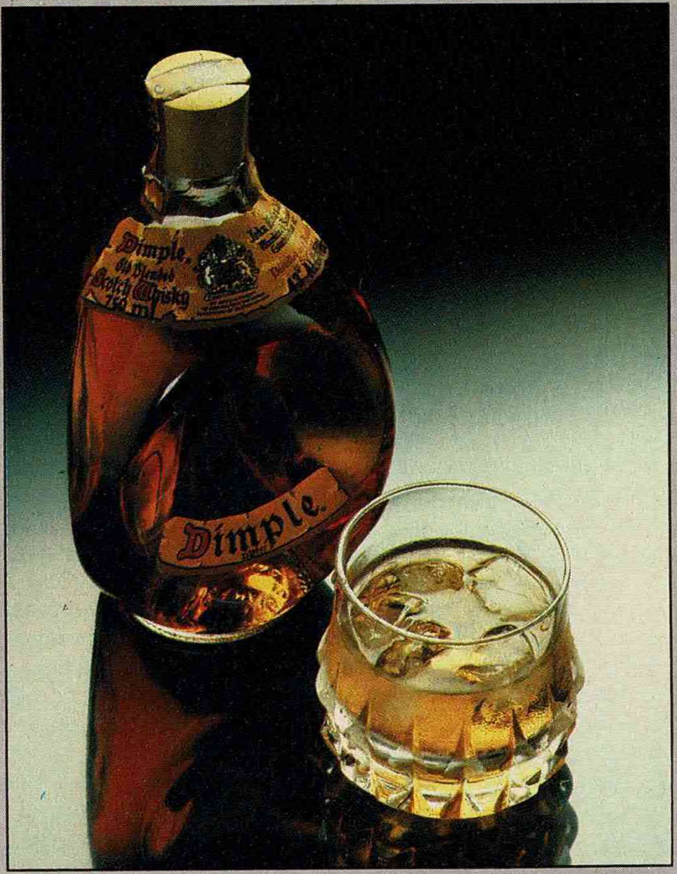
Charles Heidsieck Champagne

Who else can make it like the French? Champagne of course. And who else can make champagne like the House of Charles Heidsieck? Available at better stockists in Non-Vintage, Vintage, Royale and Blanc de Blanc styles.

For the man, or woman, in your Christmas

Very Christmas. Very Henri Wintermans. Scooters. The international small cigar with a thoughtful bonus. The attractive black and gold gift case transforms into an elegant jewellery box. Nifty.

Put a Dimple into his smile.



AB 507/80

AB 765/80

Bacardi, the world's greatest rum

If you've ever wondered why there are so many ways to enjoy Bacardi rum, it's because the flavor of Bacardi complements your mixer. Never overpowering, Bacardi adds oomph to orange and talent to tonic . . . anything goes with Bacardi Light and Bacardi Gold.

Bacardi and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

AB 748/80

Improve Someone's French

Cointreau. The refreshing change from other liqueurs. A lasting gift. If it lasts.

MOVIES

madness, music and magic: movies are better — and weirder — than ever

Bad Timing is Nicholas Roeg's much acclaimed film about a pair of American lovers self-destructing in modern Vienna. It recalls Kenneth Tynan's celebrated aphorism about the greatest of all screen sirens: "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober." What one sees in *Bad Timing* is Theresa Russell, an actress who has little in common with Garbo save one elusive and precious quality: an aura of unreal, almost hallucinatory eroticism. There is something about Russell which invests the whole film with an air of mild but persistent sexual potency; for reviewers, drunk or sober, it is a quality that can easily disarm criticism.

Miss Russell plays Milena Flaherty — beautiful, horny, irresponsible and pleasure-loving; a 20th century hoyden who specialises in the conspicuous consumption of men. As the embodiment of neurotic, passionate and profoundly pathetic modern woman, Miss Russell is overwhelmingly convincing. With that effortless and instinctive virtuosity given only to an actress who knows when a part is made for her, Russell has brought a slender plot and a somewhat flawed script to vivid and clamorous life.

Of all of Roeg's films, this is the one most sharply rooted in contemporary reality. Gone are the hints of mysticism and the supernatural overtones of *Don't Look Now* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth. Bad Timing* is all here and now — sharp, painful, authentic as a postage stamp. The credits dissolve abruptly into the flashing lights of an ambulance as it rushes Milena, near death from a drug overdose, to a hospital. Gradually, and with great skill, the film reconstructs the previous few months of her life in a series of images and fleeting scenes that slowly come together to form a consistent pattern.

Essentially, it's a film about sexual passion, the destructive and unpredictable effects of a physical infatuation divorced from understanding or love. For all its violent energy and consuming emotion, the love between Alex (Art Garfunkel) and Milena is cold at the core. Like the lovers in Oshima's *Empire of the Senses,* whose overbearing passion found its ultimate expression in castration and death, Alex and Milena are driven along the same blind alley. Both are tormented by jealousy; both become irrational, selfish and suspicious. Both live only for the moment. The relationship of Alex and Milena is a study in disintegration and futility: we discover the madness and hysteria concealed in love itself.

I had only slight reservations about Art Garfunkel in the role of Alex. His performance is subdued and disciplined but somewhat colorless, as if the implications of the role had partly eluded him. The film is superbly mounted and photographed with an elegant distinction by Tony Richmond. Roeg's fondness for striking impressionist images and his ability to make ordinary shots seem fraught with subtle menace are reminders of his early distinction as one of the best cinematographers in Britain. On the evidence of this grave, unnerving and supremely adult film, he must now be rated among Britain's very best directors.

Sex acts as performed by Art Garfunkel and Theresa Russell in *Bad Timing* set new levels for eroticism in the cinema.

Willie Nelson and Amy Irving perform a public duet — and a private love scene — in the rock/country *Honeysuckle Rose.*

Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining,* starring Jack Nicholson and Danny Lloyd, is a horror flick that will leave you breathless.

•

The chances are that you have never heard of Johnny Gimble, T. Snake, Randy "Poodie" Locke, A. L. Camp or Hackberry Johnson, but they're all mentioned in the credits of **Honeysuckle Rose** which may have the biggest cast since *Ben Hur.* And, along with about 300 others, they all happen to be real people who were assembled by the director, Jerry Schatzberg, for the movie's longest, biggest and most captivating scene: a family reunion in Dripping Springs, Texas, hometown of the country music superstar Willie Nelson. *Honeysuckle Rose* turns out to be shrewder, wiser and richer entertainment than its hillbilly cast and somewhat cloying title would suggest. It's an affectionate study of the country and western phenomenon, full of sharp insights into American backwoods psychology, its small town manners and the domestic torments that afflict the travelling showbiz hero and his stuck-at-home family. In the truest sense, it's a loving film, suffused with uncommon tenderness and vitality. A great deal of the innocence of middle America comes winningly across, without schmaltz or affectation. I kept returning to that grand family celebration where the camera dwells long and lovingly on happy faces, sleeping pets, dancing couples, wiry old fiddlers and innumerable kids — everyone's home movie, but this time with wide screen and Dolby sound. By way of plot, there's a thin variation on the old eternal triangle: Willie goes "on the road", leaving loyal wife Dyan Cannon to worry at home, and taking along the seductive Amy Irving as the other woman, a stand-in guitarist in Willie's band who also happens to be the daughter of his best friend. As a story, it has all the homespun subtlety of a Dolly Parton lyric, but it works very nicely, and who needs a story when fully half the movie's footage is given over to musical numbers, many of them filmed at live-audience concerts? *Honeysuckle Rose* is the country and western equivalent of *The Rose* and, although it lacks Bette Midler's electric central presence, this is more than compensated for by Willie Nelson's insidious, bearded charm. Mr Schatzberg, who made that recent impressive study of political bitchery, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan,* has turned in one more thoroughly spruce and ingratiating bit of entertainment.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

He might take his time, but when Stanley Kubrick makes a movie he makes it right. There is still not one serious science fiction film to match *2001: A Space Odyssey,* which was a decade ahead of its time. And there's no subsequent black comedy of our nuclear age to beat *Dr Strangelove,* and Kubrick's images of punk terrorists on roller skates make *A Clockwork Orange* now look like culture shock datelined yesterday. The old cinematic magic boils over again in **The Shining**, his brilliant supernatural horror show adapted (by Kubrick in collaboration with Diane Johnson) from the Stephen King thriller. By cresting some subtle changes in the story, Kubrick creates a *tour de force* of sheer terror, sustained for incredible stretches of screen time against all odds, even against logic. The movie is more surreal than the book, nightmarish, making you think you see more graphic violence than is actually there — which is an easy error of perception when the screen is filled with flash floods made of blood as they start bursting through the walls.

The John *(Barry Lyndon)* Alcott cinematography and the pulsating original music (mostly by Wendy Carlos and Rachel Elkind) set the mood, though *The Shining* draws primary power from two electrifying performances by actors Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall.

An odd couple, they exploit their antipathy as the troubled man and wife who take their young son (Danny Lloyd) and hire on as winter caretakers of the Overlook Hotel, a huge sprawling resort up in the snowbound Colorado Rockies — miles away from everything but its own ghosts. "Things that happen leave traces behind," says Scatman Crothers as Hallorann, the Overlook's in-season chef, who leaves the family to fate with obvious trepidation. Crothers and Lloyd (an old time music man and another movie moppet bidding for overnight stardom) are an eerily effective team of soulmates, both gifted or cursed with a "shining" power, a kind of psychic second sight that allows them to see the future and know that the worst is yet to come. Or, as Hallorann says "to hold conversations without opening your mouth". Somehow the boy divines that his dad — a deeply angry man who once dislocated his son's shoulder in a rage — may follow the example of a former winter caretaker who slaughtered his entire family at the hotel. But enough said. Under Kubrick's meticulous eye, Nicholson as the deranged Torrance lets out all the stops — employing his famous killer grin and manic humor in a thunder-and-lightning performance that goes about as far as an actor dares to go without making an utter fool of himself. From impotence to violence, what he creates is risky, but you won't look away — and Duvall comes unglued almost piece by piece, showing the world what it's *really* like to be trapped with a raving madman, a spooky child and a mansion full of very bad vibes. Of course, all this has been done 100 times before. Superb craftsmanship makes the difference, as well as piercing intelligence and the courage to be outrageous. I found myself so caught up with Kubrick's bloodcurdling sonata of suspense that I forgot to breathe for 10 minutes at a time, which hasn't happened to me since *Psycho.* Even if you don't hold your breath, *The Shining* lets you know you're in the hands of a master.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

A Small Circle of Friends, directed by Rob Cohen, is another triangular love story, this time disguised as a study of American campus activism during the late '60s, set at Harvard University at the height of the anti-war protest movement. Awkward, earnest, lower-class Joe (Brad Davis) is a journalism major, fond of practical jokes and radical causes, who secures his first scoop by breaking into the office of the campus newspaper and tucking his roneoed articles inside each copy of the gazette. Elegant, detached, upper-class Nick (Jameson Parker) has a snobby Boston mother and high prospects as a med student. Joe and Nick idolise Jessica (Karen Allen), who is more interested in the fine arts than either of her two boyfriends. What unites all three, and the whole student body, is fear and loathing of college administrators, the military, Lyndon Johnson, the war, Richard Nixon and, above all, the draft. As a period study of the moods and morals of educated American youth, the film has a baleful and authentic fascination: the action is punctuated, in documentary-style, with dates across the screen and clips from TV newscasts. Against this backdrop, the sophomoric love story seems trite, but underneath the "realist" surface that's what the movie is about: for the average college student in 1968, better bed than dead. Frankly, it's hard to blame them. There's a revealing, nervous little scene as the kids lounge in front of a TV screen watching a couple of unctuous politicos draw marbles from a barrel in the first ballot for the draft.

When Nick fakes Joe's medical record to secure his

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders – most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies – had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester – a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

RITMEESTER

PMC/117

exemption, we are meant to applaud, and the sight of terrified young men at an army induction centre is hardly the stuff of American movies of a generation ago. But the film is a good and necessary reminder of what it was like and how it felt for ambitious, privileged and comfortably-reared youngsters to be dragged off to a war that no one believed in and few could understand. Their mixed feelings of desperation, helplessness and sheer funk are not admirable, but at least we can understand them, and the film never shirks its somewhat uncomfortable truths. To that extent, I found it honest and absorbing. Brad Davis, whom we first saw two years ago as the victim of Turkish prison brutality in *Midnight Express,* provides us with a convincing account of youthful exuberance combined with an inevitable confusion.

•

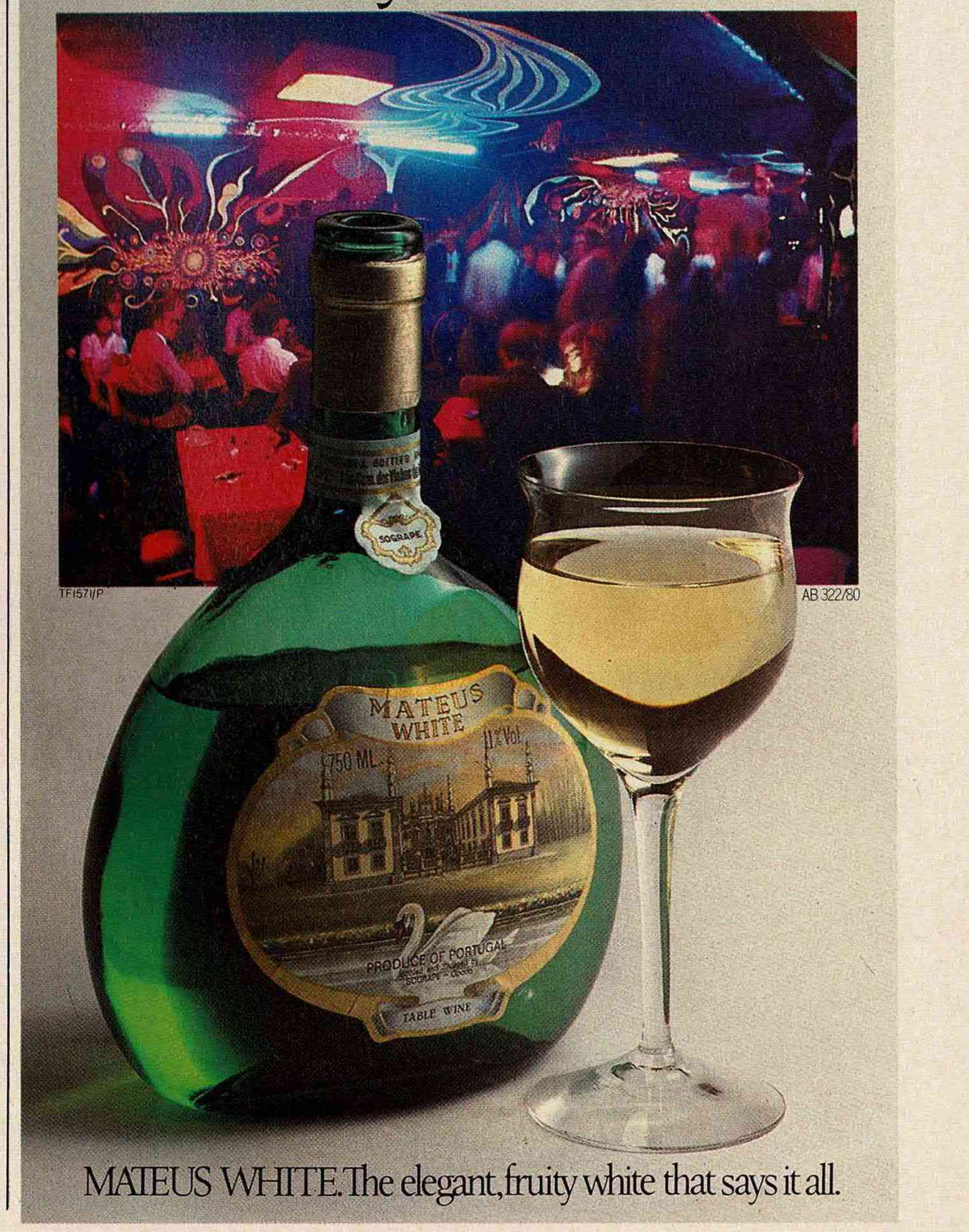
The Australian Film Institute is showing Allan Francovich's documentary **On Company Business**, a remarkable three and a half hour study of the CIA. No intelligence agency in the world has had a worse press than the CIA, and while I'm prepared to bet that other cloak-and-dagger outfits are just as murderous and unprincipled, the most effective indictment of the CIA's antics comes from its own apologists. Former agents such as Phillip Agee and Victor Marchetti give long, detailed accounts of Agency methods and operations. All of this is interspersed with solemn and aggrieved denials by former CIA chiefs, looking and sounding like middle-ranking corporation men, buttoned-down and buttoned-up, chilly, bespectacled and, to use Stephen Potter's words, "very clean about the fingernails"... There's the odious Richard Helms, sarcastic and indignant in the face of Senate questioning; the mild and sinister William Colby; and David Atlee Phillips, glib, smarmy, and a dab hand with phrases like "destabilisation" (killing and subversion) or "disinformation" (propaganda and lies). The film consists wholly of interviews and old newsreel footage, much of it recalling the CIA's idealistic origins in the days of Acheson and Truman. *On Company Business* deals mainly with CIA operations in Latin America and the Middle East, as well as its penetration of American labor unions. Oddly, perhaps, there is no mention of the war in Vietnam. Was the CIA active in the Indo-China conflict or were its sort of covert operations considered unnecessary when the giant B52 bombers were doing such a magnificent job of blasting the place to rubble? This is a sad, sobering, powerful film, but I wish it had looked deeper into the motives of intelligence agencies, and had examined what their legitimate role should be in a dangerous and threatening world.

•

If you can catch a gentle, funny and entirely disarming New Zealand feature called **Skin Deep**, directed by one Geoff Steven, please do so. It's about a bunch of small businessmen in a bush town somewhere in Kiwiland who hire a big city masseuse for a fund-raising drive to promote the town for tourists and industry. The place looks alarmingly like any number of sleepy Oz outposts — with its shabby streets and not very interesting shops. Images linger in the mind: the local appliance dealer relaying music and banter on a PA system hitched to his shop awning; a woodchopping contest in drizzling rain, before a tiny, crowded grandstand; a menopausal wife having a "scene" with hubby at the fund-raising ball; a distant shot of white-singleted joggers in the runathon, trailing across a vast, verdant mountainside. It is all fresh, kindly, authentic and totally credible as a portrait of ordinary people and their everyday enthusiasms.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

What'll it be?
An ordinary white wine, or...



TF1571/P
AB 322/80
MATEUS WHITE. The elegant, fruity white that says it all.

NTG 5814

Fidji de Guy Laroche, Paris.

De la Haute Couture à la Haute Parfumerie.

SHOWBIZ

notes, quotes and predictions from three of australia's new movie projects

MORE business brains for the Australian film industry: Michael Edgley, that ridiculously-successful entrepreneur from Perth will start shooting his first film in January, and what an obvious classic he's chosen. It's none other than *The Man From Snowy River,* a story which Edgley confidently expects to turn into a sprawling adventure epic along the outrageous lines established by Mr Cecil B. de Mille. He's still casting. However, Jack Thompson is running at better-than-even-money for the lead. And even better, Jack's old mate, Fred "Cull" Cullen, has written the script, which means, at the very least, it will be intelligent. Edgley's entry into the film business could mean a decline in that half-arsed, arty-farty behavior which has so far limited the industry in this country.

Mind you, Michael isn't stopping at the fashionable world of celluloid — he's breaking into television as well. He will begin filming an eight-part mini-series in May or June based on the *Billabong* books, which enthralled so many Australian kids throughout the '30s and '40s. Eleanor Whitcombe, who did such a superb job with the film *My Brilliant Career,* has written the script. Because the stories are all about kids in the bush, Michael is looking at a cast of unknowns but, stars or no stars, all three of the commercial networks are battling savagely to buy the series for screening late in 1981. Messrs Crawford and Grundy are advised to keep close tabs on the activities of the wonder boy from Perth.

•

After 10 weeks of carefully-contrived, keep-the-press-bums-guessing-type secrecy, shooting has finally ground to a halt on *Gallipoli,* the $2.6 million first effort by Associated R and R Films, the new Murdoch-Stigwood movie outfit. And, naturally, there's been heaps of speculative hoo-ha about how it's going to cream the awards at next year's Cannes Film Festival, and how it's going to be our first international smash, but think about it for a moment. We're talking about a film culminating in an obscure military disaster, which stars half a dozen unknowns (in the international sense) who speak in accents allegedly unintelligible to an American audience. A good, even brilliant movie perhaps, but an international smash-hit at the box office? Come on now.

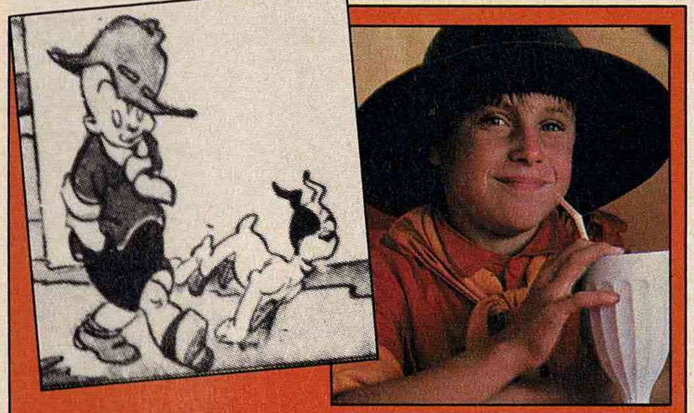
•

Loath as we are to cast more negative gloom over the above film, there is another factor which may cause it to flop, even at home. In spite of its title, the film isn't about Gallipoli at all. Playwright David Williamson's script is another of his Oz mateship extravaganzas, and most of the action is set in Adelaide and Perth. There are a few scenes in Egypt, but the actual Gallipoli charge gets only a brief run at the film's climax. In fact, the main characters don't even get there; they appear at another landing a few kilometres away.

To put a finer point on it, dangerously patriotic Australians who will pay good money to see a picture about our glorious acts of heroism against the Turks are going to be extremely pissed off when they see it.

•

The most bizarre Australian movie release of the year promises to be *Fatty Finn,* due to hit the cinemas in December. Although based on the famous cartoon strip, and allegedly designed for children, the word in the industry is that it will mystify the ankle-biters while causing a fair amount of hysteria in the ranks of their parents. In other words, it's supposed to be incredibly bloody funny. The fact that it was directed by Maurice Murphy, the man who thought up the outrageous Aunty Jack character for Graham Bond, is indication enough of what it'll be like. Murphy had his cast — notably Bert Newton, Gerard Kennedy, Lorraine Bayley and Noni Hazlehurst — in costumes which would leave the average drag queen mad with envy. So much for sensitive filmmaking.


The cartoon character Fatty Finn is brought to life by 10-year-old Ben Oxenbold (right). The film, which is due to be released next month, sees the movie debut of Bert Newton.

•

At the risk of boring all hands, we have to report the latest litany of tours by overseas popular music persons. Judging by the pronouncements of various promoters and record companies, we'll have wall-to-wall rock stars in the next couple of months. Those who have allegedly signed the relevant bits of paper include The Who, Neil Young, Bob Seger, 10CC, The Cars and The Pretenders. Meanwhile, The Rolling Stones have so far failed to live up to 12 months of confident prophecies concerning their arrival. Hotel and venue bookings have already been changed four times for the band, all because of a six-month feud between Mick Jagger and Keith Richards which shows no sign of settlement. Perhaps the fact that both are not far from turning 40 is making them paranoid about seeming to behave like deranged teenagers in public.

•

Notes from radioland: after an initial, shaky, near disastrous start, FM is gradually grabbing a significant share of the audiences around the country. According to FM executives in the various capital cities, the new band will have at least a 10 percent share of listeners by the end of the year. If that's the case, and the growth rate continues, AM stations will have lost half their audiences by 1985 and the lot by 1990. Will it happen? Well, according to Robert Nelson, CBS vice-president and general manager of KNX FM, the top-rating station in Los Angeles, we're following the exact lines of the FM success in America. In that country, the band has 52.5 percent of listeners after 10 years in operation. Not bad when the major cities can boast 100 or more commercial radio stations each. The AM stations are now all chat, while the music is left to the FM crowd. KNX, for instance, operates with only two announcers who tape record introductions and feed them into a computer. The age of the moronic, yappy disc-jockey is over forever in the US; if it happens here, all we can say is amen to FM radio. — ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

listening to this batch of new releases will have you swinging with delight

The Swing of Delight, Devadip Carlos Santana's latest album, is one of his best. Santana pays tribute to his guru Sri Chinmoy by titling the LP with a line from one of Chinmoy's parables.

AFTER 15 YEARS being top of his class, Devadip Carlos Santana can draw some satisfaction from the fact that his career is continuing its upward creative spiral. On his latest album, *The Swing of Delight* (CBS), Santana has struck another milestone in his journey toward personal excellence. It's an honest work, dutifully crafted in the pursuit of perfection and overflowing with that vital element of surprise which characterises much of Santana's material. The first revelation comes in hearing the clarity of its recording. Small wonder, because *The Swing of Delight* is Santana's first digital recording, and producer David Rubinson (who took over from Keith Olsen, the man responsible for the previous *Marathon)* has spread the work over a two-record set of four short sides to take full advantage of the clarity and range offered by digital.

The second surprise is the discovery of Herbie Hancock (on keyboards). This unlikely Santana-Hancock union lends an even stronger jazz influence to the homogenisation of moods which Carlos has welded into his unique style. One suspects that it is Hancock's highlighting which makes vocals almost superfluous, for it is not until side four and the breezy La Llave that Alex Ligertwood gives vent to voice. Santana has retained much of the *Marathon* team, but an important addition is Wayne Shorter, whose subdued sax inserts pay compliments to the stronger leads.

Santana utilises delicate balance and control of theme to exempt us from the chore of finding mental bridges between each track. Instead, the music glides across the nine cuts as if by some natural progression, harnessing rock, latin, jazz, African and so many other influences in its path. From the Mex-intro of Phuler Matan (written by Santana's guru, Sri Chinmoy) to the soft-pad prowl of Wayne Shorter's Shere Khan, The Tiger, it is difficult to discern the complexities of the delicate musical labyrinth through which Santana leads us. But that's part of the secret of his technique. He's done it before and he'll do it again, but for many reasons, he's never done it quite as well as this.

•

Carolyne Mas has solved the "what next?" poser in the best style imaginable by completing a sizzler of an album entitled *Hold On* (Mercury). For the lucky ones who caught the brilliance of her debut album, this one will be a must. For those who've not already sampled Mas, *Hold On* is an excellent starting point. Every cut, except for Steve Forbert's You Cannot Win If You Do Not Play, was penned by this little firecracker and it is rare that such writing and singing talent comes all wrapped in the one package. She kicks the set into life with the punchy Hold On, and it is midway through Crispin McCormick Cioe's sax solo on Stay True that you realise everyone within earshot is stomping along. Yes, it's that sort of album. Mas' ballsy vocals say as much about New York girls as the mighty Springsteen said of Jersey boys, and if comparisons have to be made, we're sure the lady won't mind wearing that one. Why? Because she exudes the sort of talent that lets her step away from the mike and match guitarist David Landau in her role as an electric guitar support, or musters her solo strength behind nimble fingers on a delicate 12-string acoustic guitar run.

Listening to Mas launch that voice above Charlie Giordano's keyboard run-in to Running From The High Life is one of the greatest thrills on the album. Look out! Here comes Cioe's sax from the left and Landau's guitar from the right and Carolyne's voice from everywhere. Of such ingredients is great rock and roll made.

In case you've missed it, the Mas machine is summoning enough support and excitement to make it one of the best live shows on the circuit. With *Hold On*, she's stocked the armory with tunes which render concert seating redundant.

•

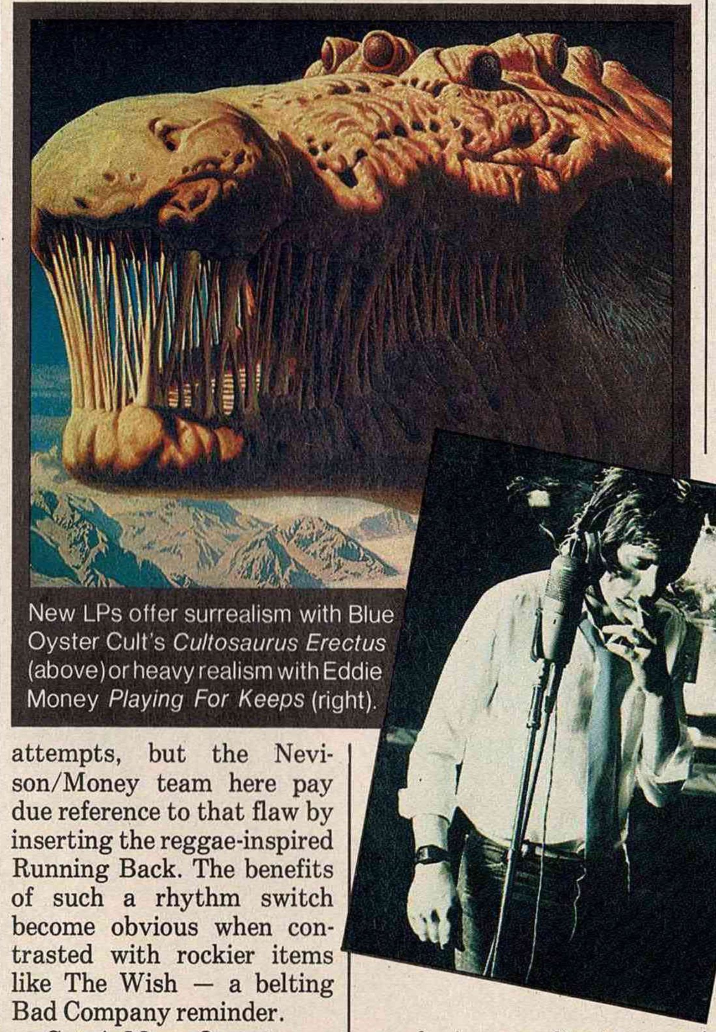
It's not exactly heavy metal mysticism but slight rock elitism which marks the style of Blue Oyster Cult. *Cultosaurus Erectus* (CBS) is the Cult's latest, and it is bound to send the faithful beating a path to the stores to sample the new offering. Before the unconverted take a punt in the name of the heavy metal revival, it is worth mentioning that much of the fanaticism for the Cult's sci-fi form is based in Japan where rock and roll extremism simply knows no bounds. Cult followers see the group as electrified responses to Salvador Dali or Aldous Huxley — which suggests that a fertile imagination is an essential item for Cult fans. To the uninitiated, *Erectus* doesn't convey that sort of nonsense but there is obvious merit in their rocket-fueled allegiance to hard and heavy rock. Intentionally obscure of lyric and devastatingly powerful in delivery, the Cult recruited ex-Black Sabbath and Deep Purple producer Martin Birch to pull this one potently together.

One of the Cult's first techniques was for all five members to disappear for a few weeks, each with a four-track recording machine, then reunite to pool the product. They rarely use the idea now because it has already served its purpose in making each member a component of the song-writing team. On *Erectus,* brothers Albert and Joe Bouchard have tailored Monsters and Hungry Boys to their drum and bass commitments, while keyboardist-guitarists Eric Bloom and Don Roeser, together with the band's fringe member, Richard Meltzer, stab at imagery with Lips In The Hills. Roeser shoulders a generous share of the talent that radiates the Blue Oyster Cult mystique, and it is his Deadline and Divine Wind which extract some of the most creative playing.

•

Maybe they'll make a movie about Eddie Money. Maybe not. But his story is better than most. After all, just how many New York cops quit the Brooklyn beat and wind up in San Francisco as rock and roll stars? Eddie's allegiance to the singer's craft is grandly evident on *Playing For Keeps* (CBS), a nine-track album recorded by Ron Nevison. Even after the release of *Life For the Taking,* his second album, Eddie was still having one helluva time trying to offload the Rod Stewart vocal resemblance. Hopefully, *Playing For Keeps* will put that one to rest because here is proof enough that he is far closer to his roots and the need to engineer a career around his craft than the distractions offered by universal appeal.

An absence of variety placed severe restrictions on the acceptability of previous attempts, but the Nevison/Money team here pay due reference to that flaw by inserting the reggae-inspired Running Back. The benefits of such a rhythm switch become obvious when contrasted with rockier items like The Wish — a belting Bad Company reminder.



New LPs offer surrealism with Blue Oyster Cult's *Cultosaurus Erectus* (above) or heavy realism with Eddie Money *Playing For Keeps* (right).

Get A Move On gets our vote as the cut most likely to snare your ear-drums with the blood rush of its opening riff. Kenny Lewis on bass and Carmine Appice (in his only appearance on the set) on drums plough out the furrows for Randy Nichols and John Nelson to sow rich keyboard and slide guitar leads. Money's voice is calculatedly understated, and almost steaming with the hot drama of his music.

Recognition of the fact that two guitars and a drum kit do not a rock album make comes in the increasingly larger backing support Money is drawing upon. A featured vocal duet with Valerie Carter on Let's Be Lovers Again enforces the feeling of depth gained from vocals. — NEIL JAMESON

•

As one of the trillion she reached out and touched during that memorable televised version of *An Evening with Diana Ross,* I must unashamedly admit I was moved to tears. Miss Ross, of course, has been moving people in one direction or another since she began as the lead vocalist with the Primettes — commercialised by Motown as the Supremes — in 1962. In the intervening years, she has done it all in show business — gone solo to rack up more No 1 records than any other recording artist in the history of the charts, succeeded in her own TV show, and won an Academy Award nomination for best actress for her portrayal of the legend she claims has been a great influence on her own singing style, the late, great Billie Holiday.

For the life of me, however, I could never have seen or heard Billie Holiday succumbing to the disco sound as her self-styled disciple has on her latest album, *Diana.* That the Ross album has soared in charts all over the world is testimony to a combination of the compelling demands of public convention and the enduring loyalty of the lady's fans. But as an admirer of Miss Ross' multiplicity of talents to sing blues, ballads and jazz as convincingly as a specialist in any one of those fields, I can't quite accept her in the disco idiom. Who is going to sell out next? Ella? Cleo? Christ! Maybe it's not too late even for Peggy Lee.

Happily, *Diana* is not all disappointment. This album's writers and arrangers — Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers — have preserved just enough of the distinctive Ross sound — especially on Friend to Friend and Now That You're Gone — to suggest that the lady is only a temporary resident in disco-land.

— RUSSELL DEILEY

SHORT CUTS

"We just forget about our problems and the Ayatollah whatchmacallit," says punk funker Rick James about the celebrations which he cleverly disguises as concerts. *Garden of Love* (Motown) offers seven tracks of Rick's idea of gettin' it on. Obligatory for jaded punks who still miss the rhythm.

Chicago XIV (CBS) has an enormous thumbprint on the sleeve but it is by no means identical to any of the previous 13. Tom Dowd has produced this one and, with the support of guest veteran guitarist Chris Pinnich, has the band make up for some of the deficiencies on the less-than-perfect *XIII.*

Bound for instant success inside the walls of Buck House is *Dumb Waiters* (Rialto) from the Korgis. Esoteric in intent but often naive in reality, this Brit

What to have with Chinese.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

AB 327/80

trio is destined to be dogged by a poor sales response with a simplistic keyboards-driven attempt at music for the '80s.

The record release game gets a bit serious the nearer it gets to Christmas, and the September release of Polydor's Jimi Hendrix *Deluxe Box Set* ($60) to mark the 10th anniversary of the guitar man's death probably triggered the rush. Polygram Records (Australia) has followed this up with the staggered release of the *Rock Legends* series on the company's various labels. It's probably stretching the use of "legends" a bit but Polygram has dusted off a list of the old and bold including Scott Walker, Chris Farlowe, the Marbles, the Alex Harvey Band, Rod Stewart, the Velvet Underground, the Runaways, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity, Bachman-Turner Overdrive and the Crazy World of Arthur Brown. The contractual hassles of the record game make many of these discs something less than we'd hoped, but for collectors or the long-of-memory, the better items are a sound value.

Charlie Daniels isn't too sure how to describe his music, but he's ladled up another jug of his delightful moonshine on *Full Moon* (Epic). It's another chapter in John Boylan's casebook of diverse rock productions, but the union between him and the Southern kingfish Daniels creates something different — albeit healthily familiar. A winner for this country lad. —**OMAR DARRAS**

•

CBS Records have come out with a flurry of *The Best of . . .* collections in recent months. An ambitious title at any time, which some live up to and others do not. Of course, the music is restricted to those efforts which are available to the particular label, whereas many of their outstanding recordings were made elsewhere. Nevertheless, a few . . .

The *Return to Forever* album, like the others of the series, is deplorably devoid of personnel and recording details, but certainly contains a lot of memorable music. If you like your trombone hot and wild, Jim Pugh should be your meat on the frenetic Musician. More to my taste is The Romantic Warrior, with some superlative piano from leader Chick Corea and magnificent bass from the unique Stanley Clarke. It also offers some of that distinctive guitar from Al di Meola, one of the true individualists in the field of modern music.

The seemingly mandatory vocals rear their heads in the aptly-titled So Long Mickey Mouse and Hello Again, a feature of this genre of music which plain turns me off — but I recognise I am in the minority! Personally, I prefer Sorceress with those seductive rhythms and with Corea displaying that virtuosity on assorted keyboards which characterised his Australian tour of 1978, making it the jazz event of recent years. A good sampler of music from one of the contemporary "crossover" greats that may well send you out looking for his other records.

I must confess that guitarist Eric Gale has been a personal favorite for some years. His *Best Of* album should convert you also. Everywhere his Caribbean background shines through and in tandem with his fascination for the music of his heroes, Charlie Parker, Lester Young and Sonny Rollins, he has developed a fresh, swinging sound that is shared by only a very few of his contemporaries.

The reggae-based Ginseng Woman is a great introduction with its sizeable studio back-up band of unnamed musicians who swing like mad backing his inventive solos. Let Me Slip It To You is more of the same, with Gale giving a quite startling display in the lower registers of his instrument. It is something completely different, exciting in its own right quite apart from the stimulating rhythm and staccato brass asides that sound so very right.

If you're a fan of the organ/guitar sounds of jazz reminiscent of his days with Jimmy Smith, have a listen to Trio; it really cooks up a storm. Lookin' Good is a pretty one that builds to a climax and then fades beautifully to a sensational finale with the leader on deck all the way except for a lovely unidentified tenor spot — Stanley Turrentine perhaps?

The vocal chorus seems more legitimate on the gospel-like Oh! Mary Don't You Weep. Quite a choir there, with Gale and an unidentified pianist playing the obbligatos effectively and then moving front and centre with some authentic down-home solos. An excellent album which serves to showcase the great jazz talent of Eric Gale.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about *The Best of Billy Cobham.* It is true that Cobham is a remarkably skilled drummer who perhaps achieved his widest public recognition as one of the members of the famed Mahavishnu Orchestra in the early 1970s. Not that it is a bad LP. I just feel it lacks a degree of originality,

NEWSBREAKS

The Angels, spending a lot of time this year out of the country, are expected to be touring Europe this month along with **Cheap Trick**. Countries granted audience by Angel City, as they're known OS, include Germany, France, Holland and Portugal. The band's *Dark Room* album was released in the States with a cover similar to the one used here but muted into brownish tones to reveal **Doc's** distinctive features.

Jingle Best-Ofs: The Christmas market is hard sell time in the record industry, and *Best Ofs* tend to abound. 1980 is no exception. LPs which are out now or shortly include collected-hits-sets from **The Doors** (Famous Radio Songs), **Linda Ronstadt** (it's another best of), **Queen** (their first), **ELP**, **Eric Burdon And The Animals** and **John McLaughlin**, while live albums are due from **Aretha Franklin** — should be a beauty — **Roberta Flack** live with **Peabo Bryson**, and the **Blues Brothers** (recorded at the Universal Amphitheatre in LA). Also recorded live around LA is the new double-live **Eagles** set, selected from five shows in the last week of July held mainly at venues which have only a few thousand capacity — the notable exception being the mighty 25,000-seater Long Beach Auditorium gig — a benefit for **Alan Cranston**, a candidate for Governor of California. The Eagles have previously played benefits for current Gov. **Jerry Brown** — it looks like they've switched sides. Other artists who have or will soon release albums include **Foreigner** (with another groovy *Hipgnosis* cover), **Billy Thorpe** *(21st century Man)*, **Ms Bette Midler** *(Divine Madness* — the soundtrack from her new movie, now showing in the USA), **Jon Anderson** (a new solo), **Lobby Lloyde** *(Live With Dubs* — said to be the *ultimate* in Heavy Metal), the delayed **Police** LP *Zenyatta Mondatta,* **Hazel O'Connor**, UK's new "weirdo" punk star of the movie *Breaking Glass,* which has already provided a UK top 10 single with Eighth Day, Melbourne's **Wendy And The Rockets**, **Louise Goffin** (her second), **Talking Heads** *(Remain In Light* — their third production collaboration with **Bryan Eno**), **Rickie Lee Jones**, **Rod Stewart**, **Ry Cooder**, **George Harrison**, **Denny Laine** *(Japanese Tears)*, **Status Quo** *(The Name Of The Game)*, **Lipps Inc** *(Pucker Up)*, **Steve Hackett**, new **Dreamland Records** signing **Holly Penfield**, **Earth, Wind And Fire**, US band **Skafish**, the second set from **The Sinceros**.

— **JENNY HUNTER-BROWN**

although the leader's percussion is generally well to the fore, even if (thankfully) he rarely takes extended drum solos. Many drummers of his ilk are playing solos all the time, and lack the touch of subtlety. Drive, yes! Technique, sure! But on occasion, inclined to be heavy handed.

Strangely, the track that I find myself coming back to hear again is the haunting Bolinas which features the vocal efforts of one Kamal (not ours — but a female singer!). The voices on Pocket Change and Mendocino I found less palatable.

Billy Cobham is a great drummer, but I found the music just too anonymous for my tastes. But, knowing my track record as a concert promoter, I bet it sells a ton. There ain't no justice in this music business! I'm certain that this music has a great following, so have a listen. You will probably flip. It's certainly well played and swings in the jazz/fusion manner, so who am I to argue? — KIM BONYTHON

•

One For The Road (Arista) proves it. The Kinks have got brains and balls. Their fierce, combustible energy and lyrics are tauter and punchier than the dialogue in a Neil Simon play. These original British punks may have started out as turtles in the race for that great green dollar in the sky, but time has been on their side. While contemporaries the Beatles, the Who and the Stones were weakened by personal tragedy and bouts of seclusion, the Kinks just kept on hanging in there with pub-solid British common sense and a prophet's eye for the future. Now nearing their 17th year, the Kinks are on top of the world with the live double album *One For The Road* — it's as modern as double-digit inflation.

Pacey, face-lifted Kinks' standards race alongside today's thunderbirds over 19 white-hot tracks gleaned from seven performances last year in the US and Switzerland.

Gone are the legendary days of alcohol-sloppy performances; boasting three out of four original members, the Kinks play so tight they become loose again. And just to prove original is best, Ray Davies packs particular vengeance into You Really Got Me, Stop Your Sobbing, Where Have All The Good Times Gone?, David Watts and The Hard Way — all songs that have been revived by Van Halen, Pretenders, David Bowie, the Jam and the Knack respectively.

If you want a Saturday night out without leaving the house, this is the record to get you going — if you haven't heard the Kinks live, you haven't heard the Kinks.

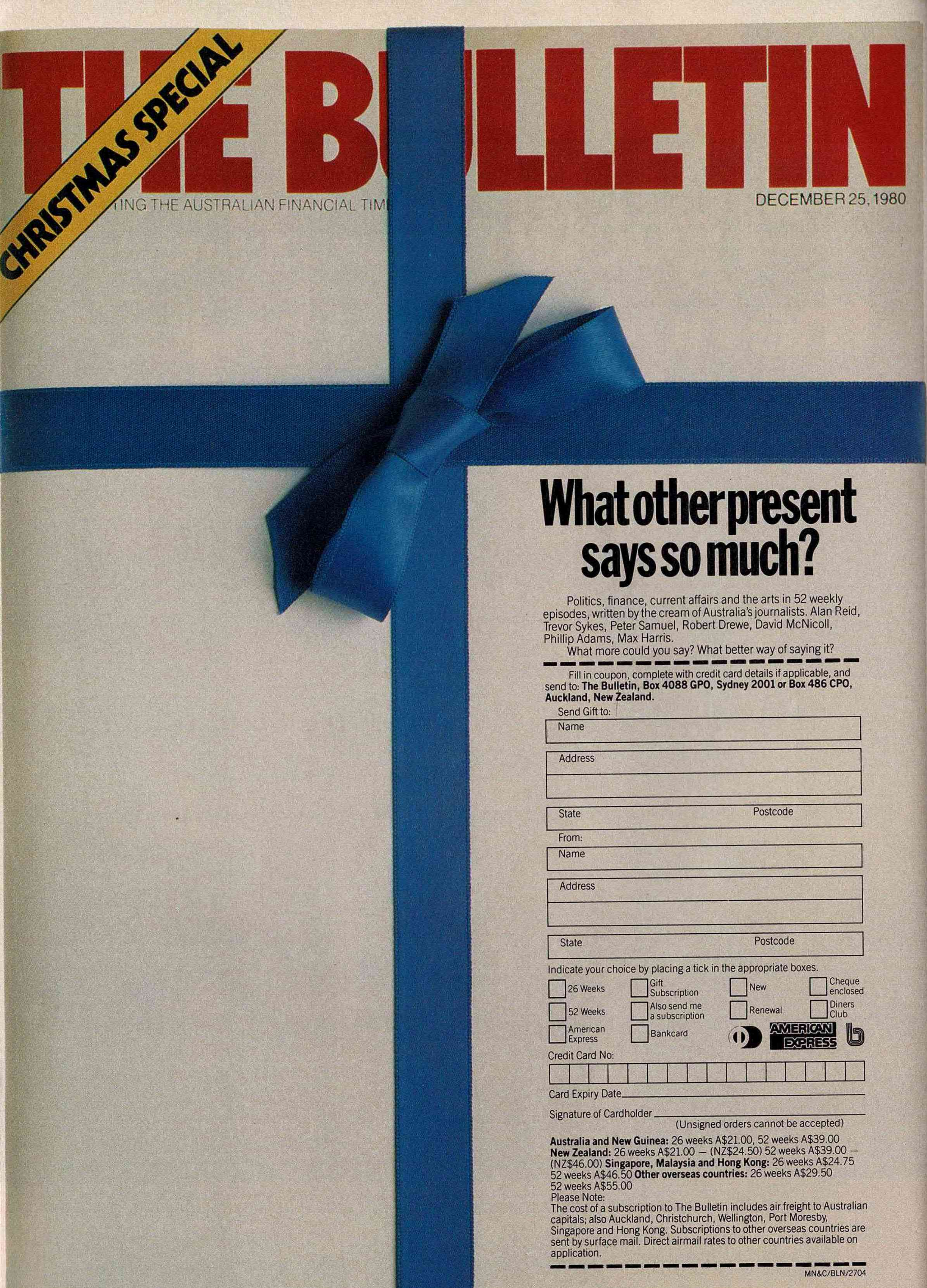
— KAREN HUGHES

"I got the Porsche, the house and the kids but she got the Sanyo."
SANYO
2 WAY
2 WAY
METAL

Now the good news. The Sanyo MX920K 32 watt portable deck is now available in limited numbers. AMSS, metal tape, Dolby, SW, FM plus 4 mikes and mixing facilities.
The only way to travel.

SANYO

PHG3790



What other present says so much?

Politics, finance, current affairs and the arts in 52 weekly episodes, written by the cream of Australia's journalists. Alan Reid, Trevor Sykes, Peter Samuel, Robert Drewe, David McNicoll, Phillip Adams, Max Harris.

What more could you say? What better way of saying it?

Fill in coupon, complete with credit card details if applicable, and send to: **The Bulletin, Box 4088 GPO, Sydney 2001 or Box 486 CPO, Auckland, New Zealand.**

Send Gift to:

Name

Address

State Postcode

From:

Name

Address

State Postcode

Indicate your choice by placing a tick in the appropriate boxes.

☐ 26 Weeks ☐ Gift Subscription ☐ New ☐ Cheque enclosed

☐ 52 Weeks ☐ Also send me a subscription ☐ Renewal ☐ Diners Club

☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard

Credit Card No: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Card Expiry Date

Signature of Cardholder

(Unsigned orders cannot be accepted)

Australia and New Guinea: 26 weeks A$21.00, 52 weeks A$39.00 **New Zealand:** 26 weeks A$21.00 — (NZ$24.50) 52 weeks A$39.00 — (NZ$46.00) **Singapore, Malaysia and Hong Kong:** 26 weeks A$24.75 52 weeks A$46.50 **Other overseas countries:** 26 weeks A$29.50 52 weeks A$55.00

Please Note:

The cost of a subscription to The Bulletin includes air freight to Australian capitals; also Auckland, Christchurch, Wellington, Port Moresby, Singapore and Hong Kong. Subscriptions to other overseas countries are sent by surface mail. Direct airmail rates to other countries available on application.

MN&C/BLN/2704

BOOKS

the battle of britain is fought once again — in a collection of vintage photographs

LEN DEIGHTON — spy story-teller extraordinaire — has created an entirely new publishing genre. Not content with the play of the book, or the film of the book, or the book of the . . . he has launched the scrapbook of the book. It works, and could start a trend.

With *Battle of Britain* (Jonathan Cape), he has delivered the raw material of his highly acclaimed factual account of the war in the air in 1940. *Fighter,* the true story of the Battle of Britain, was a superbly detailed study which exploded many of the myths that enveloped that historic dog-fight.

Battle of Britain, with a vintage collection of photographs (many never before published), and with new and contemporary diagrams, charts and maps, takes the reader on a day-by-day tour through the campaign. Literature of the day and eyewitness accounts are offset by Deighton's factual reports based on data only recently made available from government archives. And it reveals Deighton as a researcher without peer.

Nothing is too irrelevant or obscure for his attention, and he revels in the minutiae of all the weapons of war and their comparative effectiveness, the structural differences in the aircraft on both sides, the development programs which produced the Spitfire, the insignia borne proudly aloft, the taut operations procedures of the Nazis, the initial slackness of the British . . . an unending blend of data presented in an easy-to-read magazine-type format.

At the same time, he does not neglect the traumas of the common people and their sacrifices, stubbornness and adaptability in the face of a living hell. He pulls into perspective the propaganda battle waged by both sides with almost as much energy as expended in the Blitzkrieg and in the Battle of Britain. This explains why his books are always so fresh and stimulating. Deighton has the skills and ability to project himself into the past while retaining a current relevancy. — ALLAN MOULT

•

"It is dullness and not evil that begets totalitarianism," decrees Tom Robbins in a random philosophic observation in his new novel, *Still Life with Woodpecker* (Angus and Robertson). Not that the Robbins' cultists run any danger of being shepherded by fascists, socialists or even Malcolm Fraser — there is never a dull moment in *Woodpecker.*

After his startling entry into the literary stakes with *Another Roadside Attraction* and then the runaway success of *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues,* each of Robbins' offerings is a celebration for his growing army of disciples. *Woodpecker* does justice to the Robbins' zany brand of nihilism.

As *Cowgirls* was ostensibly the story of a hitchhiking odyssey of a beautiful freak along the highways of the USA, *Woodpecker* "is a sort of love story that takes place inside a pack of Camel cigarettes". But that glib blurb conceals a multitude of charming madness.

The lovers of the book are both redheads whom the extraterrestrials from Argon claim have been branded as mutants on every planet in the system. The redheads prefer to believe they are semi-divine. And there is a certain explosive divinity in the love match between Princess Leigh-Cheri, heir-presumptive to a usurped and vague European crown whose palace-in-exile is a yellow house on the shores of Puget Sound, and the outlaw Bernard Mickey Wrangle.

"Woodpecker's the name and outlawing's the game." So does Bernard introduce himself to the princess in Hawaii where he has gone to blow up the Care Fest Leigh-Cheri is attending in hope of bedding her long-time fantasy lover, Ralph Nader.

The Woodpecker makes a mess of his attempt to dynamite the fest, but wins the princess. In rapture, they return to Seattle, but the course of true love is sidetracked by several impediments, ranging from the displeasure of the Furstenberg-Barcelona royals to the FBI which throws Woodpecker into the can to do penance for the unserved warrants of the other 49 states of the United States.

Shattered by her lover's incarceration, Leigh-Cheri converts her attic room into a model of the Woodpecker's maximum security cell and, through the medium of a packet of Camels, unravels the mystique of dynamite, Chinese birth control and the purpose of the Moon. And through these wonders she learns to understand the depth of her love in time for a joyous reunion.

Along the approach to the happy-ever-after ending, Robbins explores many of the problems confronting his readers in the last quarter of the 20th century. Don't go opening up the pages of *Still Life With Woodpecker* expecting any answers but, as a diversion, the book is worth its weight in Valium. — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

There is an art to writing short stories, a special skill to avoid simply outlining fleshless plots or producing an intimate study which goes nowhere. And Nicholas Jose, with his collection of short stories *The Possession of Amber* (University of Queensland Press), proves he has, on the whole, come to terms with the problems basic to the medium.

Jose's short stories are all exactingly crafted, the language carefully chosen to gain maximum value from the limited space. He has that wonderful ability to create strong images by selecting exactly the right words in every case.

Jose also works painstakingly to indicate character and mood with the same tight, precise use of words. Whether a couple of Australian teachers in Cairo, a 15-year-old boy in Coogee or a pre-school-age child on a country property, all of the characters have a balance and a fullness which makes them seem valid — even in some of the improbable situations Jose dreams up.

This character detail and interaction is the thread — if there is one — that holds the collection together. While the settings of the stories vary widely, the characters seem primarily concerned

Now your newsagent can solve your urgent parcel problems.

This TNT Courier Overnight Satchel has just turned your friendly newsagent into an air freight depot. For $8.75 you can send anything that fits inside to almost anywhere in Australia. Overnight. You don't have to wrap a thing. The bag is tough, waterproof and tear resistant.

You can buy TNT Satchels at most newsagents throughout Australia. (At present in N.S.W., they are available only in Sydney, Newcastle, Wollongong, Gosford and A.C.T.). Just address the satchel and leave it with your newsagent. TNT Courier collect it, air freight it overnight and deliver the next morning.

The TNT Courier Suburban Satchel is for overnight local deliveries in all mainland capitals (and soon Hobart) for just $5.00.

TNT Courier Overnight Satchels.*Anything, anywhere, overnight.

TNT COURIER

A Speedy Communications product. *Anything which fits inside the satchel may be sent almost anywhere in Australia, overnight.

with understanding their own motivations and dealing with others grappling with the same questions.

Although Jose draws his characters from different walks of life, those he develops most effectively are those with middle-class Australian backgrounds. Jose captures moods and movement, creating not simply an amorphous "class", but a whole range of individuals from the same basic stock. If there is any drawback to this collection, it is that Jose needs to explore more areas with the same understanding.

Fortunately, along with all the detailed character studies and the finely-etched descriptions, these stories have subtly intriguing plots illustrating a sustaining force and enough tension to keep the momentum.

Jose is an author of great promise. He writes with a youthfulness and buoyancy which has great charm. But he also writes with skill, care and insight in a style that is at once laconic and compelling. — **DIANE DEAL**

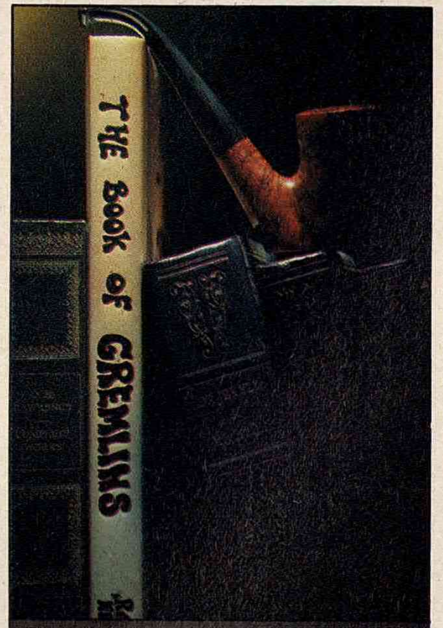
•

The saga of Phar Lap is one of the sporting wonders of the world. It is a story that has everything — the faith of a battling Sydney trainer who backed his judgment against the world, the unashamed love of young Tommy Woodcock for the horse he called Bobby, fortunes in the gambling ring, thrilling victories against the odds and the big climax in Phar Lap's mysterious death just as the horse was poised to conquer the American turf and Hollywood. It is a story which has been told and retold and yet is one which, like genuine folklore, never becomes tiresome in the retelling.

Michael Wilkinson's *The Phar Lap Story* (Schwartz) might not be tiresome but I was left with a feeling that, artful though the author's approach, his tale does not quite do justice to the most famous of Australia's horse racing legends.

Wilkinson has chosen the dramatic narrative style and, in doing so, has unnecessarily embellished a story that needs no frills at all. While the style needs a certain amount of contemporising to flesh out the times and the world in which Phar Lap shone, Wilkinson goes too far. In particular, his continual references to the Kennedys of Hyannisport, the Royal Family and royalty's vague connection with that ill-fated airship, the R101, are distracting.

Such red herrings as Joe Kennedy's relationship with Franklin D. Roosevelt and Wilkinson's occasional errors in his translation of racing mythology apart (he seems to think that four-year-old horses can start in derbies), he does have a genuine feel for a subject that has enthralled so many writers before him. Fifty years have now passed since one of Phar Lap's greatest triumphs in the 1930 Melbourne Cup, and Wilkinson's book brings back all the glory and tragedy that colored the short life of "the greatest horse ever". — **RUSSELL DEILEY**



The definitive study of gremlinology, *The Book of Gremlins*, is a necessary accoutrement for the well-read.

•

It's approaching *that* time of year and, as has come to be expected, the publishing industry has begun unleashing its barrage of colorfully-packaged coffee table books "just right for Christmas giving". Of these offerings, the kindest thing that may be said is that most are harmlessly obscure glossies; the worst, that many are blatantly commercial over-priced rip-offs.

One of the most offensive types of Christmas "gift books" to have emerged (perhaps "materialised" is a better word) is the Hobbit spin-off. Recent years have seen innumerable cathartics on all manner of little people — faeries, gnomes, trolls, *ad nauseum* — all so sweet and cloying that one reaches for the Eno after a quick glance.

But, hurrah, at last comes a book that is truly impish, in the real sense of the word. *The Book of Gremlins* (Dent) by Bryan Neary and Michael Ridley is a cerebral as well as a visual delight; the layout, text and illustrations all work together to present a winsomely perverse volume.

The authors have taken what could have been just another saccharine pixie picture book and made it into a droll and very clever lampoon. The non-stop-, tongue - in - cheek word play and imaginative illustrations (160 color pages of unprecedented chaos) have far more in common with the words and drawings of Cook and Kliban than with whimsical Grimmsian look-alikes.

Set out as a documentation of Gremlinological history, the book offers the reader a myriad facts and facets of Gremlin life and lore. There are chapters on history (Gremlins invented the wheel by using the microchip), celebrities (the Italian hero Gremaldi and American Indian Gremonimo), philosophy (thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's grem).

For those who have overdosed on pixie-power and Tolkien, this book (as the dust jacket claims) will "radically change traditional mythological research." Thank goodness for small favors. — **KAREN HAMMIAL**

•

The sudden death of Beverly Hills multi-millionairess Sandra West three years ago barely caused a stir until a letter scrawled in a wandering hand was found. The note directed that Sandra be buried "next to my husband in my lace nightgown . . . in my Ferrari with the seat slanted comfortably."

Her will is one of the most recent bright sparks in what Robert S. Menchin in his book *Where There's A Will* (Frederick Muller) observes has become a dying art (excuse the pun). Most wills now are formal legal documents, but Menchin has unearthed some memorable gems of the will-maker's art which are vindictive, witty and just plain bizzare . . .

Animosity between husbands and wives inspired some curious wills. German poet Heinrich Heine left his wife all his assets on the one condition she remarry "because then there will be at least one man to regret my death."

An ideal gift for the aged relative . . . or your own inspiration. — **ROSS FARQUHAR**

•

Briefly . . . Jonathan Cape's entry in the Christmas whodunnit stakes is Dan Kavanagh's *Duffy*, the first acknowledged bisexual in the violent world of private eyes who sleep as well as knock about. Australians are no strangers to natural disasters but, in the international reckoning of John Whittow in *Disasters* (Allen Lane), we really do live in a lucky country. According to Whittlow, "*only* 47" people were killed by Cyclone Tracy and our droughts cannot be regarded as some freakish departure from the "novel weather regime". During its nine-year gestation, Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife* (Collins) was billed as the definitive study on sexual libertarianism. And judging from the cavalcade of names and personalised situations, many participants in the sexual revolution obviously confided in Talese. He has betrayed that trust; the result is little more than a journey into voyeurism. — **RUSSELL DEILEY**

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

Editor
JOHN JOST
Deputy editor
ANDREW COWELL
Art director
STEPHEN BERRY
Chief copy editor
DENBY BROWNING
Copy editors
ROSS FARQUHAR
KAREN HAMMIAL
Writers
RUSSELL DEILEY
NEIL JAMESON
TONY MAGUIRE
Artists
STUART COLE
DEBORAH McNAMARA
Fashion editor
KATE STEAD
Rights, traffic co-ordinator
NARELLE GILLARD
Promotions manager
JOSIE DRUERY

Advertising sales director
GEOFF PAXMAN
National advertising sales manager
STUART CLARKE
Associate national advertising sales manager
PATRICIA CONNOLLY

Divisional manager, Melbourne
BARRY MAGRATH

Editor and publisher, US edition
HUGH M. HEFNER

Australian publisher
TREVOR KENNEDY

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

NSW: 54 Park Street, Sydney 2000, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. Telephone 2-0666. Vic: 150 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 662-1888. Typeset by David Graphic Sales, 9-19 Nickson Street, Surry Hills 2010, NSW. Printed by Wilke and Company Ltd, 37-49 Browns Road, Clayton 3168, Vic, for the publishers, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000.

Both fiction and poetry manuscripts are welcome, but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their return. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well. Australian Consolidated Press does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. All material published remains the property of PLAYBOY.

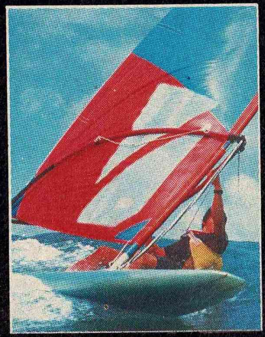
CREDITS

Hide 'n' Chic (Pages 157-158): Oaken Leather, 5 Favenc Circle, Griffith, ACT.
Brockbuster (Page 160): Helmets and protective racewear from Race & Rally International Pty Ltd, Rosedale Avenue, Greenacre, NSW.

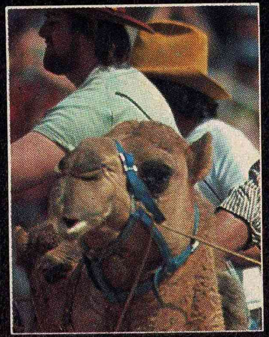
NEXT MONTH

JANE PRIEST

ROCK 'N' ROLL REAL ESTATE



WINDSURFING



CAMELS

THE HIGH PRIESTESS REVISITED — JANE PRIEST, THE LUSCIOUS, LEGGY LADY WHO GRACED THE PAGES OF OUR MARCH ISSUE, HAS BEWITCHED PHOTOGRAPHER **COLIN STEAD** WITH HER MAGIC, AND HER SMOULDERING BEAUTY WILL BEDAZZLE YOU, TOO

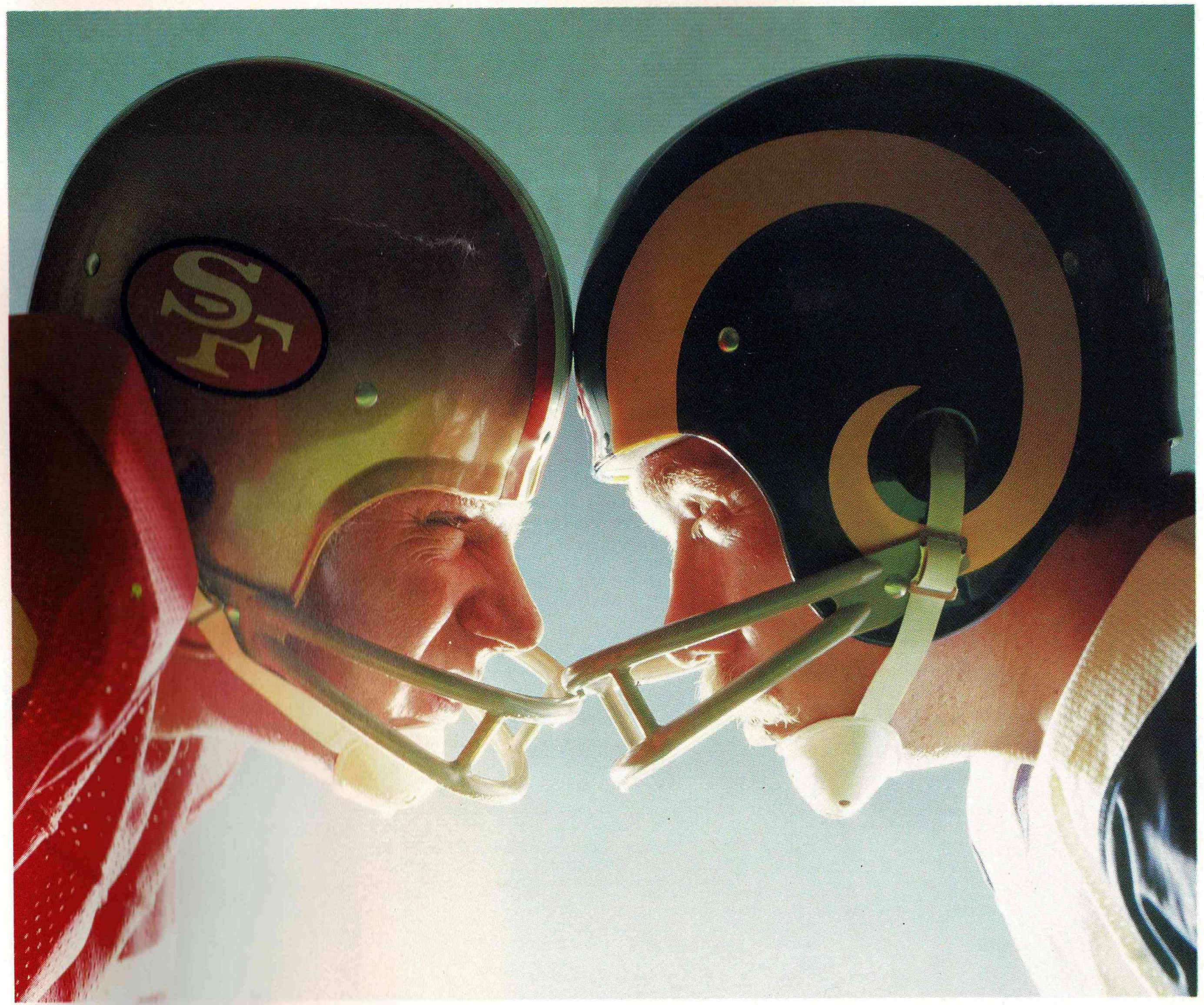
ROCK 'N' ROLL REAL ESTATE — JOHN LENNON OWNS APARTMENTS IN NEW YORK AND PETER FRAMPTON OWNS A PETROL STATION. **PETER GREENBURG** WRITES ABOUT HOW "GIMME SHELTER" HAS NOW ASSUMED A DIFFERENT MEANING FOR ROCK STARS WHEN INVESTING THEIR BUCKS

THE REAL ISSUES FOR AUSTRALIA — THE ELECTION IS OVER AND THE RESULTS JUST ANOTHER HISTORICAL STATISTIC, BUT DO WE REALLY HAVE THE KIND OF GOVERNMENT WE NEED — OR DESERVE? IN A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, STAFF WRITER **RUSSELL DEILEY** STOOD AS AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE AND HIS REPORT IS A FAR DIFFERENT TALE FROM THE ONE THAT THE MAJOR POLITICAL PARTIES FORCE-FED US

WINDSURFING: A NEW KIND OF FREEDOM — PRINCE CHARLES DOES IT, MARLON BRANDO DOES IT, BY 1984 AN ESTIMATED ONE MILLION PEOPLE WILL BE DOING IT. IT'S CALLED WINDSURFING, AND IT WILL CAPTIVATE YOU TOO WHEN YOU HAVE A LOOK AT THE EXCITING PHOTOGRAPHS BY **PETER CRAWFORD** AND THE STORY BY **HUGH EDWARDS**

ONE HUMP OR TWO? — JOHN SHAW DISCUSSES THE PLIGHT OF THE SIMPSON DESERT'S CAMEL, THE ONLY FERAL ANIMAL IN AUSTRALIA WHICH DOESN'T AROUSE COMMERCIAL OR OFFICIAL IRE TO THREATENING LEVELS

PRIVATE PICTURES — AND PUBLIC IMAGES, CAPTURED BY THE LENSES OF PAPARAZZI **DANIEL ANGELI** AND **JEAN-PAUL DOUSSET,** SHOW THAT THE FAMOUS — FROM MICK JAGGER TO THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR — ARE MORTALS TOO. AND, AS **ROBERT DREWE** SAYS IN THE ACCOMPANYING STORY, OUR DESIRE TO HAVE THEM "EXPOSED" IS INSATIABLE



San Francisco 7, Los Angeles 3.
No-one matches Qantas to the USA.

The exclusive Qantas Business Class. Some airlines would be proud to call it First Class.

Only Qantas gives its owners a choice of ten big 747s each week to the USA. Seven to San Francisco, three to Los Angeles.

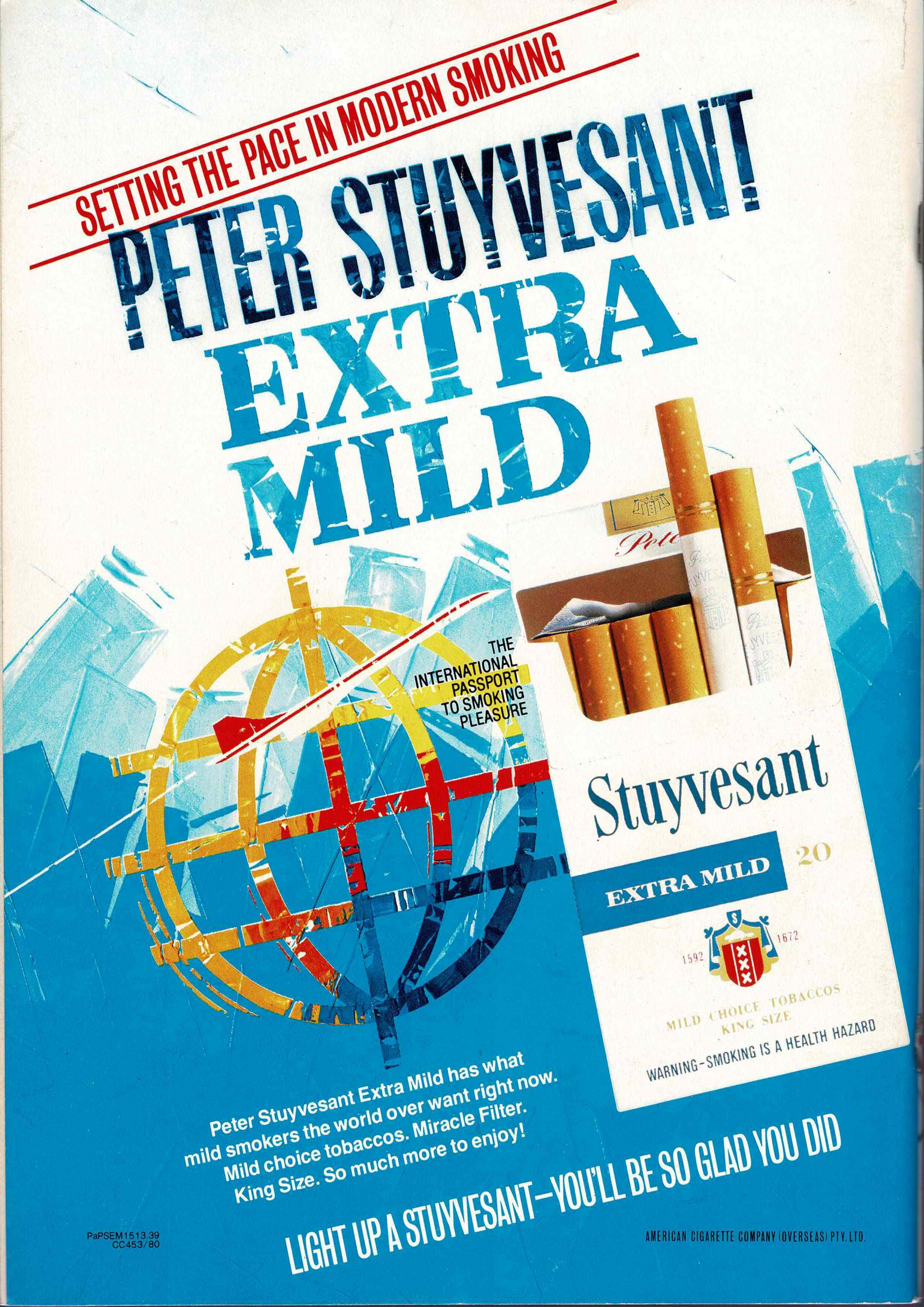
Every evening, Tuesday to Sunday, QF3 departs from Melbourne and Sydney arriving in San Francisco the same date. (Monday afternoon, QF3 departs from Sydney and continues on from San Francisco to Vancouver.)

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings QF11 departs from Melbourne and Sydney arriving in Los Angeles the same date.

On all flights, the only stop between Australia and the West Coast is Honolulu. An unbeatable choice of flights and entry ports to USA.

QANTAS
Stretch your wings Australia.

QFD1506



SETTING THE PACE IN MODERN SMOKING

PETER STUYVESANT!

EXTRA MILD

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

Peter Stuyvesant Extra Mild has what mild smokers the world over want right now. Mild choice tobaccos. Miracle Filter. King Size. So much more to enjoy!

LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT—YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

PaPSEM1513.39
CC453/80

AMERICAN CIGARETTE COMPANY (OVERSEAS) PTY. LTD.